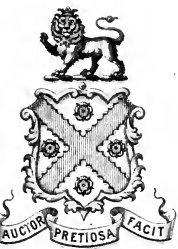


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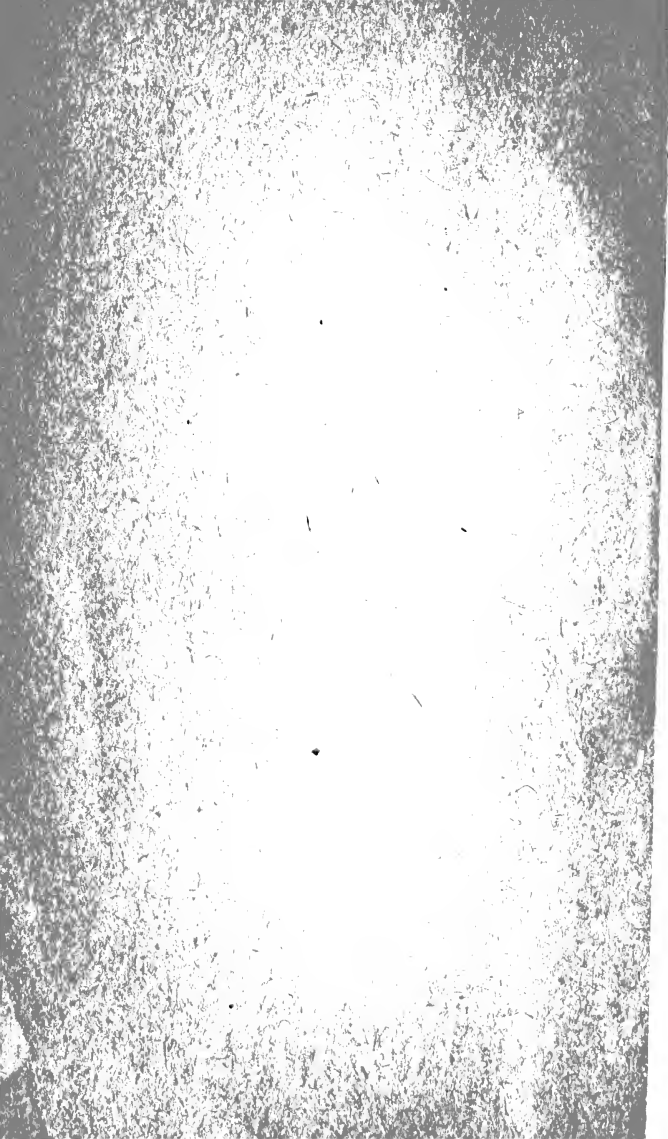


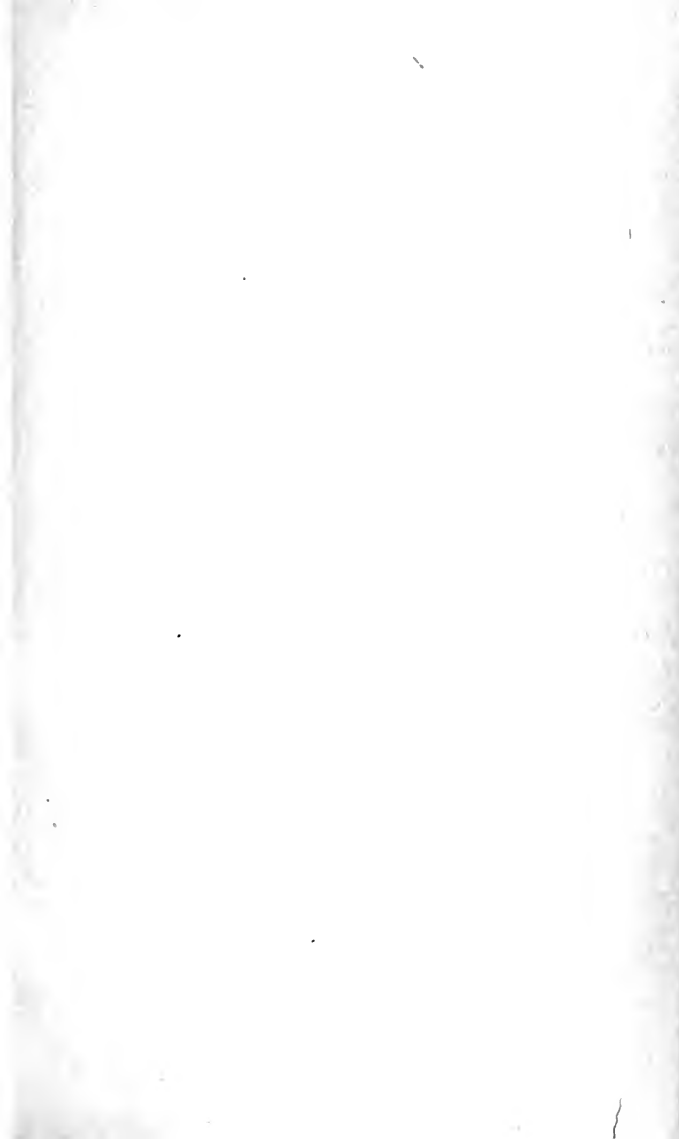
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LIVES
OF
NORTHERN WORTHIES.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

EDITED BY HIS BROTHER.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH THE CORRECTIONS OF THE AUTHOR AND THE MARGINAL
OBSERVATIONS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LADY ANNE CLIFFORD.



NORTHERN WORTHIES.

ANNE CLIFFORD,

COUNTESS OF DORSET, PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY.

JOHN KNOX, during his second residence at Geneva, put forth "The first blast of the trumpet against the monstrous *regiment** of women." It was aimed at that Mary of England who was persuaded by priests and other ill-disposed persons to attempt the re-establishment of what she conceived to be *the* CHURCH, by the exertion of her secular power. John Knox ought to have written "against the monstrous regiment of priests," which in kingdoms as in private families, is always most powerful over women, because women are more docile, more confiding, have a much greater yearning after heaven than men. Moreover, they are almost sole patentees of the virtue of self-denial, and if once they can be convinced that humanity, pity, toleration, or what you will, is a self-indulgence, and a self-seeking, it follows as necessarily as U after Q, that cruelty, hard-heartedness, and intolerance, are a mortification

* *i. e.* the Government.

of the flesh, meritorious exactly in proportion as it is painful.

The priests of some religions undertake, for a *consideration*, to bear the sins of such of the laity as put trust in them. They may perhaps find, at last, that they have spoken more truth than they meant to do.* It is no small portion of the sins of the earth,

* These petulant crudities of indigested thoughts from the *primæ viæ* of reflection, these temerities of interpopular talk, vex my spirit in dear Hartley's writings. So here. In abusing the Priest he at once justifies the principle or assumption by which he deludes, and removes all the mischief consequent upon the delusion, that is, makes it practically no delusion at all. So, too, Southey has taken pains to quiet the universal conscience, by the assurance that prayers offered to the Virgin Mary, or St. Boniface, will be equally acceptable to God, and bring down the same blessing, as those offered to the Omniscient through the only Mediator. But in this charity to the poor benighted Papists, what a cruel bill of indictment is brought against Wickliff and Luther, yea, against John and Paul!—*S. T. C.*

The heresy against which these earnest and suggestive remarks are directed, is that which denies the existence, despairs of the attainment, or slights the value of objective truth, in things spiritual, making the whole efficacy of religious observances to consist in *intention*. This inference however was not present to the mind of the writer when he penned the passage in question. He prayed sincerely, and in his way contended earnestly for the prevalence of truth over error; to which he would have attributed an immense importance upon the whole, however charitably, however hopefully, he may have looked upon the case of individuals. With Dr. Arnold, and many, very many pious thoughtful Protestants, both before and after the Reformation, he held the Christian Priesthood, to be in reality, as in name, a *Presbyterate*, ministerial and pastoral merely. To *sacerdotal* pretension, under every disguise, he was irreconcilably opposed, as well on religious as political

of which priests shall bear the blame, and the *whole* blame; for the reluctant obedience of those who accepted them for the sake of the Lord, whose com-

grounds. On the other hand he views the relation upheld, amid all the throes of an imperfect, transitory state, by every created thing, to the Creating Love,—by every human soul, to the Almighty Father of spirits,—with an affectionate hopeful faith, a certain tender believingness—which if it often appeared in the form of sentiment, was by no means merely sentimental. In the depths of weakness and error, under whatever seeming contradiction, he traced a work of atonement going on, and in particular, he recognised an effectual appeal to heaven, in the upward glance, in every suppliant and precatory sigh, however dim the eye, or feeble the utterance. With the deeper thought and clearer insight of the elder Coleridge, he had indeed less acquaintance than might have been expected: he had not fully possessed himself of the reconciling *idea* which his father spent the latter portion of his life in developing, and setting forth, though he was far indeed from affecting to make light of it. His intellectual vocation was different; and it was very well that he did not adopt a phraseology of which he had not fully mastered the forces: but whatever error may lurk in his expressions, or however they may fall short of the truth, his views on the Church, as they appear in the above passage, and throughout his writings, were certainly part and parcel of a sincere, a pious, and a humble mind—early formed, gradually matured, and consistently, but not uncharitably maintained: and if this be so, whatever may be the freedom and vivacity of his language, he is not really amenable to the charge of petulance or temerity, in so far as these terms convey a moral reproof.

Both father and son have gone to their rest, and to their account. They live to the world only as thinkers and writers, with equal and independent rights. As such, with whatever perplexity of feeling, they must now be regarded, by a literary executor, while acting in that capacity, however nearly related to both.—*D. C.*

mission they had forged, shall not lose its reward. He that said that a cup of cold water, given for *his* sake, should not be given in vain, would take no exception, if for his sake, it were ignorantly given to Judas Iscariot.

We have been induced to sound this "Counterblast" to the "first blast of the Trumpet," because we believe that women, when they *do* err, err far more frequently from superstition, than from passion, and that their worst errors proceed from too great a distrust of their common sense and instinctive feelings, and too great a reliance on *men*, or *serpents*, or *priests*, who promise to make them wise. Under the name priest, we comprehend all creatures, whether Catholic or Protestant, clerks or laymen, who either pretend to have discovered a byeway to heaven, or give tickets to free the legal toll-gates, or set up toll-gates of their own; or, either explicitly or implicitly discredit the authorised map, and insist upon it, that no one can go the right way, without taking them for guides, and paying them their fees.

We then conclude, that the main disqualification of women to rule, arises from the easiness with which they are ruled, and their proneness to give the reins into dishonest and usurping hands; a fault so nearly allied to the Christian virtues of humility, docility, and obedience, so germane to that gentle, confiding spirit, which is at once their safety and their peril, their strength and their weakness, that we doubt whether the defining power of words can fix the landmark between the good and the evil. It must be "spiritually discerned."

But no good woman *wishes* to rule. Ambition, a far deadlier sin than the world conceives, and a degrading vice into the bargain, makes worse havoc in a female heart than in a male. For the graces

of womanhood are all womanly,—shy, timid, apt to fly from the most distant approach of harm. In man, many virtues sometimes consort with a giant vice, as we read in the book of Job that there was a meeting of the sons of God, and that Satan came also among them. But in woman, the dominance of any one evil passion is as the “abomination of desolation sitting where it should not;” as the unclean spirit in the empty house that took seven spirits worse than itself, and dwelt with them. There are few instances in which ambitious women have even retained the conservative virtue of their sex. We do not recollect more than one virgin Queen in authentic history. But what is yet more fearful, ambition perverts, where it does not extinguish, the maternal affection, and makes the holiest feelings a mighty incentive to crime. Semiramis, Agrippina, and Catherine de Medici, are not the only instances that might be adduced of women who have not merely scrupled no wickedness for their sons’ advancement, but actually corrupted the minds of their offspring, and plunged them into an excess of sensuality, that themselves might govern in their names. But we need not look so high to see the mischief at work. There is no situation on earth more undesirable than that of a portionless beauty with an ambitious mother. The manœuvres, the falsehoods, to which parents who are poor and proud, will sometimes condescend, in order to bring about what is called a great match for a daughter, (that is to say, a connection with a family by whom she will most likely be despised, even now, and in the good old times, might very probably have been poisoned,) far exceed the most ingenuity of novelists to devise. And though it is to be hoped that such intrigues and plottings are comparatively rare in the cultivated part of society,

yet how often is the happiness of young hearts sacrificed, and virtuous unions forbidden, on a vague expectation of a higher offer? Nor are the influences of ambitious women on their husbands less injurious. It is a hard thing for a married statesman to be honest, if a coronet may be obtained by tergiversation. If "*Nolo episcopari*," was ever sincerely uttered, it must have been by a celibate clergyman.

Yet, although the *desire* of ruling is thus pernicious to feminine goodness, it by no means follows, that when Providence imposes the *duty* of ruling on a woman, she is to shrink from the responsibility. When the law of succession or the course of events throws dominion into a lady's hands, the same ordaining Power that makes the duty can qualify the person for its performance. There is no intellectual unfitness for sway in the sex: and whatever of moral or physical weakness may pertain to it, may be more than compensated by fineness of tact, purity of inclination, and the strength of good resolve. Indeed, when we consider how few women have attained sovereignty, and how large a proportion of those few have been great sovereigns (we wish more of them had been good women), we might almost conjecture that the politic faculties of the women were greater than those of the men. But the apparent superiority arises from the greater necessity for exertion and circumspection which the sex imposes, and the impossibility of weak women, in dangerous junctures, keeping possession of the seat at all.

Are these reflections irrelevant to biography? We trust not. At least, they were freely suggested by the portrait of that noble lady, whose character we are about to depict. She was one who, with many disadvantages of time and circumstances, after enduring in no slight measure the sufferings to which

her sex is exposed from its dependency, during the long residue of her life, happily combined the graces and charities of the high-born woman, with the sterner qualifications of a ruler: the faith and hope of a Christian crowning and harmonising all. Her sway was little less than regal—we would rather say patriarchal; and long was she remembered in the vales of Westmoreland, and among the cliffs of Craven, as a maternal blessing.

As the name of Clifford has so long been connected with the “North Countree,” and brings along with it so many historical, poetical, and romantic associations, we shall enter somewhat more than usual into the annals of the family, which, as they must have formed no small part of the education, so are they an important portion of the history of Lady Anne herself, who made a digest of the family records, with the assistance of Sir Matthew Hale. We regret to say, that from the specimen we have seen, the learned judge seems to have contrived to shed a sombre, judicial dulness over the composition. He was much more interested about the tenures, leases, and other legal antiquities, than about the wild adventures, loves, and wars of the ancient house. Some beautiful notices of the Cliffords are to be found in “Southey’s Colloquies,” a book that ought to be in every gentleman’s and clergyman’s library in the kingdom. In the happily balanced mind of Mr. Southey, the liveliest fancy serves to stimulate the most accurate research, and to give a vividness and reality to the past, which the mere historian, who is not also a poet, hardly *wishes* to bestow. For the facts which follow, we are mainly indebted to Dr. Whitaker’s History of Craven.

The original seat of the Cliffords seems to have been in the Marches of Wales: they afterw

acquired a princely property in Westmoreland. Robert, son of Roger de Clifford and of Isabella, co-heiress of the Viponts, born about 1274, was the first who connected the family with Yorkshire. "The situation of his estates on the confines of the Western Marches, the military character of his family, and the period of turbulence and war which followed the death of Alexander the Third of Scotland, contributed to form him for an active and strenuous life. He was only nine years old at the death of his father, and about thirteen at the demise of his grandfather Roger, a longlived and famous Baron in the reign of Henry the Third, and the earlier years of his son."* "From his infancy," saith Sir Matthew Hale, "he was educated in the school of war under King Edward I., as good a master for valour and prudence as the world afforded; for by the record of the plea of the 14th Edward I., it appears that when he was not above nineteen years of age, *stetit in judicio regis juxta latus suum*, the great business of the claim of the King of England to the superiority of Scotland being then in agitation, which doubtless was a time of high action, and fit to enter a young counsellor, courtier, and soldier. And this King, who well knew how to judge of men fit for action, was not wanting to supply this young lord with employments befitting the greatness and towardness of his spirit. And as it appears by the honours and possessions conferred upon him from time to time by this Edward, the wisest of English kings, so he retained the like favour with his son Edward of Carnarvon, who, in the first year of his reign, granted him the office of Earl Marshal of England. And by a fresh charter, dated at Carlisle 24th Sept. 25 regni sui, the King, having overma^{de} Scotland, and seized the lands of his opposers, ended.

* Whitaker.

grants unto him and his heirs the Castle of Carlarv-rock, in Scotland, and all the lands thereunto belonging, which were Robert Maxwell's, and all the lands thereunto belonging, which were William Douglas's, the King's enemy's, upon Mary Maudlin's day, 26 Edw. I., at which time he (Douglas) was taken and imprisoned; and this was in satisfaction of 500*l.* per annum land in Scotland, with an agreement, if it did not arise to so much, it should be made good out of other lands in Scotland, and if not, to default. But these acquisitions of land in Scotland were not such as our Robert could build much upon: as they were gotten by power, so they could not be preserved or kept without difficulty. Peace or war between the two nations might be fatal to these his purchases. The latter might make the retaining of them difficult or casual, and the former might occasion a restitution of such prizes. Robert, therefore, not willing to build any great confidence on these debateable acquisitions, in the beginning of the reign of Edward II. cast his eye upon a more firm possession, and this was the castle, and house, and honour of Skipton."

So far for a sample of Sir Matthew's style, which is neither elegant nor particularly lucid. Robert de Clifford married Matilda, one of the daughters and co-heirs of Thomas de Clare. He was concerned in several of the invasions of Scotland, and probably as successful as any of the other marauders. In 1297 he entered Annandale with the power of Carlisle (of which he was governor), and slew 308 Scots near Annan Kirk. In 1301 he signed the famous letter from Edward I. to Pope Boniface VIII.,* claiming

* No small part of the power assumed by the Popes in disposing of Kingdoms was authorised by the conduct of

the seignory of Scotland, by the name of Chatellain of Appleby. In 1306, immediately after the coronation of Robert Bruce, he entered Scotland with the Earl of Pembroke, and defeated Bruce at St. John's town. But he went upon his neighbour's land once too often, and was slain at Bannockburn, June 25th, 1314; the most disastrous day which England ever saw, but for which every true Briton, whether born north or south of the Tweed, is thankful. His body was sent by the victor to Edward II., at Berwick, but the place of its interment is uncertain, though Dr. Whitaker conjectures Bolton Abbey. Of this

Kings and nations themselves, who admitted or denied that right as suited present convenience, without ever looking to remoter consequences. Monarchs and factions played off the papal authority against each other. No Pontiff carried his pretensions higher than Boniface, who assumed the title of Master of all Kings, caused two swords to be carried before him, and added a second crown to the Tiara. Had he, however, always judged over Kings as justly as he did in the case of Scotland, the powers he claimed might well have been conceded to the then acknowledged head of the Christian Church. The Scotch had solicited his interference in their favour, which was virtually acknowledging his right to dispose of kingdoms. Hereupon he wrote a severe expostulation to Edward, commanding him to desist from his oppressions, and demonstrating the rightful independence of the Scotch, as well by arguments of ancient history, as by the allowances and concessions of English Kings. To this letter Edward, who had ever been a rigorous dealer with the Church, replied in a bold strain, deriving his seignory over Scotland from the Trojan Brutus, and the times of Eli and Samuel, and appealing to Heaven with the usual insolence of regal hypocrisy. A hundred and four Barons assembled in Parliament at Lincoln set their seals to this instrument, in which they take care to inform Boniface, that though they had justified their cause before him, they did not acknowledge him for their judge.—*Hume*.

Robert, first Lord of Skipton of the Cliffords, Sir Matthew Hale observes, that "he always so kept the King's favour, that he lost not the love of the nobility and kingdom, and by that means had an easy access to the improvement of his honours and greatness. He was employed upon all occasions, in offices of the highest trust, both military and civil, having the advantage of a most close education in his youth, under a Prince most eminent for both. He lived an active life, and died an honourable death in the vindication of the rights of his Prince and country." It will be remarked, that Sir Matthew, in asserting the *rightfulness* of a usurpation unparalleled till the partition of Poland, only used a mode of speech familiar to former times, when it was always taken for granted that the claims of the English were just. Our elder poets, historians, and jurists always speak of the Scotch and of the French who adhered to their native princes as rebels.*

* As late as the reign of Elizabeth, the people cherished a hope that the right of the English crown in France was not dead, but sleeping. The adored memory of the fifth Harry, the Lancastrian hero, tended to keep alive a feeling that the *fleurs de lys* were not barren ornaments in England's escutcheon. The poets and dramatists flattered the delusion, as must be evident to all who have read Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt*, and his spirit-stirring ballad on the same subject. Shakspeare, in his *Henry the Fifth*, not only falls in with the same prejudice, but takes the pains to versify from the *Chronicles* a long speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury against the Salique Law, which no audience could have heard out, who did not feel something more than a poetical interest in the question. There can be no doubt that many people then attended the theatre for the purpose of learning the history of their country, and "held each strange tale devoutly true." These auditors listened as patiently to "a muster

Roger, second Lord Clifford of Skipton, joined the Earl of Lancaster's insurrection against Edward II., was severely wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Boroughbridge, March 16th, 1322, and sentenced to death, along with Lancaster and the other Lords, whom the issue of that day had made traitors, "so that all the lands were seized into the king's hands as forfeited; but by reason of his great wounds being held a dying man, the execution was respited for that time, and after the heat of the fury was over, his life was spared by the said king, so as he died a natural death, in the 1st year of King Edward III. He died childless and unmarried." Robert de Clifford being his brother and heir, Robert, the third Lord, regained his lands, by the general act of restitution of all the Earl of Lancaster's party, passed in the parliament of the 4th Edward III. Nothing very remarkable is mentioned concerning him, nor of his two immediate successors, Robert and Roger, of whom the former died young and childless. The latter was engaged in the French and Scottish wars of Edward III., but of his exploits no record remains. "The chain of feudal dependence reached from the cottage to the throne." Accordingly we find that Roger Lord Clifford retained Sir Thomas Mowbray, "for peace and for war," at a salary of

roll of names," or dates, in blank verse, as litigants will do to unintelligible law-jargon, which they suppose to explain their title to a disputed field or pathway. How else could Shakspeare have ventured to set on end near sixty such lines as the following :

Nor did the French possess the Salique law,
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction of King Pharamond,
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four-hundred fifty-six.

10*l.* yearly, and was himself retained by the Earl of March, for service in Ireland, for which he was bound to provide five knights bachelors, thirty-four squires, and forty mounted archers, properly equipped for one year, for which the said Roger was to receive wages at the rate of ten marks a man, passage outward and homeward to be provided by the said Earl of March, who was to share in the prisoners and other prizes of war, according to the customary proportion, &c. Such at least appears to be the signification of an ancient indenture, in obsolete French, dated London, the 25th Sep., in the third year of Richard II. It is not without interest, as throwing light upon the interdependencies of military service in those days; but Dr. Whitaker should not have concluded that all his readers would understand half-anglicised French of the 14th century, but should have explained the document in plain terms.

Thomas, the sixth Lord, lived not much more than two years after his father's death. He died beyond seas. His daughter, Maud, was second wife to that Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who suffered the penalties of treason, in the reign of Henry V. His son John "was a soldier, and he lived under a martial prince, who by indenture, dated Feb. 8, 4th Henry V., retained him in his service for the war in France for one year: the contract was to this effect, that this Lord, with fifty men at arms, well accoutred, whereof three to be knights, the rest esquires, and one hundred and fifty archers, whereof two parts to serve on horseback, the third on foot, should serve the king from the day he should be ready to set sail for France, taking for himself four shillings for every knight; for every esquire, one shilling the for every archer, sixpence per diem." Accybridge. the general computation of the value of the throat

those days, this rate of payment seems enormously high.*

Sir Matthew continues, "This was the usual means whereby Kings in those times furnished their armies with men of value; and it was counted no dishonourable thing for persons of honour upon this kind of traffic to make themselves an advantage; indeed it was in those martial times the trade of the nobility and great men." This *trade* indicated a gradual decay of the genuine feudal system, and prepared the way for standing armies. This John Clifford fell at the siege of Meause, in the last year of Henry V. and was buried in Bolton Abbey.

The next Lord Clifford was slain at St. Albans, May 22, 1455, fighting for his sovereign, in whose service the family was destined to perform and to suffer much. He is first of the line whose name is familiarised to the general reader, being the subject of some powerful lines in the second part of "King Henry the Sixth."

"Wast thou ordained, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And in thy reverence and thy chair days thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine

* I am strongly inclined to suspect something false, and deceptive in the received comparative values of many nominal payments, in different ages. In the times of the Plantagenets money was so little in actual use, and the necessities of life so variable in point of scarcity or abundance from the rude state of agriculture, and the unsettled state of the times, the very grounds of a ratio were wanting. When I find that Sir Walter Ralegh's court-dress was worth 80,000*l.*, find that 80,000*l.* in Elizabeth's time was equal to a million, I feel sceptical.—S. T. C.

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares,
No more will I their babes : tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire ;
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity."

The "younger Clifford," by whom this dreadful resolution is supposed to have been made, has been recorded as the most merciless in a merciless time. But such is the appetite of man for horrors, that the facts even of civil war are not bad enough to satisfy it without aggravation. The Clifford who fell at St. Alban's was not a very old man, being only in his forty-first year, nor was Rutland, whom the son of that Clifford is said to have butchered with his own hand, after the battle of Wakefield, a child, but a youth of nineteen, who had probably killed his man before he was killed himself. Yet John, the ninth Lord Clifford, must have been a wholesale homicide, to be distinguished as he was, since Leland says, "that for slaughter of men at Wakefield he was called the Boucher." Shakspeare, or whoever was the author of King Henry VI., has palliated his thirst of blood by ascribing it to filial vengeance ; but if the father fell only by the chance of war, the son could not be entitled, even by martial morality, to pursue his revenge beyond the measures of war. It was to his tent that King Henry, when taken captive by the party which used his name, was brought to meet his victorious Queen, and there he knighted his young Edward, then a boy of eight years. Seldom has a prince so meek been entertained by a subject so ferocious. Clifford was slain the day before the battle of Towton, after the rencontre at Ferrybridge. Having put off his gorget, he was struck in the throat

with a headless arrow, and so was sent to his own place, wherever that might be. This happened in the small valley of Dittingdale, or *Deidingdale*, between Towton and Scarthingwell. The place of his interment is uncertain, but he was not gathered in the tomb of his forefathers. The common report was that he was flung into a pit with the crowd of carcases, and none thought fit to seek for his bones. So detestable is cruelty, even to a cruel generation, that nobody esteemed *black-faced* Clifford too good to rot among his fellow cut-throats of the "swinish multitude."

John, Lord Clifford, though dead, was attainted, and his estates, castles, &c., forfeited in the 1st of Edward IV. The castle, manor, and Lordship of Skipton, were granted to Sir James Stanley, and afterwards, in the 10th year of King Edward IV., to Richard, Duke of Gloucester, according to the terms of the grant "for the encouragement of piety and virtue in the said Duke," who retained it till his death.

Thus was the house of Clifford driven from its possessions, and deprived of its rank. The children of the ruthless warrior sought and found a refuge among the simple dalesmen of Cumberland. Who has not heard of the *good* Lord Clifford, the *Shepherd Lord*? He that in his childhood was placed among lowly men for safety, found more in obscurity than he sought,—love, humble wisdom, and a docile heart. How his time past during his early years, it is pleasanter to imagine, than safe to conjecture; but we doubt not, happily; and since he proved equal to his highest elevation, his nurture must needs have been good. His mother, Margaret, with whom came in the barony of Vescy, was married to Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, who extended his protection

over the offspring of her former husband. Much of Henry Clifford's boyhood is said to have been passed in the village named after his kind step-father, which lies under Blencathra,* on the road between Keswick and Penrith. The only extant document relating to the Cliffords during the domination of the House of York, is a deed of arbitration between Lancelot Threlkeld, knight, and Lady Margaret, his wife, the Lady Clifford, late the wife of John Lord Clifford, on the one part, and William Bilston, one of the executors of the will of Henry de Bromflete, Lord Vescy, deceased, in which the said Lancelot and Margaret promise "to be good master and lady to the said William, and to move the children of the said John, late Lord Clifford, to be loving and tender to the said William." It would seem by this, that the attainder did not deprive the Cliffords of their interests in the barony of Vescy.

The "Shepherd Lord" was restored to all his estates and titles in the first year of Henry VII. He was a lover of study and retirement, who had lived too long at liberty, and according to reason, to assimilate readily with the court of the crafty Henry. By the Lady Anne, he is described "as a plain man, who lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to court or to London, excepting when called to Parliament, on which occasion he behaved himself like a wise and good English nobleman." His usual retreat, when in Yorkshire, was Barden Tower; his chosen companions the Canons of Bolton. His favourite pursuit was astronomy. He had been accustomed to watch the motions of the heavenly bodies from the hill-tops, when he kept sheep; for in those days, when clocks and almanacs were few,

* Vulgarly called Saddleback.

every shepherd made acquaintance with the stars. If he added a little judicial astrology, and was a seeker for the philosopher's stone, he had the countenance of the wisest of his time for his learned superstition. It is asserted that at the period of his restoration he was almost wholly illiterate. Very probably he was so; but it does not follow that he was *ignorant*. He might know many things well worth knowing without being able to write his name. He might learn a great deal of astronomy by patient observation. He might know where each native flower of the hills was grown, what real qualities it possessed, and what occult powers, the fancy, the fears, or the wishes of men had ascribed to it. The haunts, habits, and instincts of animals, the notes of birds, and their wondrous architecture, were to him instead of books; but above all, he learned to know something of what man is, in that condition to which the greater number of men are born, and to know himself better than he could have done in his hereditary sphere. Moreover, the legendary lore, the floating traditions, the wild superstitions of that age, together with the family history, which must have been early instilled into him, and the romantic and historical ballads, which were orally communicated from generation to generation, or published by the voice and harp of the errant minstrel, if they did not constitute sound knowledge, at least preserved the mind from unidea'd vacancy. The man "whose daily teachers had been woods and rills,"* must

* See Wordsworth's "Song of the Feast of Brougham Castle," a strain of triumph supposed to be chaunted by a minstrel on the day of rejoicing for the "good Lord's" restoration, in which the poet has almost excelled himself. Had he never written another Ode, this alone would set him decidedly at the head of the lyric poets of England.

needs, when suddenly called to the society of "knights and barons bold" have found himself deficient in many things; and that want was exceeding great gain, both to his tenantry and neighbours, and to his own moral nature. He lived at Barden with what was then a small retinue, though his household accounts make mention of sixty servants on that establishment, whose wages were from five to five and twenty shillings each. But the state of his revenues, after so many years of spoliation, must have required rigorous economy, and he preferred abating something of ancestral splendour, to *grinding the faces of the poor*. This peaceful life he led, with little interruption, from the accession of the house of Tudor, till the Scotch invasion, which was defeated at Flodden-field. Then he became a warrior in his sixtieth year, and well supported the military fame of his house on that bloody day.* He survived

* The enumeration of his followers in the old metrical history of Flodden-field, is curious enough to justify its insertion in a work treating of local heroes:—

From Penigent to Pendle Hill,
 From Linton to long Addingham,
 And all that Craven coasts did till,
 They with the lusty Clifford came;
 All Staincliffe Hundred went with him,
 With striplings stout from Wharfe'dale;
 And all that Hutton hills did climb,
 With Longstroth eke and Litton dale,
 Whose milk-fed fellows, fleshy bred,
 Well brawned with sounding bows upbend,
 All such as Horton Fells had fed
 On Clifford's banner did attend.

Let any person, with a tolerable ear, read these lines aloud, before or after the similar catalogues in Homer, Virgil, Milton, or other poets who have borrowed their nomenclature from the ancient languages, and he will become aware how much our poetic feelings are under the dominion of sound.

the battle ten years, and died April 23, 1523, aged about seventy. By his last will, he appointed his body to be interred at Shap, if he died in Westmorland; at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire. He was twice married, first to Anne, daughter of Sir John St. John, of Bletsho, and secondly to Florence, daughter of Henry Pudsay, of Bolton, Esq., and widow of Sir Thomas Talbot, of Bashall.

The old age of this good man was sorely disturbed by the follies and vices of a disobedient son. It is not often that a parent complains publicly of his offspring. The sorrow of a despised father seeks concealment, not pity; and what injury will not an old man endure before he asks redress against his child? Clifford's affliction must have been great indeed, before he was brought to write to a privy councillor such a letter as the following, which we give unaltered, except as to the spelling. It may serve to show what sort of creature was the *graceless* of the 16th century.

"I doubt not but ye remember when I was afore you with other of the King's highness's council, and

Of the places mentioned in Homer's catalogue, a very considerable number were quite as insignificant as Longstroth or Long Addingham; and yet it is obvious that Homer's self could never make Long Addingham as poetical as Amphigeneia.

It may be worth remarking, that the epithet "milk-fed" applied to the Longstrothians and Litton-dales men, (who were no milk-sops notwithstanding,) is strictly Homeric. In the commencement of the thirteenth book of the Iliad, it is applied, with special commendation, line 5th of the original, to the Thracian tribe of Hippomolgi, (milkers of mares,) whom he distinguishes as the longest lived and the most righteous of mankind. Mare's milk is to this day a principal article of diet among the equestrian Tartar tribes.

there I showed unto you the *ungodly* and *ungudely* disposition of my son Henry Clifford in such wise as it was abominable to hear it: not only despiting and disobeying my commands, and threatening my servants, saying that if aught came to me he would utterly destroy all, as appeareth more likely, in striking with his own hand, my poor servant Henry Popely, in peril of death, *which* so lieth, and is like to die; but also he spoiled my houses, and feloniously stole away my proper goods, which was of great substance, only of malice, and for maintaining his inordinate pride and riot, as more speedily did appear when he came out of the court and into the country, apparelled himself and his horse in cloth of gold and goldsmith's work, more like a duke than a poor baron's son as he is. And moreover, I showed unto you at that time his daily studying how he might utterly destroy me, his poor father, as well by slanders shameful and dangerous, as by daily otherwise vexing and disquieting my mind, to the shortening of my poor life. And notwithstanding the premises, I, by *the King's command*, and your desire, have since given to him 40*l.*, and over that my blessing upon his good and lawful demeanor, desiring also that he should leave the dangerous and evil counsel of certain evil disposed persons, as *well young Gents* as others, which have before this given him dangerous counsel, whose counsels he daily followeth; and where I showed unto the King's grace and you, that if his shameful dispositions were not looked upon, and something promised by his Highness, to bring him to drea*u* (as the beginning of all wisdom is to dread God and his Prince), he should be utterly undone for ever, as well bodily as ghostly, as appeareth at large not only by the increase of his evil dispositions, but also seeking further to great lords for maintenance,

wherein he hath taken more boldness, saying, that he shall cast down one of my servants, though they be in my presence; and yet moreover he in his country maketh debate between gentlemen, and troubleth divers houses of religion to bring from them their tithes, shamefully beating their servants and tenants, in such wise as some whole towns are fain to keep the churches both night and day." We are not informed whether the King or his council took any means of reclaiming this aristocratic young robber, who in due time succeeded to his poor father's estates and honours. He is said, however, to have reformed like his namesake Henry the Fifth, whom he probably made his pattern.

We hope his father lived to see his reformation.*

* The Rev. Rector of Whalley seems to have almost forgotten his cloth when he speaks thus slightly of this *prodigal son* and his sacrilegious robberies: "Indeed the extravagances of a gay and gallant young nobleman, cramped in his allowance by a narrow father, under the influence of a jealous step-mother, were likely to meet with more than sufficient allowance from the world. The method which this *high-spirited young man* took to supply his necessities is characteristic of the times: instead of resorting to Jews and money-lenders, computing the value of his father's life," (he seems to have computed it at very little) "and raising large sums by anticipation, methods which are better suited to the calm unenterprising dissipation of the present age, young Henry Clifford turned outlaw, assembled a band of dissolute followers, harassed the religious houses, beat their tenants, and forced the inhabitants of whole villages to take sanctuary in their churches." How lamentably dissipation has fallen away from the reverend antiquary's good graces!

As for Dr. Whitaker's conjecture, that Henry Clifford was the hero of the *Notbrowne Mayd*, because that beautiful ballad was first printed in 1521, and containing the word *spleen* could not have been composed much earlier, and

Perhaps, after all, he was not *much* worse than the license of his age and rank was supposed to allow. To plunder the defenceless habitations of their inferiors might be a privilege of gentle blood in the reign of the Eighth Harry, as to ruin and desert any woman whose male relatives were not entitled to gentlemanly satisfaction has been accounted in more recent times. Aristocratic morals are as accommodating in one case as the other. The violence of Clifford and his associates points to the effects of a long civil war, and an imperfect civilisation.

Within two years after his father's death Henry Clifford was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Cumberland. A very minute account of his expenses on this occasion is printed in the History of Craven, which may be highly useful to those who investigate the comparative prices of commodities at different periods, as well as to such as are curious about the manner of life among our ancestors.

The expense of his lordship riding to London with thirty-three servants was 7*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.* Drunkenness was not among his vices, for his wine for five weeks

because the hero of it pretends to be an outlaw, and afterwards describes Westmorland as his heritage, we neither cordially embrace, nor scornfully reject it. The *great lynage* of the lady certainly may agree with Lady Percy (whom Henry Clifford married), "and what," asks the Doctor, "is *more* probable, than that this wild young man, among his other feats, may have lurked in the forests of the Percy family, and won the lady's heart under a disguise, which he had taken care to assure her, concealed a Knight?" What is of more importance, Dr. Whitaker cannot suppose that he continued his irregular course of life after his marriage. Of course he lived as virtuously after marriage as the agreeable Roué of a comedy is presumed to do after the close of the fifth act.

cost only 3s. 4d.* Nine pounds a week were sufficient for the whole establishment of thirty-four men and horses in London. But the mention of these items would not only be tedious to the general reader, but delusive also; for not only were the prices different from what they are now, but the intrinsic value of the coins greater. It is rather more interesting to find that my lord, on being created an earl, gave a new livery to his chaplain, the parson of Guiseley. The luxury of apparel in that age was excessive, and continually called down the unavailing denunciations, the *bruta fulmina* of the pulpit; but the parson of Guiseley was plainly dressed enough, nor was the earl by any means extravagant in arraying his lady, albeit she was a Percy. In alms and offerings he was very economical: in hounds, hawks, and all that pertained to the sports of wood and field, he treated himself like a gentleman. The fee of a physician in 1525 was one pound, In this there has been little rise. A friar received fourpence for singing mass. My Lord Derby's minstrels had three shillings and fourpence. Well might the clergy preach against those profane ballad-mongers, who were so much better paid than themselves.

The first Earl of Cumberland had the address or fortune to retain the favour of Henry VIII., whose youthful comrade he had been, till the end of his life. Seven years after his advance to an earldom he was honoured with the Order of the Garter; and a little before his death, on the final dissolution of monasteries, he received a grant of the priory of Bolton,

* The price of two gallons of sack in Shakspeare's time was 5s. 8d. But the prices of all commodities had increased almost two-fold between the accession of Henry VIII., and the decease of Elizabeth.

with all the lands, manors, &c. thereunto pertaining, and otherwise shared in the Church's spoils. This gift may have been intended as a reward for his loyalty and valour displayed in that alarming rebellion, of which the plunder of the religious houses, and the favouritism of low-born persons (a glance at Lord Cromwell, the principal promoter of the suppression), were, if not the causes, the most plausible pretexts. Aske and his followers laid siege to Skipton Castle, and were joined by many retainers of the house of Clifford; but the earl held it out.

It was but nineteen days before his death that Clifford became formally possessor of the lands and domains of Bolton. How far his participation in the division of the spoil contributed to the comfort of his departure it is not for us to say. He expired April 22, 1542, aged forty-nine, and was buried in the vault of Skipton Castle.

The peaceful life of his successor, also called Henry, was happy in furnishing few materials for the biographer. When only sixteen years old he was made a Knight of the Bath, at the coronation of Queen Anne Bullen. He married the lady Ellenor Brandon, niece to King Henry VIII., and daughter of Mary, the widow of Louis XII., a woman to be held in everlasting honour; for she dared, in the sixteenth century, to unite herself to the man of her choice. Thus the Clifford family became closely united with the blood royal. Great matches are seldom quite so prudent as they appear. The expenses attending this lofty alliance were such as to compel the Earl to alienate the oldest manor remaining in the family; but after the death of the lady Ellenor he retired into the country, and, by judicious retrenchment, more than repaired the breach in his estates; in which laudable design he was assisted day

by his second wife, Anne, daughter of Lord Dacre, a very domestic woman, who was never at or near London in her life. In the interval between his marriages, he was seized with a sickness, which for a time suspended all appearances of animation, so that the physicians thought him dead. His body was stripped, laid out upon a table, and covered with a hearse-cloth of black velvet, when some of his attendants, by whom he was greatly beloved, perceived symptoms of returning life. He was put to bed, and by the use of warm applications, internal and external, gradually recovered. But for a month, or more, his only sustenance was woman's milk, which restored him completely to health, and he became a strong man.*

Of this Earl his grand-daughter states, "that he had a good library, and was studious of all manner of learning, and much given to alchemy." No wonder, as his principal study was to retrieve his fortune, that he spent a little time and money in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone. It would have been very convenient to turn lead into gold, if the secret could have been kept. On the whole, the second Earl seems to have been—

A frugal swain,
Whose only care was to increase his store.

He would, had he lived much longer, have found it very difficult "to keep his son at home." After his first lady's death he was only three times at court: first, at the coronation of Queen Mary; secondly, at the marriage of his daughter to the Earl of Derby; and thirdly, to congratulate Queen Elizabeth on her accession. The only military transaction in which ^{at} he appears to have been engaged was a few months ^{the} _{the}

* Whitaker, from the Appleby MS.

before his decease, when he assisted the Lord Scroop in fortifying Carlisle against the rebels of 1569, when the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland planned "the Rising of the North," which was ultimately so beneficial to the Clifford family, by enabling them to appropriate the lands of the Nortons. He died just five days after he had finally concluded a match between his son George, then in his eleventh year, and the daughter of Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford. The poor children, when they attained puberty, were obliged to stand by the impious and unnatural bargain. We need hardly say that the union was eminently unhappy. Yet a father busied himself on his death bed in bringing it about, and reckoned it not among things to be repented of.*

* It was no unusual thing in those times to which, by certain writers, we are referred for lessons of wisdom and examples of holiness, to contract marriages between *contingent* children, whose sex and very existence were yet undetermined. So completely was the first ordinance of God perverted to the purposes of ambition. The effects upon general morality may be easily conjectured.

The following document, relating to a former Lord Clifford, (the Lord Thomas, who was slain at St. Albans,) is so curious, that we need not apologise for its insertion a little out of chronological order:—

"Be it known to all men, that for as Much as it is meritorie and nedeful for every true christian man to testify and bare true witness in every true matter or cause; therefore we, William Ratchiffe, being the age of five score yeres; Nicholas Whitfield, of 98 yeres; and John Thom, of 80 years, will record and testify, for verrey trawthe, that the Lord. Sir Thomas Clifford, marryed Elizabeth, his doghter, unto Robert Plumpton, the eldest son and heir of Sir William Plumpton, when she was but six yeres of age, and they were wedded at the chappel within the castell, at Skypton, and the same day

George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, succeeded to the title, which he memorised, and the estates, which he was near spending, in 1569, when only in his eleventh year. The wardship of wealthy minors was then an important and oppressive prerogative of the crown, which was usually let out to

one John Garthe *bare her in his armes* to the said chappel. And als itt was agreed at the same tyme that yf the foreseid Robert dyed within age, that then the said Lord Clifford should have the second son of the said Sir William Plumptre, unto his second doghter. And they were bot three years marryed when the said Robert dyed; and when she came to the age of twelve yeares she was marryed to William Plumptre, second son to the foresaid Sir William, and the said Sir William promised the said Lord Clifford that they should not ligg togedder till she came to the age of sixteen yeres; and when she cam to eighteen yeres she bare Margarete, now Lady Roucliffe. And how as hath bene evydent imbeseled, or what as hath been doon syns, we cannot tell, but all that ys afore rehersed in thys bill we wyll make yt gode, and yfnede be deeply depose the King and hys counsell, that yt is matter of trawthe, in any place wher we shal be commanded, as far as it is possible for such olde creatures to be carried to. In witness whereof, we, the said Wm. Nicholas and Iohn have sett our seales the XXVIth of October, in the XIX yere of the reane of Kynge Henrie the VIIth. (A.D. 1503.)

Contrary to our usual practice and intention, we have in this transcript preserved the original orthography, as given by Dr. Whitaker, contractions excepted, that the "air of ancient simplicity" may not be impaired. The paper would be interesting if it were only for the great age of the honest Craven men by whom it is witnessed. In what a strange morbid state of mind this little Elizabeth, this Virgin widow not yet in her teens, must have been kept, especially when the character of nurses and waiting women in that age is considered, of which Juliet's nurse is doubtless a fair and somewhat flattering sample !

favourites or powerful persons whom it was desirable to influence; but the charge of young Clifford was naturally and properly given to his father-in-law, Francis Earl of Bedford, though his education was chiefly conducted by Viscount Montague, who had married his mother's sister, and with whom he resided for some time in Sussex. At the customary age (then three years earlier than now), he was sent to Cambridge, where he was entered of Peter House. His tutor was Whitgift, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He was so passionately devoted to the mathematics (which were not then, as now, the staple commodity of Cambridge), that he rather neglected logic and theology, greatly, no doubt, to the displeasure of his pious preceptor. But perhaps the thoughts of the youth were already upon the ocean, and he cared for no learning but what might serve mariner

To steer the bold bark o'er the new-found main,
To the new land of glory, blood, and gain.
Not on the still height of the sylvan tower
He lov'd to wait the planetary hour;
Nor wrought in fire the secret to unfold,
Of youth perpetual, and transmuted gold.
He from the dizzy mast the stars survey'd,
That point to realms where gold is ready made.

To do anything like justice to the life of this high-born adventurer would require a volume.* Perhaps the main incidents cannot be more concisely related than in the words of his daughter, inscribed upon the famous family picture at Skipton Castle:—"This is the Picture of George Clifford, third Earl of

* Had the Lord George been born at Skipton we would have given him a separate article; but he chose to be born in Westmorland, and lived very little in Yorkshire.

Cumberland, in the male line of his family, the fourteenth Baron Clifford, of Westmorland, and Sheriff of that county by inheritance; and, in the same descent, the thirteenth Lord of the honor of Skipton, in Craven, and also Lord Viscount and Baron Vescy. He was born son and heir apparent to H. Earl of Cumberland, by his second wife Anne, daughter to William Lord Dacre, of the North; he was born in his father's castle of Bromeham, in Westmorland, the 8th of August, 1558. At the age of eleven years and five months, lying then in the house called Battell Abbey, in Sussex, he came to be Earl of Cumberland, by the decease of his father, who died in the said castle of Bromeham, about the 8th or 10th of January, 1570, as the year begins on New-year's-day. When he was almost nineteen years old he was married in the church of St. Mary Overs, in Southwark, June 24, 1577, to his virtuous and only lady, the Lady Margaret Russell, third daughter and youngest child to Francis, second Earl of Bedford, by his first wife, Margaret St. John, by whom he had two sons and one daughter, Francis and Robert, who being successively Lords Cliffords, died young, in their father's life-time; and the Lady Anne Clifford, who was just fifteen years and nine months at her father's death, being then his sole daughter and heir. He performed nine voyages by sea in his own person, most of them to the West Indies, with great honour to himself, and service to his Queen and country, having gained the strong town of Fiall, in the Zorrous Islands,* in the year 1589; and in his last voyage the strong fort of Portorico, in the year 1598. He was made Knight of the Garter by Queen Elizabeth, and counsellor of state by King James.

* The Azores.

He died in the Duchy-house, in the Savoy, London, the 30th of October, 1605, being then of age forty-seven years and three months wanting nine days. His bowels and inner parts *was* buried* in Skipton Church, in Craven, in Yorkshire, the 13th of March following. By his death the title of Earl of Cumberland came to his only brother, Sir Francis Clifford. But the ancient right to his baronies, honours, and ancient lands descended then to his only daughter and heir, the Lady Anne Clifford, for whose right to them her worthy mother had after great suits at law with his brother Francis, Earl of Cumberland. This Earl George was a man of many natural perfections; of a great wit and judgment, of a strong body, and full of agility; of a noble mind, and not subject to pride or arrogance; a man generally beloved in this kingdom. He died of the bloody flux, caused, as was supposed, by the many wounds and distempers he received formerly in his sea voyages. He died penitently, willingly, and Christianly. His only daughter and heir, the Lady Anne Clifford, and the countess, her mother, were both present with him at his death."

The many naval expeditions in which Lord George engaged were undertaken chiefly at his own cost, and were attended with great loss as well as suffering. His first appearance as a military adventurer was in Holland, whither he went with a party of noble volunteers, in the hope of relieving Sluys, then besieged by the Prince of Parma. The design proved abortive. About the same time he fitted out at his

* Something is evidently wanting in the inscription here. The sentence was probably written thus:—His bowels and inward parts "was" buried in the church of Savoye, and his body in Skipton church.—*Whitaker*.

own charge, a fleet of three ships and a pinnace, the latter commanded by Sir Walter Raleigh, for a voyage of discovery and privateering. Contrary winds detained this little squadron till August, 1586, when it bent its course toward the South Sea, reached the forty-fourth degree of south latitude, and then returned. The crew endured severe hunger, only partially mitigated by the capture of a few trifling Portuguese vessels.

In the memorable year of the Armada, the Earl commanded the Elizabeth Bonaventure, and highly distinguished himself in the action fought off Calais. Disinclined to rest, and perhaps little loving a home embittered by a forced marriage, which the virtues of his lady only made more grievous, by adding self-reproach to dissatisfaction, (for there are none in whose company men find themselves so ill at ease as those whom they feel they ought to love, and yet cannot love,) he projected a second voyage to the South Seas as soon as the Armada was destroyed. England and England's Queen were now eager for reprisal upon Spain, whose golden lands in the New World offered at once revenge, renown, and booty. Clifford received his sovereign's commission, and the loan of a royal ship, the Golden Lion, which he nevertheless had to fit out at his private expense. But the sea, which he wooed for his bride, was to him a cruel mistress. Baffled by storms, and compelled by stress of weather to cut his mainmast by the board, he could hardly clear the channel, and put back without effecting anything. But though hardly dealt with by the wind and waves, he was not cast down. Tranquillity was not for him. On the 18th of June, 1589, he sailed once more toward the Western world, with three small vessels, headed by his flag ship, the Victory. On this cruise he took

and dismantled Fiall, in the Azores, (as mentioned by his daughter,) and captured twenty-eight vessels of various burdens, valued at more than 20,000*l*. These prizes were dearly purchased. In an engagement between the Victory and a Brazil ship, he was wounded in several places, and scorched by an explosion of gunpowder; but this was nothing to what he and his crews suffered by famine and thirst on their homeward voyage, and almost within sight of Ireland; contrary winds preventing their coming to land. More perished by thirst than had fallen either by war or disease during the whole expedition.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink,
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

At length a change of wind enabled the survivors to land in Bantry-bay, on the 2nd of December. What a spectral company they must have been!

But neither danger, want, nor pain, can uproot an instinct, or change that native bias of the mind which is destiny. In May, 1591, Clifford was at sea cruising with small success in the Mediterranean. The following year he fitted out a fleet for the West Indies, which he did not accompany in person. This was much the most fortunate of his ventures, yet not the less unfortunate for himself. His ships fell in with, and captured, a Spanish Caraque, valued at 150,000*l*.; but the Admiralty Courts, or what then supplied their place, decided, that, not having been himself engaged, he had no legal claim to any part of the prize. Instead of receiving, therefore, that high interest for his money that he expected as his just due, he was obliged, to save himself from

extreme embarrassment, to accept 36,000*l.* of the Queen, as a boon. Elizabeth was far from wealthy, and, except in her dress, sternly economical; therefore this donation shows, either that Clifford was personally in her good graces, or that she thought he had been treated with palpable injustice. By the portraits that remain of him, he appears to have been a man well suited to win the eye of a woman certainly not devoid of passion, for he was a model of masculine comeliness, with a countenance of more expression than usually belongs to a handsome man, and a person formed alike for strength and agility, accomplished in all knightly exercises, splendid in his dress, of romantic valour, and a tongue to speak eloquently

Of all the wonders of the mighty deep,
Tales that would make a maiden love to weep,
Of perils manifold and strange, of storms,
Battle, and wreck, and thousand feller forms,
Which Death, careering on the terrible sea,
Puts on to prove the true Knight's constancy.

Neither the Queen's favour, nor his own losses, could extinguish his passion for nautical adventure. But the occurrences of his latter voyages are not striking enough to require a place here. Altogether, he must be denominated an unfortunate speculator on the chances of maritime war. We cannot call him a Sea-Quixote, for a degree of cupidity mingled with his restlessness. The long war, and the enormous wealth of the Spanish settlements, had revived in the English character the Scandinavian spirit of piracy: few of Elizabeth's warriors emulated the stainless honour and humanity of Sir Philip Sidney. Drake and Raleigh themselves were little better than gentlemen buccaneers.

A few words may here be admitted on Clifford's deportment as a courtier. Unfit for political business, he was favoured without being trusted. Elizabeth, who seldom suffered her personal partialities to interfere with the distribution of office, and sagaciously discovered the native vein of each man's faculties, found easy means to fix his attachment, and gratify her own vanity at the same time. "She knew—perhaps admired—his foibles, and certainly flattered them."* In 1592 she invested him with the Garter, which he wears in the Skipton picture. A scarce whole-length portrait, engraved by Robert White, preserves another little circumstance, which, trifle as it is, is characteristic; and it is only fair to record of him what he would diligently have recorded himself. At an audience, after his return from one of his expeditions, the Queen dropped her glove: Clifford took it up, and presented it on his knees. Graciously she bade him keep it for her sake. He had it richly set with diamonds, and wore it ever after, on ceremonial occasions, in the front of his hat.

On the superannuation of Sir Henry Lea, K.G., he was appointed her Majesty's peculiar champion at all tournaments. Sir William Segar, in his treatise "Of Honour, Military and Civil," has memorialised the order of his admission to this office, for which he was so admirably qualified by taste and nature. Doubtless he wore that suit of tilting armour which now hangs "in monumental mockery" at Appleby Castle, the helmet of which no living shoulders could support. "But he must have been of a stature well adapted for bearing great weights, for the whole suit measures only five feet nine inches from the cone of the helmet to the ground. The perpendicular

* Lodge.

posture may, however, have occasioned some contraction in the leathern ligaments of the joints."* It is pleasant to gaze in imagination on the pageantry of antique times. In all that pertains to parade and ceremony, we are a most degenerate people. Not that we have lost the love of show, but shows with us have no meaning. In the chivalric ages every observance was significant, historical, or allegorical. We love to read of these things in romance. They had a charm for the sweet Spenser and the noble Sidney; and Milton himself, republican as he was, caressed them in fancy, and disdained not the towered cities where—

Throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;
With store of ladies whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and adjudge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eve by haunted stream.—L'ALLEGRO.

If any utilitarian require further reason for our particularity on this head, we assure him that the expense of these pageants was a great means of ruining the nobility, and compelling them to alienate their estates; whereby the neck of the feudal power was broken, and room was made for the middle gentry to rise. Hence the increased importance of the House of Commons, and its natural consequence,—the abridgment of monarchical prerogative, and aris-

* Whitaker.

tocratic privileges. But listen to Sir William Segar:—

“On the seventeenth day of November, anno 1690, this honourable gentleman,” (Sir Henry Lea) “together with the Earl of Cumberland, having first performed their service at arms, presented themselves unto her highness at the foot of the stairs, under her gallery window, where at that time her Majesty did sit, accompanied with the Viscount Turyn, ambassador of France, many ladies, and the chiefest nobility. Her Majesty beholding these armed knights coming towards her, did suddenly hear a music so sweet and secret, as every one thereat greatly marvelled. And hearkening to that excellent melody, the earth as it were opening, there appeared a pavilion made of white taffeta, containing eight score ells, being a proportion like unto the sacred temple of the Virgins Vestal. This temple seemed to consist upon pillars of porphyry, arched like unto a church; within it were many lamps burning: also, on the one side, there stood an altar, covered with cloth of gold, and thereupon two wax candles, burning in rich candlesticks: upon the altar also were laid certain princely presents, which, after, by three virgins were presented unto her Majesty. Before the door of this temple stood a crowned pillar, embraced by an eglantine tree, whereon was hanged a table, and therein written, with letters of gold, this following prayer:—*Elizæ, &c.

* “To Eliza, the most pious, potent, and fortunate virgin, the lady-champion of faith, peace, and nobleness; to whom God, her stars, and her virtue, have sworn to give all sovereignty. After so many years, so many triumphs, the Aged, who would lay his life at thy feet hath hung up his dedicated arms. He implores for thee quiet life, everlasting dominion, everlasting fame, which he is ready to purchase

piæ, potenti, felicissimæ virgini, fidei, pacis, nobilitatis vindici; cui Deus, Astra, Virtus summa devoverunt omnia. Post tot annos, tot triumphos, animam ad pedes positurus tuos sacra senex affixit arma. Vitam quietam, imperium æternum, famam æternam precatur tibi, sanguine redempturus suo. Ultra columnas Herculis Columna moveatur tua, Corona superet coronas omnes, ut quam Cælum felicissime nascenti coronam dedit beatissime moriens reportes Cælo. Summe, Sancte, Æterne, audi, exaudi, Deus.

* * * * *

“These presents and prayer, being with great reverence delivered into her Majesty’s own hand, and he himself * disarmed, offered up his armour at the foot of her Majesty’s crowned pillar; and kneeling upon his knees, presented the Earl of Cumberland, humbly beseeching she would be pleased to accept him for her knight, to continue the yearly exercises aforesaid. Her Majesty graciously accepting of that offer, this aged knight armed the earl, and mounted

with his own blood. May thy crown excel all crowns: that crown which Heaven most auspiciously gave thee at thy nativity, mayest thou, most blessed, at thy death bear back to Heaven. O thou supreme, holy, eternal God, hear and give ear.”

The peculiar brevity and compact collocation of the Latin tongue gives a beauty and satisfactoriness to lapidary or epigrammatic writing wholly unattainable in any other language. The introduction of a prayer on an occasion of mere pageantry—a prayer addressed to the supreme God, in which there is mention of Hercules; in which the Divinity is classed with the stars, and an abstract human quality—is very characteristic of the age and taste of Elizabeth.

* Sir Henry Lea.

him upon his horse: that being done, he put upon his own person a side-coat of black velvet, pointed under the arm, and covered his head, in lieu of a helmet, with a buttoned cap."

Besides his addiction to the ancient exercises of nobility, Lord George was much given to horse-racing, a sport or game of more recent introduction. He kept splendid hospitality, and gave princely entertainments; his toils and his pleasures were alike costly. No wonder then, that having "set out with a larger estate than any of his ancestors, in little more than twenty years he made it one of the least," and that his *muniment* room is full of "memorials of prodigality, sales, mortgages, inquietude, and approaching want;" but his pride preserved him from running deeply into debt: he preferred alienating his property to borrowing on usury, and it was found at his death, that his debts did not exceed 700*l*. He died at the Savoy in London; but his remains were conveyed to the seat of his forefathers, and he lies in the vault of Skipton Castle. The entry of his interment in the parish register of Skipton is as follows:—"1605. Oct. 29, departed this life, George, Earl of Cumberland, Lord Clifford, Vipounte, and Vessie, Lord of the honour of Skipton in Craven, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, one of his highness' privie counsell, Lord Warden of the cytie of Carlell and the West Marches, and was honourably buried at Skipton, the XXIX of December, and his funerall was solemnized the XIIIth day of Marche next then following." The custom of that day in regard to hearsing up of corpses, must have been even more dilatory and expensive than the present fashion. The body is kept above ground more than two months, and then is buried privately, we are to suppose; then more than two months

after, his funeral is publicly solemnised. A like double celebration of marriages, and of christenings, was not unusual at the same period. The earl was little more than forty-seven.

This extraordinary man, who saw, and did, and suffered so much, has left no account of his voyages and perils; but Dr. Whitaker discovered among the family evidence, a MS. journal of the expedition of 1586, (which the earl did not himself accompany), apparently written by an ordinary pilot, or inferior officer, intituled as follows:—"A voyage pretended to the India, set forth by the good Earl of Cumberland, with two ships and a pinnace, Mr. Wytherington being captain of the admiral, and Mr. Lister of the vice-admiral." One passage only is extracted by the Doctor from this journal; but it is worth repeating:—"Nov. 5. Our men went on shore and *fet rys*,* and burnt the rest of the houses in the *Neger's* town; and our boat went down to the outermost" (uttermost) "point of the river, and burnt a town, and brought away all the rice that was in the town. The 6th day we served God, being Sunday." The account of the voyage of 1589, and its horrible distresses and privations, was drawn up by Edward Wright, a famous mathematician, who was himself in the fleet. His narrative may be found in Hakluyt. Several letters of the Lord George are preserved; but they throw little light on the most interesting part of his life, though they sufficiently testify his pecuniary difficulties. One is addressed to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, requesting the loan of 10,000*l.* from the

* Probably intended for *fetched rice*; the more than usual irregularity of spelling in this MS. proves it to be the work of an uneducated man, e. g. vyag for voyage, vys athmerrall for vice-admiral.

Queen. It is dated 22nd September, 1586, when he was engaged in his first expedition. Another to Sir Francis Walsingham, respecting a Spanish ship, wrecked on the coast near Plymouth, in the time of the Armada, which it was falsely rumoured that the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the Spanish admiral, was aboard. A third relates to the action off Calais, in which Clifford bore so considerable a part. It is dated 20th February, and inscribed to Lord Burleigh. We shall quote but one, addressed also to Lord Burleigh, and dated April 26, 1597. It expresses little satisfaction with the reward of his services or the profit of his ventures.

“To my very good Lord the Lord Treasurer of England :

“MY GOOD LORD,—As I have ever found your Lordship willing to do me kindness, so I beseech you, (now in the time when much it may pleasure me both in my reputation and estate,) to give me your best furtherance. I hear her Majesty will bestow the Isle of Wight upon some such as shall there be resident: To which condition willingly I would, as is fitting, tie myself, not with such humours to sea journeys, as heretofore has carried me on, but, by just discourage, settle myself to what shall neither get envy, nor give colour to false informations. I protest to your lordship, desire of enabling myself for her Majesty’s service, chiefly drew me with greediness to follow those courses all this year, as your lordship knows there hath been likelihood of my employment, and generally spoken of. Now I hear it is otherwise determined, to which I willingly submit myself; but so sensible of the disgrace, that if her Majesty does not show me some other token of her favour, I shall as often wish myself dead as I have hours to live.

But my fitness to govern that island I leave to your lordship's judgment: but this I vow, he lives not, that with more duty and care shall keep and defend it than I will; and if by your lordship's good means it may be obtained, I shall think her Majesty deals most graciously with me, and ever acknowledge myself most bound to your lordship, whom I commit to God, and rest your lordship's to command.—
GEORGE CUMBERLAND."

But the only writing of this high-born sea-wanderer that can be considered as a literary composition, is a speech delivered at some masque or spectacle in the character of the melancholy Knight. It is curious, and throws over his real discontents but a thin veil of fiction. It is long, and in a quaint, conceited style; but some passages are curiously biographical, and others whimsical for the excess of allegorical adulation:—

"This Knight, (*Fairest and Happiest of Ladies*) removing from castle to castle, now rolleth up and down in open field, a field of shadow, having no other mistress but night-shade, nor gathering any moss but about his heart. This melancholy, or rather desperate retiredness, summons his memory to a repetition of all his actions, thoughts, misfortunes, in the depth of which discontented contentedness upon one leaf he writes, *utiliter consenesco*, and musters up all his spirit to its wonted courage: but in the same minute he kisseth night-shade and embraceth it, saying, *solanum solamen*. Then having no company but himself, thus he talks with himself: That he hath made ladders for others to climb, and his feet nailed to the ground not to stir: That he is like *him* that built the anchor to save others, and *themselves* to be drowned: That when he hath outstript many in desert, he is tript up by Envy, until those *overtake*

him, that *undertook* nothing. He, on the confidence of unspotted honour, levelled all his actions to nurse those twins, Labour and Duty, not knowing which of these was eldest, both running fast, but neither foremost. Then, casting his eyes to heaven, to wonder at Cynthia's brightness, and to look out his own unfortunate star: with deep sighs he breathes out a two-fold wish, that the one may never wane while the world waxeth; that the other may be erring, not fixt. There is no such thing as night-shade; for where can there be mist or darkness where you are, whose beam wraps up clouds as whirlwinds dust? Night-shade is fallen off, sinking into the centre of the earth, as not daring to show blackness before your brightness. I cannot excuse my Knight's error, to think that he should cover himself obscurely in any desolate retiredness where your Highness' beauty and virtue could not find him out. He now grounds all his actions neither upon hopes, counsel, nor experience; he disdains envy, and scorns ingratitude. Judgment shall arm his patience, patience confirm his knowledge, which is that,—yourself being Perfection, know measure, number, and time to cause favour where it should, and where you please, being only wise and constant in weighing with true steadiness both the thoughts of all men, and their affections, upon which he so relies, that whatsoever happen to him you are still yourself, wonder and happiness, to which his eyes, thoughts, and actions are tied with such an indissoluble knot, that neither Death, nor Time that triumphs after Death, shall, or can unloose it. Is it not, as I have often told you, *that after he had thrown his land into the sea, the sea would cast him on the land for a wanderer?* He that spins nothing but Hope, shall weave up nothing but repentance. He may well entertain a shade for his

mistress, that walks the world himself like a shadow, embracing names instead of things, dreams for truths, blind prophecies, for seeing verities. It becomes not me to dispute of his courses; but yet none shall hinder me from wondering to see him, that is not, to be, and yet to be—that never was. If ye think his body too strait for his heart, ye shall find the world wide enough for his body.” The allusions to his own circumstances in this speech are obvious: the rest of it, is not very intelligible, or particularly worth understanding.

We have before stated, that his union with the Lady Margaret Russell was eminently unhappy. But though a cold, negligent, and unfaithful husband, he is not accused of domestic tyranny. Yet the sorrows of his wife were doubtless large enough; and it is said that his attachment to a Court-lady, occasioned a separation: perhaps a *desertion* would better express the truth. To this entanglement, his daughter, who speaks of him, as a good daughter should do of an indifferent father, thus feelingly alludes: “But as good natures through human frailty are often misled, so he fell in love with a lady of quality, which did by degrees draw and alienate his affections from his so virtuous and loving wife; and it became the cause of many sorrows.” But it is rather to be thought that he had little conjugal affection to alienate, and that his wife, who married him without love, loved him no more than duty could constrain from an unwilling heart. Yet, whatever secession may have taken place during the earl’s life, prevented not his consort from attending his dying hours, for we have the testimony of the Lady Anne, that she and her mother were with him a few hours before his decease.

Three children were the produce of that family compact, which only deserves to be called a marriage,

insomuch as it was sanctified by the pious submission of the most suffering party :—two sons, Francis and Robert, and the daughter, for whose sole sake we have given these notices of her forefathers, *one only* of whom was worthy to be progenitor to such a child. But God alone is the Father of souls.

Both Francis and Robert died while their father, who cared little for them, was at sea. Of Francis, the elder, his sister says “that he was admired by those who knew him for his goodness and devotion, even to wonder, considering his childish years : his brother Robert and the countess their mother, were in Skipton Castle at his death, where the same countess was great with child with her only daughter, whom she was delivered of in that Skipton Castle, the 30th of January following : she that was the Lady Anne Clifford, and came to be the only child to her parents. When this Lord Francis died, his said father was then beyond seas, in the north parts of Ireland, whither he was driven on land, by great extremity of tempest, in great hazard of life, ten days before the death of the said son, when that Earl was on his return from the isles Azores in the West Indies. So Clifford’s eldest child died just when its father was near dying of hunger. The second son, Robert, in like manner, never lived to be a man, yet was he “a child endowed with many perfections of so few years, and likely to have made a gallant man.” His sorrowful mother and his then little sister were in the house when he died, “which Lady Anne Clifford, was then but a year and four months old. By the death of her said brother Robert Clifford, she came to be the sole heir ; and when this young Lord Robert died, his father, George, Earl of Cumberland, was in one of his voyages on the seas towards Spain and the West Indies.”

Of her mother she says, "That the death of her two sons did so much affect her, as that ever after the book of Job was her constant companion." The good and afflicted lady had troubles in her widowhood, which a male heir would have prevented; but the life of a virtuous daughter, and the memory of two sons that lived not long enough to be wicked, (to whom, therefore, she could ascribe as many *possible* virtues as she chose,) were better to her than any son would have been.

In the remarkable family picture to which we have already adverted, the Countess Margaret is represented standing by her husband's side, with one arm extended towards her two sons; and some have plausibly imagined that she is soliciting the Earl to stay at home and take care of them. She has a most amiable countenance, being more like a good woman of the present day, than most female portraits of her time. Her dress, which is high up to the throat, and opens in front, with wide hanging sleeves, would not be much out of fashion now; but her little boys, linked arm in arm, and inveterately staring at nothing, are rather too like miniature doctors of divinity. Their long dresses, completely concealing their feet, are more like cassocks than anything else; and they have surcingles round the waist. It is pleasant to see how children were drest in the seventeenth century.

Before we enter upon our account of the Lady Anne, we will give her description of herself as a letter of introduction:—"I was," says she, "very happy in my first constitution, both in mind and body; both for internal and external endowments; for never was there a child more entirely resembling both father and mother than myself. The colour of mine eyes was black, like my father's, and the form

and aspect of them was quick and lively, like my mother's. The hair of my head was brown and very thick, and so long that it reached to the calf of my legs when I stood upright ; with a peak of hair on my forehead, and a dimple on my chin ; and an exquisite shape of body, like my father. But now time and age have long since ended all those beauties, which are to be compared to the grass of the field : (Isaiah xl. 6, 7, 8 ; 1 Peter i. 24.)* For now, when I caused these memorables of myself to be written, I have passed the sixty-third year of my age. And though I say it, the perfections of my mind were much above those of my body : I had a strong and copious memory, a sound judgment and a discerning spirit ; and so much of a strong imagination in me, as at many times even my dreams and apprehensions *proved* to be true."

Lady Anne Clifford was born, as she herself testifies, on the 30th January, 1589-90, at Skipton Castle. With a Shandean exactness, very unusual among female autobiographers in these days, she begins her memoirs of herself nine months before her nativity, for the sake of introducing a beautiful quotation from the cxxxix. Psalm, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th verses : "Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb : I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made : marvellous

* Isaiah xl. 6, 7, 8 : "The voice said cry ; and I said what shall I cry ?—All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field ; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it : surely the people is but grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever." 1 Peter i. 24 : "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass."

are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well. My substance was not hid from thee when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect ; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them."

Her governess was Mistress Taylor ; her tutor, that excellent man — "the well-languaged Daniel." The disagreements of her parents, and the embarrassed condition of the family estates, obliged her education to be conducted on the strictest principles of frugality ; but luckily the best knowledge is not the dearest ; and to the housewifely habits imposed upon her youth, and her comparative seclusion from expensive vanities, many of her best virtues may be ascribed. Her improvement was in no particular neglected ; but above all, she was nurtured in the precepts and practice of economy, self-denial, domestic order, and

"Pure religion, teaching household laws."*

To all such book-learning as could edify or adorn her young mind she was skilfully and honestly guided by her preceptor, Daniel, who, in his address to

* Wordsworth. Perhaps I ought to apologise for quoting this poet so often, but to promulgate by any means such a line as the above, surely needs no apology. Mr. Wordsworth will, I doubt not, excuse me, if, admiring above measure the poetry of the sublime sonnet which it concludes, I venture to object to the querulous spirit which it breathes. That we are much worse than we ought to be, is unfortunately a standing truism, but that the "stream of tendency" is *recently* diverted from good to evil, I confidently deny. Having said this much, it is better to give the sonnet at

another noble lady—Lucy, Countess of Bedford, has so well set forth the use of books, what they can, and what they cannot do :

And though books, Madam, cannot make the mind,
 (Which we must *bring* apt to be set aright)
 Yet do they rectify it in that kind ;
 And touch it so as that it turns that way,
 Where judgment lies : and though we cannot find,
 The certain place of truth, yet do they stay
 And entertain us near about the same ;
 And give the soul the best delight that way,
 Enchant it most, and most our spirits inflame
 To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends :
 And therefore in a course that best became
 The clearness of your heart, and best commends
 Your worthy powers you run the rightest way
 By which when all consumes, your fame shall live.

If Anne could read all the books represented in the picture where she is pourtrayed as a damsel of

once, for I am afraid that some one of my readers may not have a copy of Wordsworth's poems in his pocket, or even on his parlour window.

Written in London, 1802 :—

“O friend, I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
 To think that now our life is only drest
 For show ; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom ! We must run glittering like a brook
 In open sunshine, or we are unblest :
 The wealthiest man among us is the best.
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry ; and these we adore :
 Plain living and high thinking are no more.
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone,—our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure Religion breathing household laws.”

Seldom has the same feeling, which is expressed so often, been expressed so beautifully ; but is not the feeling itself a

thirteen, she must have been a learned little lady indeed—for among them are Eusebius, St. Augustine, Josephus, and Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. But

Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

as Horace has it—thus quaintly Englished by Tom Brown the third,

To Bards or Limners there is no denying
An equal privilege of dauntless lying.

Yet as her funeral panegyrist asserted she could discourse well upon all subjects—from predestination

delusion, or rather, in minds like Wordsworth's, a voluntary *illusion*? Greater virtues were rendered visible by the trials of the past, than by the security of the present, but it was not the *goodness* of the times that called those virtues into act. Had there been no persecutors there would have been no martyrs: war and oppression make patriots and heroes; and wherever we hear of much almsgiving, we may be sure that there is much poverty. If Anne Clifford had not had a bad father and two bad husbands, and a long weary widowhood, and lived in days of rebellion, usurpation, and profligacy, she perhaps would have obtained no other record than that of a sensible, good sort of a woman, upon whose brow the coronet sat with graceful ease. Nay, it is possible, that the same disposition which her adversities disciplined to steady purpose, meek self-command, considerate charity, and godly fortitude, might under *better* circumstances, have produced a most unamiable degree of patrician haughtiness. From reading the memoirs of her, and such as she, an imaginative mind receives a strong impression of the superior sanctity of former generations; but a little examination will prove that these high examples have always been *elect exceptions*, called out of the world—no measures of the world's righteousness. No period produced more saintly excellence than that in which Anne Clifford lived;

to Sleas-Silk—we may conclude that she studied the fathers in the original languages.

Among the papers at Skipton Castle is an original book of accounts, filled with memoranda relative to this young lady's education, from 1600 to 1602, from which Whitaker has given copious extracts. We shall select such items as are most characteristic, or throw light on the habits and economy of Elizabeth's latest days. All books, whatever the subject, were then introduced with a text or an ejaculation. The same was the case with the old metrical romances, which regularly begin and conclude with addresses to the Saviour, the Virgin, or the Saints; often strangely inconsistent with the matter which they

in none were greater crimes perpetrated; and if we look to her later years—never, in a Christian age, was the average of morals so low. But the age was characterised more by the evil than the good, as Rochester's poems were much more *characteristical* of Charles the Second's times than Milton's.

One thing is obvious, that if we are not better than our ancestors, we must be much worse—if we are not wiser than the ancients, we must be incorrigible fools. God forbid that I should glory, save in the glory of God. God forbid that I should flatter the men of my own generation, or detract one atom from the wise or good of ages past. What we are we did not make ourselves; whatever truth perfumes our atmosphere, is the flower of a seed planted long ago. We do not, we need not do, more than cultivate and improve our paternal fields. But to deny that we *are* benefiting by the labours of our forefathers, morally as well as physically, would be impious ingratitude to that Great Power which hath given, and is giving, and will give the wish, and the will, and the power, and the knowledge, and the means to do the good which he willeth and doeth.

Much, very much, remains to do. It is no time to sit down self-complacently, and count our gains; but neither is it a time to stretch out our arms vainly to catch the

preface. Stage-plays also were finished with a prayer. No wonder that grave citizens guarded their ledgers with scripture, and still less that a young female's pocket-book should commence with a petition to be used on entering church: "O Lord increase our faith, and make us evermore attentive hearers, true conceivers, and diligent fulfillers of thy heavenly will." After come these lines, supposed to be in the hand-writing of Daniel:—

To wish and will it is my part,
To you good lady, from my heart
The years of Nestor, God you send,
With happiness to your live's end.

She was at this time in London, under the care of Mistress Taylor; the whole receipt for the two years amounting only to 38*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.*, and the disbursements to 35*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* The extravagance and neglect of the Earl her father, who is never mentioned in this book, reduced the good Countess, her mother, to a state bordering on poverty. Nor had he anything to spare for his daughter. But better fathers than

irrevocable past. We can neither stand still nor go backward, but striving to go backward, we may go lamentably astray. There is one line in Mr. Wordsworth's sonnet, against which, for *his own* sake, I must enter my protest:

"No grandeur *now* in nature or in book
Delights us."

If by "us," he means the numerical majority of the population, I answer, that many more are awake to the grandeur and beauty of nature now than at any former æra: if he means that the mind and soul of England is insensible to the sublime, in the visible or in the intellectual world, let him only consider the number of young, and pure, and noble hearts, that have joyfully acknowledged the grandeur of his *book*, and let him unsay the slander.

George Clifford were, in that age, often careless and unaffectionate to their female children. The want of a male heir is a great mortification to an aristocratic family. What, however, was deficient in the allowances of her parents, was supplied in some measure in presents from noble ladies, particularly the Countesses of Northumberland, Derby, and Warwick, who used to fetch her to visit them in their own coaches, and sent her donations, sometimes in gold, sometimes in silver groats, threepences, &c., in small silver barrels, often in trinkets, venison, (what would a young lady of these days think of a whole stag at a time,) fruit, fish, &c. The mother's directions for her dress and management are numerous and minute. But to proceed with our extracts.

“Item. A reward for finding her ladyship's golden picture lost, 15s.” Rather high.

By some unaccountable syncope of memory or understanding, Dr. Whitaker asks upon this article—“Were there any miniatures at this time?” Has he forgotten Portia's caskets? Has he forgotten, or did he never read a play called Hamlet, written near the time which he is inquiring about? If the pictures Hamlet shows to the Queen were not miniatures, but full length portraits, yet there is another passage which puts the question to rest at once,—“It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those who would have made mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, and a hundred ducats a piece for his *picture in little*.” The wearing of miniatures, richly set in gold, pearls, or diamonds, was a fashion in the courts of Elizabeth and the first Stuarts. Hilliard, and the elder Oliver, the first Englishmen who could be called artists, were both miniature painters, and both living in 1600. Another item in

her Ladyship's accounts is, an ivory box to put a picture in, xiid. Now surely a picture contained in a twelve-penny box of ivory,* must have been as minute as any of Petito's, famous as he was for inserting portraits into rings, bracelets, and seals. Possibly the doctor has confounded miniature in general, with miniature in enamel.

It is afflicting to think how the free and graceful motions of childhood have been constrained and distorted by the absurdities of fashion. The Lady Anne did not wholly escape. We find among her memoranda 7s. to a French woman for a Rabato wyre: this by its high price must have been a new-fangled torture: and again, 5s. 11d. for a Verdingale and Verdingale wyre. The purpose of the rabato or ruff was to prevent the natural turn or fall of the neck: and how would a maiden trip it on the elastic turf, or fragrant heather of a mountain side, if her steps were impeded by a Verdingale stiffened with wire? Some other items there are which seldom enter the bills of a modern lady's education; for example, "15s. for a masque." "Item 10s. to musicians for playing at my Lady Anne's masque." Masques, indeed, were then worn as an article of dress—a piece of supererogatory modesty which gave license to much impudence. But the *masque*, at which the musicians played must have been, not a modern masquerade, but one of those *allegorical pastorals*, which were so much in vogue at the courts of Elizabeth and James, and particularly patronised by Anne of Denmark, with whom the daughter of Clifford was a special

* Is there not an error in transcription here? When almost all foreign commodities (wines excepted) were much dearer than at present, it is very unlikely that an ivory box, however tiny, should not cost more than one shilling.

favourite. Who will censure a fashion which gave birth to Comus?

Of printed books, there is no mention; we find a pair of writing tables charged at 11s., and two *paper* books; one for *acompte*, and another to write her catechism in. The Church catechism is probably meant, for Pinnock's Catechisms then were not. Yet it is rather remarkable, that in an age so *very* religious, a young woman so well tutored, should, in her eleventh year, require a book to write down, what every village child can say by heart at seven. Perhaps some more advanced system of theological instruction is intended.* The only article from

* "I wish it were a part of modern education in the same rank to require young ladies either to write or read their Catechism. But modern education takes a different course, and therefore produces no such characters as Lady Anne Clifford."—WHITAKER.—Fudge! As an antiquary, we can well allow the Doctor to cling as fondly to the relics of old times, as ivy to a ruin. Let him praise old poets, old sermons, old books, old manners, old wine, rites, ceremonies, superstitions, as much as he pleases, we can sympathise with him to any extent. But when the Catechism is the topic, he ought to speak, not as an Antiquary, but as a Divine, and should not have suffered his fanciful partiality for things, which after all, would not charm if they were not obsolete, to seduce him into a vulgar, jacobinical sneer at all the female rank of his own days. Young ladies of Lady Anne's station do not now usually repeat the Catechism to the Curate "*after the second lesson at evening prayer*," nor can we find that such was ever the custom; but are we thence to conclude, that their religious instruction is neglected? So far from it, if ever religion was in *fashion* it is at the present day. Young men, educated at classical or commercial seminaries do sometimes exhibit a most disgraceful heathenish ignorance, not only of the doctrines and constitution of the Church to which they are supposed to belong (not belonging

which we can derive a hope that she was not quite forgotten by her father, is the following "Item to Captain Davis's man when he shall come to my Lady with Indian clothes." These Indian clothes might be part of the Earl's booty.

We should not have expected, at a time when "*filthy worsted stocking knave*," was a Shaksperian epithet of contempt, to find an Earl's daughter wearing green worsted stockings. Some little matters rather go beyond our antiquarian knowledge; for instance, "twelve little glasses of *coodinecks*;" "eleven bunches of *glass* feathers;" "two dozen *glass* flowers," &c. We are aware that glass is sometimes spun into a very close resemblance to ostrich feathers; but was this practised at the commencement of the seventeenth century?

After all, it must be acknowledged that these accounts give little information as to the more solid parts of Lady Anne's breeding. The most pleasant intelligence which they supply is, that she was not debarred from healthful recreation. There is nothing to be objected to but the wire.

to any other) but of the plain historical facts of Christianity—because in these establishments, the only attention paid to Christian instruction, consists, or did very lately consist, in a compulsory attendance at a Chapel, where though something *might* be learned, nothing *is*. It is but justice to acknowledge that considerable improvement has been made in this particular within the few last years. But such exposures of ignorance in the other sex are comparatively rare.

Let it be remembered that we are not speaking of what would emphatically be called "a *religious* education," for it is manifest that Lady Anne's was not of that character; inasmuch as she learned dancing, and the use of the cross-bow, and took part in private theatricals.

With what gratitude she received the instructions of Daniel, is testified by the monument erected at her cost in the church of Beckington, Somerset, with this inscription—

“Here lies, expecting the second coming o our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, the dead body of Samuel Daniel, Esq., that excellent poet and historian, who was Tutor to the Lady Anne Clifford in her youth. She was daughter and heir to George, Earl of Cumberland, who in gratitude to him erected this monument to his memory a long time after, when she was Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery. He died in October, anno 1619.”

She has also introduced the likeness of her tutor in the family picture at Skipton.* He had doubtless

* “Samuel Daniel, the most noted Poet and Historian of his time, was born of a wealthy family in Somersetshire, and at seventeen years of age, became a Commoner of Magdalen Hall, where he continued about three years, and improved himself in mathematical learning by the help of an excellent tutor. But his *Geny* being more prone to easier and smoother studies, than in pecking and hewing at logic, he left the University without the honour of a degree, and exercised it much in English History and Poetry, of which he then gave several ingenious specimens. He was afterwards for his merits made gentleman extraordinary, and afterwards one of the grooms of the privy chamber, to Anne the Queen Consort of King James I., who being for the most part a favourer and encourager of his muse (as she was of John Florio, who married Samuel Daniel’s sister) and many times delighted in his conversation, not only in private but in public, was partly for these reasons held in esteem by the men of that age for his excellencies in Poetry and History, and partly in this respect, ‘*that in writing of English affairs whether in prose or poetry, he had the happiness to reconcile brevity with clearness, qualities at great distance in other authors.*’ Daniel had also a good faculty in setting out a mask or play, and was wanting

laboured, not in vain, to inspire her with a love of poetry, and a regard for poets, which she displayed in erecting or renewing the tomb of Spenser in Westminster Abbey.

Though by her father's death, she hardly can be said to have lost a father's care, nor her mother to have been bereft of a husband's love, yet are the widow and the orphan exposed to numberless mortifications and petty indignities, which rarely befall the wife and daughter of a living brave man, however negligent of his domestic duties. A young heiress, indeed, is generally beset with professing followers; an amiable woman seldom is without true friends; but though wealth draws courtship, and goodness will conciliate affection, it is power alone that commands the world's respect. But the widow and daughter of

in nothing that might render him acceptable to the great and ingenious men of his time: as to Sir John Harrington the poet, Camden the learned, Sir Robert Cotton, Sir H. Spelman, Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson, John Stradling, *Little Owen the Epigrammatist.*"—*Antony Wood's Atheneæ Oxonienses.*

We feel rather strange to find John Stradling and *little Owen the Epigrammatist* mentioned as great and ingenious men, along with Spenser and Ben Jonson. Daniel's poems, though included in the collections of Anderson and Chalmers, are less read and known than they deserve to be. His longest work, "*Of the civil wars between the Houses of Lancaster and York,*" in six books, is unreadably tedious, though it is written in an excellent vein of pure English, with many deep political reflections, and some few passages of considerable pathos: but his epistles, sonnets, and moral pieces, if they contain not much high poetry, have a calm wisdom, a beauty of sentiment, and a propriety of expression which make them highly valuable. There have been few Poets so fitted to conduct the education of a noble female as Samuel Daniel.

George Clifford, from the moment of their destitution, were opposed in their nearest rights, by him to whom they would naturally look for protection. Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, had but just time to bury her deceased Lord, when she was called to defend her daughter's inheritance.

The Earldom of Cumberland descending in the male line only, fell undisputed to Francis, second brother to the late Earl, a man as easy and indolent as his predecessor was active and restless. But the greater part of the estates were, by an ancient entail, inheritable by the Lady Anne. A long series of law proceedings followed, of which Sir Matthew Hale has drawn up "an accurate and technical account." Though opposed by the Court, and subjected to divers annoyances, the Dowager Countess (whose own right of jointure in the Westmoreland property does not appear to have been called in question), continued for many years to uphold her daughter's claim, by all the weapons which the law's armoury offers for sale. It would be difficult, and not very amusing, to narrate the several stages of a cause turning upon entails, fines and recoveries, reversions, &c. &c. But the drift of the question was, whether the limitation of descent to the heirs male, effected by Henry, second Earl of Cumberland, cut off the unlimited entail of Edward II. Though the King's award of the 4th March, 1617, was in favour of Earl Francis, (by whom about the same time the said King was magnificently entertained at Brougham Castle,) yet the matter never rested, nor did Lady Anne recover possession of what she deemed her right till after the death of the last Earl of Cumberland in 1643. Thus, to use the words of Sir Matthew Hale, who never expresses himself so well, as when he utters an honest feeling: "oftentimes it falls out that the

vanity of men in studying to preserve their name, though to the total disherison of their own children, is crossed, or proves unsuccessful to the end designed."

At a very early age, Lady Anne was united to Richard, third Earl of Dorset of the Sackvilles. He was a man of spirit and talent; but a licentious spendthrift, who continually tormented her to give up her inheritance for ready money. But her principles of obedience were not so slavish, as to permit him to involve herself and her offspring in ruin: a miserable life she must have led with him, yet she speaks gently of his memory: perhaps her second marriage taught her sincerely to regret him, for he was a man of sense, and a man of sense, though a profligate, is less insupportable, though more inexcusable, than a profligate fool.

While the Dowager Countess of Cumberland survived, the suits at law appear to have been conducted solely in her name, and she is accused of denuding the Westmoreland property of wood out of pure revenge: but were it not more charitable to suppose, that the expenses of litigation compelled her to this course? The Lady Anne received no support from her husband in the prosecution of her title: perhaps could take no direct method to do herself right. Her mother still continued her protector, and displayed in her behalf the spirit of a Russell.*

* Among other persecutions, the Lady Margaret did not escape the pest of impertinent counsellors. Nor was she quite free from the weakness of wishing to hear her own character from others. In the family papers is a letter from a Sir John Bowyer to the Earl Francis, wherein the little squire, wishing to curry favour with the great Lord, and to show his own importance at the same time, gives a minute account of how he (Sir John Bowyer) had been visiting "my

This virtuous but unhappy woman, was finally released on the 24th of May, 1616, "in the chamber wherein her lord was born into the world, when she was fifty-six years old, wanting six weeks, and that very day twenty-five years after the death of her son Robert, Lord Clifford." She was, by her daughter's testimony, "of a great natural wit and judgment, of a sweet disposition, truly religious and virtuous, and endowed with a large share of those four moral virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance.—By industry and search of records she brought to light the then unknown title which her daughter had to

honourable Lady of Cumberland," and what was said and done on the occasion. It would have been diverting to *hear him tell* the story. What an admirable mixture for this world, is conceit and servility—Hear him. "At my departure I told her *Ladyship* that I did intend, God willing, to ride over, and do my duty to your *Lordship*, wishing that it would please God that all differences between your *Honour* and her *Ladyship* were well composed: which reconciliation was also generally wished and expected in the south parts, and would, no doubt be soon brought to pass, if some that made profit of your *Honours'* differences, and loved to fish in troubled waters, were not the impediments of it. Her *Honour* desired and enjoined me to say plainly, what was generally spoken hereof, and *what the world conceived* of her. I was loth, but, being commanded, used words to this effect: Your *Ladyship* is held to be very honourable, much devoted to religion, very respective unto ministers and preachers, very charitable unto the poor: yet under favour, some do tax your *Honour* to be too much affected to *go to law*. That is, said my Lady, that I am contentious and over-ruled by busy wrangling fellows. (I did humbly crave pardon for my plainness.) Sir, I do like you much the better for your plainness: and if my Lord of Cumberland will make me any honourable offers, I will deceive the world, or them that think me given to law."

the ancient Baronies, Honours, and Lands of the Viponts, Cliffords, and Vescys. So as what good shall accrue to her daughter's posterity, by the said inheritance, must next under God, be attributed to her." Some notion may be formed of the common course of a noble and pious lady's studies, in those days, from the books depicted over the Countess's portraits, to wit, "A written handbook of Alkimee, Extractions of Distillations, and excellent medicines. All Senekae's works translated out of Latine into English. The Holy Bible, the old and new Testaments."*

"On the 14th of March, 1617, the King took upon himself the awarding of a long difference betwixt the male and female branches of the House of Clifford, and ordered that Lady Anne the Countess of Dorset, and the Earl her husband, should make a conveyance of the Honor of Skipton, and other the ancient baronies, honors, and lands of the Viponts, Cliffords, and Vescys remainder to his first, and other sons intail, remainder to the Countess for life, remainder to her first, and other sons, remainder to her remainders; and 20,000*l.* to be paid by the Earl of Cumberland to the Earl of Dorset. To this award the two Earls subscribed; but notwithstanding the potency of the Earl of Cumberland, the will of the King, and the importunity of a husband, the Countess refused to submit to the award."†

The few years immediately ensuing, past heavily enough for the Countess, but without furnishing any memorable grief for history. She was now become a mother. She was successively bereaved of three boys; and, considering the temper of the man and of

* Inscription on the family picture.—*Ibid.*

† Sir Matthew Hale.

the times, it is probable that her maternal affliction was rather insulted by her husband's reproaches, than lightened by his participation. For the failure of heirs male, though the Church would not allow it for a ground of divorce, was often made by royal and noble spouses, a ground of neglect and ill-usage. And she might look on her two little daughters, with somewhat of the feeling of the Indian woman, who justified herself to the missionary for destroying her female child, by recounting the manifold miseries from which she was delivering it. Yet she speaks of him as if she never ceased to feel pride in his manly faculties and accomplishments. "He was," she tells us "in his nature of a just mind, of a sweet disposition, and very valiant; that he excelled in every sort of learning all the young nobility with whom he studied at Oxford; and that he was a true patriot and an eminent patron of scholars and soldiers." She does not however scruple to record the uneasiness which she sustained from his extravagant waste of his own estates, and from his eagerness to sign away her patrimonial rights for present accommodation. Such was his "excess of expense in all the ways to which money can be applied," according to Clarendon, "that he so entirely consumed almost the whole great fortune which descended to him, that when he was forced to leave the title to his younger brother, he left in a manner nothing to him to support it." He died in 1624, leaving two daughters, of whom the eldest, Margaret, married John Tufton, Earl of Thanet, through whom the ancient possessions of the Cliffords in Westmoreland and Craven have descended. The younger, Isabella, was married to Compton, Earl of Northampton. Horace Walpole mentions among the MS. relics of Lady Anne—Memoirs of the Earl of Dorset, her first husband; but no such work has yet

come to light, nor is it to be supposed, that she would willingly record the misdoings of one, whom pride, if not tenderness, would forbid her to expose, and of whom truth forbade her to be an eulogist.

Little is written or remembered of her six ensuing years of widowhood. As her uncle, the Earl Francis, by virtue of the King's award, kept possession of her lands and castles in the north, she probably resided much with her maternal relatives the Russells. She took care, however, still to assert her claims, for it is on record, that in 1628, and afterwards in 1632, she made *her entries into the lands*; a legal recipe for resuscitating a right from a state of suspended animation, the method of which we do not precisely understand.

At the mature age of forty-one, she entered a second time into the marriage state, being wedded on the 3rd day of June, 1630, to Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. We regret that we cannot detail the place and particulars of their courtship, or in any satisfactory manner account for a wise and staid matron, not inexperienced in conjugal trials, and the mother of two children, throwing herself away upon one who has come down to posterity in the character of an ingrate, an ignoramus, a common swearer, a bully, and a coward. Perhaps the natural defects of this eccentric person have been exaggerated by the royalist writers, for his ingratitude to his royal master; and the odious offices in which he served the Parliament, made him hateful to many, and contemptible to all. At the period of his marriage with the Lady Anne, he was considered as a rising courtier, being Lord Chamberlain of the King's Household, and Warden of the Stannaries, in the former of which capacities he broke, with his official wand, in the precincts of the Palace of Whitehall, the head of

Thomas May, the Poet and Parliamentary Historiographer; and in the latter, he was near driving the people of Cornwall and Devon (then, as now, the most loyal of counties) into rebellion, by his oppressions and extortions. He was of a most distinguished family: his mother was the sister of Sir Philip Sidney; * his brother and predecessor was Chancellor, and a great benefactor of the University of Oxford,—Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and the pious George Herbert were among his kindred; yet is he said to have been so illiterate, as hardly to know how to write his name. But he had a handsome person, which he was an adept at adorning. Though his temper was liable to escapes and sallies which beget a suspicion of insanity, he possessed, in his lucid intervals, the art and mystery of disguise in great perfection, so that an old gossiping writer† calling him the “young worthy Sir Philip,” and remarking his sudden favour with King James, observes, “that he carries it without envy, for he is very humble to the great Lords, is desirous to do all men good and hurt none.” He was the spoiled child of the court, where he made his appearance in his sixteenth year, “and had not been there two hours but he grew as bold as the best.” According to Osborn, he was notorious for “breaking wiser heads than his own;” not always however with impunity, for “having the gift of a coward to allay the gust he had in quarrelling,” he received, and did not revenge, a public and

* This Lady was the Countess of Pembroke, to whom her brother addressed his “Arcadia”—not the Lady Anne Clifford, as has been absurdly asserted. Sir Philip Sidney was killed three years before Anne was born. What a murderer of pretty tales is that same chronology!

† Rowland White.

personal castigation at a horse-race from Ramsay, afterwards Earl of Holderness.—These certainly were the follies of his youth; and in 1630 he was a widower of forty-five. His large estate, and the reputation of great court interest, might induce the Lady Anne to give ear to his addresses, in the hope that he would be the means of recovering her ancestral possessions. But so it is, that men, endued with no other talent, do sometimes possess extraordinary power over the best and wisest women, and not least over those whose youth is fled. What happiness the Countess enjoyed in her new connexion, is manifest from the following letter, addressed to her uncle Edward, Earl of Bedford, preserved in the Harleian Collection.—

“MY LORD,—Yesterday by Mr. Marshe I received your Lordship’s letter, by which I perceived how much you were troubled at the report of my being sick, for which I humbly thank your Lordship. I was so ill as I did make full account to die; but now, I thank God, I am something better. And now, my Lord, give me leave to desire that favour from your Lordship as to speak earnestly to my Lord for my coming up to the town this term, either to Bainarde’s Castle, or the Cock-pitt; and I protest I will be ready to return back hither again whensoever my Lord appoints it. I have to this purpose written now to my Lord, and put it enclosed in a letter of mine to my Lady of Carnarvon, as desiring her to deliver it to her father, which I know she will do with all the advantage she can, to further this business; and if your Lordship will join with her in it, you shall afford a charitable and a most acceptable favour to your Lordship’s cousin, and humble friend to command.

ANNE PEMBROKE.”

“Ramosbury, this 14th of January, 1638.

“If my Lord should deny my coming, then I desire your Lordship I may understand it as soon as may be, that so I may order my poor business as well as I can without any one coming to town; for I dare not venture to come up without his leave, lest he should take that occasion to turn me out of his house, as he did out of Whitehall, and then I shall not know where to put my head. I desire not to stay in the town above ten days, or a fortnight at the most.”

Yet in her memoirs she speaks of him as a good wife should ever speak of a deceased husband, were it but for her own credit—just hints at his faults, and magnifies his merits, for she tells us he had a very quick apprehension, a sharp understanding, and a discerning spirit, with a very choleric nature, and that he was “in all respects one of the most distinguished noblemen in England, and well beloved throughout the realm.” There could be no purpose of deception here, (for these memoirs were never meant to meet the public eye,) unless she wished to extenuate her unlucky choice to her own posterity.

It is an amusing, if not a very useful speculation, to imagine how certain persons *would* have acted and thought, under certain circumstances and opportunities, in which the said persons never happened to be placed. We could, for instance, compose a long romance of the heroic actions which Anne Clifford *would* have performed in the civil war, had she been possessed of her broad lands and fenced Castles. She *might* have made Skipton or Pendragon as famous as Lathom and Wardour. She was a firm royalist; for though she had small reasons to love Kings or Courts, she was a true lover of the Church. But at the breaking out of the conflict, her northern

holds were in the feeble, though loyal hands of her cousin Henry; and when, at the death of the last Earl of Cumberland, her title became undisputed, Skipton was already in a state of siege, and it was long before the hostile parties left her lands free for her entrance. Whatever assistance she may have given to the royal cause must have been in direct contradiction to her husband's will, for he, in revenge for the loss of his Chamberlain's staff, of which he was deprived for raising a brawl in the House of Lords, carried the power of his wealth, and the disgrace of his folly, to the Roundhead faction. By some means or other he was, on the attainder of Laud, appointed Chancellor of Oxford; and though most deservedly stripped of that honour by King Charles, who set the noble Marquis of Hertford in his place, yet, on the prevalence of the Presbyterian party, to which he professed great devotion, he was restored; and conducted, with what courtesy and gentleness may well be conjectured, the expulsion of the Episcopalians from their colleges. No wonder that he was contemptuously hated by the royalists; or that this hatred broke out in keen and bitter libels (if truth be libellous) immediately after his death; for those were not days when rancour respected the sanctity of the tomb. He just outlived the monarchy, and divesting himself of the rank which he disgraced, accepted a seat in the Rump Parliament for Berkshire. He died January 23, 1649-50.

We can hardly call the following a *jeu-d'esprit*, for it is not in a very playful spirit. It has been attributed to Samuel Butler, and was printed in one sheet, fol. under the title of "The last Will and Testament of Philip, &c."

"I, Philip, late Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, now Knight for the County of Berks, being, as I am told, very

weak in body, but of perfect memory (for I remember this time five years I gave the casting voice to dispatch old Canterbury; and this time two years I voted no address to my master; and this time twelvemonth brought him to the block) yet, because death doth threaten and stare upon me, who have still obeyed all those who threatened me, I now make my last Will and Testament.

“Imprimis, for my soul: I confess I have heard very much of souls, but what they are, or whom they are for, God knows, I know not. They tell me now of another world, where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither. While the King stood, I was of his religion, made my son wear a cassock, and thought to make him a Bishop: then came the Scots, and made me a Presbyterian; and, since Cromwell entered, I have been an Independent. These I believe are the kingdom’s three Estates, and if any of these can save a soul, I may claim one. Therefore, if my Executors do find I have a soul, I give it him that gave it me.

“Item, I give my body, for I cannot keep it; you see the Chirurgion is tearing off my flesh: therefore bury me. I have church-land enough. But do not bury me in the church-porch; for I was a Lord, and could not be buried where Colonel Pride was born.

“Item, my will is to have no monument; for then I must have epitaphs, and verses; but all my life long I have had too much of them.

“Item, I give my dogs, the best curs ever man laid leg over, to be divided among the council of state. Many a fair day have I followed my dogs, and followed the states, both night and day: went whither they sent me; sat where they bid me; sometimes with Lords, sometimes with Commons; and now can neither go nor sit. Yet, whatever becomes of me, let not my poor dogs want their allowance, nor come within the ordinances of one meal a week.

“Item, I give two of my best saddle horses to the Earl of Denbigh, for I fear ere long his own legs will fail him: but the tallest and strongest in all my stables I give to the Academy, for a vaulting horse for ALL LOVERS OF VERTU. All my other horses I give to the Lord Fairfax, that when

Cromwell and the states take away his commission, his Lordship may have some Horse to command.

"Item, I give my hawks to the Earl of Carnarvon. His father was Master of the Hawks, to the King; and he has wit, so like his father, that I begged his wardship, lest in time he should do so by me.

"Item, I give all my deer to the Earl of Salisbury, who I know will preserve them, because he denied the King a buck out of one of his own parks.

"Item, I give my chaplains to the Earl of Stamford, in regard he never used any but his son the Lord Grey, who, being thus both spiritual and carnal, may beget more Monsters.

"Item, I give nothing to the Lord Say, which legacy I give him because I know he 'll bestow it on the poor.

"Item, to the two Countesses, my sister and my *wife*, I now give leave to *enjoy their estates*. But my own estate I give to my eldest son, charging him on my blessing to follow the advice of Michael Oldworth; for, though I have had thirty thousand pounds per annum, I die not in debt, above four score thousand pounds.

"Item, because I threatened Sir Harry Mildmay, but did not beat him, I give fifty pounds to the footman who cudgelled him.

"Item, my will is that the said Sir Harry shall not meddle with my jewels. I knew him when he served the Duke of Buckingham, and, since, how he handled the crown jewels, for both which reasons I now name him the knave of diamonds.

"Item, to Tom May, whose pate I broke heretofore at a masque, I give five shillings: I intended him more, but all who have read his History of the Parliament think five shillings too much.

"Item, to the author of the libel against ladies; called News from the New Exchange, I give threepence, for inventing a more obscene way of scribbling than the world yet knew; but, since he throws what's rotten and false on divers names of unblemished honour, I leave his payment to the footman that paid Sir Harry Mildmay's arrears; to teach him the difference 'twixt wit and dirt, and to know

ladies that are noble and chaste from downright round-heads.

"Item, I give back to the assembly of divines, their classical, provincial, congregational, national : which words I have kept at my own charge above seven years, but plainly find they'll never come to good.

"Item, as I restore other men's words, so I give to Lieutenant-General Cromwell one word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own.

"Item, to all rich citizens of London ; to all Presbyterians, as well as cavaliers, I give advice to look to their throats ; for, by order of the states, the garrison of Whitehall have all got poignards, and for new lights have bought dark lanthorns.

"Item, I give all my printed speeches to these persons following, viz.—that speech which I made in my own defence when the seven Lords were accused of high treason, I give to Sergeant Wild, that hereafter he may know what is treason, and what is not : and the speech I made extempore to the Oxford scholars, I give to the earl of Manchester, speaker, *pro tempore*, to the House of Peers before its reformation, and Chancellor *pro tempore*, of Cambridge University since the reformation. But my speech at my election, which is my speech without an oath, I give to those that take the engagement, because no oath hath been able to hold them. All my other speeches, of what colour soever, I give to the academy, to help Sir Balthaser's Art of well speaking.

"Item, I give up the ghost."

We trust there is no harm in being amused at this Testament, though no possible provocation could justify such profane scoffing at the nakedness of a soul. It were better, or at least no worse, that we were ignorant or forgetful of immortality,—never thought of death but as the bursting of a bubble, or the ceasing of a sound,—than that we should turn "the judgment to come" into an argument of malice, and meditate on the dissolution of a fellow sinner,

without fear of God, or charity for man. But this truly *sarcastic* composition was produced in an angry, persecuting, and persecuted time, and persecution produces more zeal than piety on all sides.

Lady Anne, who for some years had been separated from her husband, now entered on her second widowhood, with an ample fortune, and the consolation of reflecting that her late spouse's politics had preserved her estates from sequestration. Though she could hardly have much loved a man, whom it was impossible for her to esteem, she heard not of his death with indifference. To any feeling heart, there is a peculiar sadness in the decease of those, that have once been dear, and afterwards estranged. Caldecott, the Earl of Pembroke's Chaplain, informed her of his master's interment in a letter, which has not been perfectly preserved, but which shows that *she* retained no resentment against the dead, though perhaps no clerk in Oxford had received such cruel injuries at his hands.

Here may properly be inserted the Lady's own account of her wedded life,—“I must confess with inexpressible thankfulness, that, through the goodness of Almighty God, and the mercies of my Saviour Jesus Christ, Redeemer of the world, I was born a happy creature in mind, body, and fortune; and that those two Lords of mine, to whom I was afterwards by *divine Providence* married, were in their several kinds as worthy noblemen as any there were in this kingdom; yet it was my misfortune to have contradictions and crosses with them both. With my first Lord, about the desire he had to make me sell my rights in the land of my ancient inheritance for a sum of money, which I never did, nor ever would consent unto, insomuch, that this matter was the cause of a long contention betwixt us; as also, for his

profusion in consuming his estate, and some other extravagancies of his: and with my second Lord, because my youngest daughter, the Lady Isabella Sackville, would not be brought to marry one of his younger sons, and that I would not relinquish my interest I had in five thousand pounds, being part of her portion, out of my lands in Craven. Nor did there want malicious ill-willers, to blow and foment the coals of dissention between us; so as in both their lifetimes, the marble pillars of Knowle, in Kent, and Wilton in Wiltshire, were to me oftentimes but the gay arbours of anguish; insomuch as a wise man, that knew the insides of my fortune, would often say that I lived in both these my Lords' great families as the river Roan, or Rhodanus, runs through the lake of Geneva without mingling any part of its streams with that lake; for I gave myself up wholly to retirement as much as I could in both those great families, and made good books and virtuous thoughts my companions, which can never discern affliction, nor be daunted when it unjustly happens; and by a *happy genius* I overcame all those troubles, the *prayers of my blessed mother* helping me therein."

From the self-satisfaction with which she discloses the sources of her troubles, it is evident that however much her peace might be disquieted, her heart was never bruised. Had she ever loved either of her Lords, she would not have found her *genius* so potently happy to sustain their unkindness. She considered marriage as a necessary evil—a penalty of womanhood; and expecting no felicity, suffered no disappointment.

The demise of the Earl of Pembroke left her free and uncontrolled mistress of the ancient fees and estates which had been legally hers ever since 1643. But her property was in the most dilapidated

condition. Six of her castles,—Brough, Brougham, Pendragon, Appleby, Barden, and Skipton, were wholly, or partially in ruins, and Skipton, her birth-place, after changing hands twice, and undergoing two sieges, had been dismantled* by command of the Parliament, its roofs broken in, the lead and timber sold, and the venerable tapestry, the antique furniture, and embossed plate, destroyed or scattered; her parks, her farms, her woods, and her tenants, all melancholy witnesses to the miseries of civil discord. But she was not cast down by the sight of desolation; it only furnished her with congenial employment. From her second widowhood to her death, she resided almost wholly on her northern domains, “where she went about doing good,” little interrupted by the successive governments that preceded the Restoration. Yet she extended her protection to the distressed royalists, particularly the learned and the clergy; nor does it appear that she ever withdrew from the communion of the Church of England. Perhaps it was not till after the return of Charles that she planted in the Bailey of Skipton castle, an acorn from the Oak of Boscobel “as a symbol of the ancient loyalty of her house.” It grew up to be a noble tree, and long survived the fortunes of that regal family, whose deliverance it was meant to commemorate.

The life of a widowed female, chiefly occupied in

* The severity with which Skipton was dismantled, or, as the phrase was, *slighted* by the Rump-Parliament, is to be ascribed to the difficulty of maintaining it as a place of defence, owing to its being commanded by two heights, while it afforded a temptation and temporary shelter to the loose marauding parties of Cavaliers. It was not till after its seizure by, and recovery from, the Royalists of Duke Hamilton’s expedition, that it was thus hardly dealt with.

repairing the damages of war, of law, of neglect, and of waste; in the regular duties of a landholder; and in orderly deeds of beneficence; does not furnish much incident. We may, therefore, rapidly sum up the actions of her later years, by no means, however, undertaking to enumerate all her charities. She set herself vigorously to restore the ancient castles and churches, a work which was her delight and her pride, of which she took care not to lose the credit with posterity. As long as stone or marble can perpetuate the memory of the just, hers will continue in Westmoreland and in Craven. The inscriptions which record her re-edifications, are all nearly the same, as far as relates to herself. That upon Skipton Castle may suffice for a specimen:—

“This Skipton Castle was repaired by the Lady Anne Clifford, Countess Dowager of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomerie, Baroness Clifford, Westmorland and Vescie, Lady of the Honour of Skipton in Craven, and Sheriffesse by inheritance of the County of Westmorland, in the years 1657 and 1658, after this maine part had lain ruinous ever since December 1648, and the January following, when it was then pulled down and demolished, almost to the foundation, by the command of the Parliament then sitting at Westminster, because it had then a garrison in the civil wars in England. God’s name be praised; Isaiah, chap. lviii. Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called—The repairer of the breach, the restorer of places to dwell in.” The same text is set over the entrance of Barden.

Almost immediately upon her widowhood, she repaired to Skipton, which she found scarred and riddled through and through with shot, and little more than the bare roofless walls remaining. The steeple of the adjoining church was nearly demolished

by random balls in the two sieges. But the long gallery, built in the days of the first Earl for the reception of the *Lady Ellenor's Grace*, was still entire, and here she spent some days, making her bed-room the octagon chamber. Such minutiae she delighted to record of herself, and we cannot think them altogether uninteresting, since she thought them worthy of preservation. We know not whether it was on this, or some subsequent visit, that she erected "The Countess' Pillar," a stately obelisk, on the Roman road called the Maiden-way, the remains of which still mark the spot, where she parted with her mother for the last time.

As she was not one to "dwell in ceiled places, while the Lord's house lay waste," she soon repaired the church of Skipton; renewed the tombs of her two little brothers, and erected a magnificent marble monument to her father, adorned with the armorial bearings of the various noble families whose blood mingled in his veins. On this she inscribed a long epitaph, chiefly remarkable for the assurance that it contains, that he died penitently, meaning that he had much to repent of, and that she herself was his sole surviving *legitimate* offspring, an innuendo which the delicacy of a modern daughter would have avoided. But Anne could never forget her mother's injuries. There are yet families in Craven, which might claim a sinister descent from George, Earl of Cumberland. Lady Anne has been much and justly commended for her care of her first husband's spurious offspring; but we are not told how she behaved to her brothers and sisters of the half-blood.

In honouring the remains of her father she acted from the combined feelings of pride and duty; but the marble statue which she raised at Appleby to her mother, was the offering of pure affection. Her deep

and reverential love for that good parent seems to have been the warmest feeling of her soul ; it breaks out in every page of her memoirs. Whatever good she obtained or achieved, whatever evil she escaped or surmounted, she attributes to her mother's prayers. In one passage she makes a long enumeration of the perils she had gone through from fire, from water, from coaches, from fevers, and from excessive bleedings, simply to ascribe her deliverance to the prevailing holiness of her mother.

Her general residence was at Brougham or Appleby, but she visited all her six castles occasionally, and describes the particulars of her movements with rather tedious minuteness. Shortly before the Restoration, the existing powers insulted her by placing a garrison in her renovated mansion of Skipton ; yet this did not prevent her from going thither early in 1658, and passing some weeks among these uninvited guests. " Thus removing from castle to castle, she diffused plenty and happiness around her, by consuming on the spot the produce of her vast domains in hospitality and charity. Equally remote from the undistinguishing profusion of ancient times, and the parsimonious elegance of modern manners, her house was a school for the young, and a retreat for the aged ; an asylum for the persecuted, a college for the learned, and a pattern for all." *

She was not without a touch of superstition ; but her superstition never infected her religion. It was rather the result of her circumstances than of her convictions. It consisted in believing herself the charge not only of a divine Providence, but of a personal destiny. We have already seen her writing of her " happy Genius." Now, the term Genius was then seldom or never used in its modern sense,

* Whitaker.

(though the kindred words Geny, and Ingene sometimes were so), but in its original Roman acceptation, of a presiding and directing power. It is plain, too, that she had a leaning towards judicial astrology, in which her father, who as the *melancholy knight*, complains that he has been deceived by *prophecies*, also partook, as may appear from these words :—"So as old Mr. John Denham, a great astronomer, that sometime lived in my father's house, would often say that I had much in me in nature to show that the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and the Bands of Orion, mentioned in Job, were powerful both at my conception and nativity." But this is only one form of a belief which all mankind, in spite of themselves, entertain—the one thing in which the devout and the atheist agree.

It was probably about her sixty-third year that she employed some nameless artist to compile the famous family picture. Its merit as a work of art may not be very high, but it need not have exposed the Countess to reproach for parsimony for not engaging the pencil of Vandyke or Mytens, which a learned author gravely assures us were at her command. Vandyke had been dead more than a dozen years before the earliest possible date of this picture. Nor would any painter, who was above practising the mechanical part of his business, have willingly undertaken a work which was to include so many coats of arms, so many written pedigrees. A fine composition was not what the lady wanted, but a plain prose representation of the lineaments of those most dear to her. She was a patroness of poets and a lover of poetry, yet we do not read that she employed a bard for her land steward, or that her leases were in rhyme.

The picture, besides several detached half-length

portraits, such as those of Daniel and of Mrs. Taylor, her tutor and governess, consists of a centre and two wings; the centre representing her father, mother, and brother, and each of the wings her own likeness at different periods of life—the one, as a maiden of thirteen; the other, as a widow in her grand climacteric. In the latter she is depicted as clothed in a black serge habit, with sad-coloured hood, the usual habiliments of her declining years. Books are introduced into both, as if purposely to show that the love of reading acquired in her youth had lasted to her old age; which was so true, that when the decay of her sight forbade her to read for herself, she employed a regular reader. But it appears that, as she grew older, she limited her studies more within the range of her practical duties; for while her youthful effigy is attended by Eusebius, Godfrey of Bulloigne, and Agrippa de Vanitate Scientiarum, the maturer image has only Charron on Wisdom, a Book of Distillations and rare Medicines, and the Bible.

To have revived the martial and festal magnificence of the past would have accorded neither with her means nor her mind; but she maintained all that was best in the feudal system; the duteous interdependence of superiors and inferiors, the lasting ties between master and servant, the plain, but ample hospitality, and the wholesome adherence to time-honoured customs. Large as her revenues were, her expenditure, especially in building, was such as to leave little for idle parade. She rebuilt, or repaired six castles and seven churches, and founded two hospitals. So strictly did she earn the character of a restorer, that finding an ancient yew in one of the courts of Skipton destroyed by the besiegers, she took care to have another planted precisely in the same place, which, some years ago, was standing, and a noble tree.

The Restoration made no improvement in her fortunes (except that she was no longer saddled with garrisons), and no alteration in her mode of life. In the court of Charles her virtue would have been as little recommendation as her grey hairs. She took little interest in the politics of any kingdom but her own; for while she noted down everything, however minute, that related to her own household or estates, —as repairs, boundary ridings, death or marriage of domestics, entertaining of judges at assizes, &c.; she seldom mentions anything of the general affairs of the country, but such as everybody must have known. Yet it is to a supposed political transaction that the revival of her celebrity was owing. Though few have not heard of her reply to the minister, who had attempted to interfere with her rights of nomination in the late borough of Appleby, of blessed memory, it is necessary to insert it here:—

“I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan’t stand.

“Anne Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery.”

This letter was first published in the periodical called “The World,” in 1753. The paper in which it appears is imputed to Horace Walpole, who has introduced Lady Anne among the “Royal and Noble Authors,” for the sake of repeating it. The original has never been produced, nor does the writer in the “World” explain how he came by it. Recently, a considerable degree of doubt has arisen with regard to its authenticity. It is argued that, “fond as the Countess was of recording even the most insignificant affairs of her life, there are no traces of it, nor of the circumstance which is said to have occasioned it, in her memoirs; nor does the work in which it first

appeared condescend to favour us with any hint of reference to the original authority from which it was derived. The measured construction and the brevity of each individual sentence—the sudden disjunction of the sentences from one another—the double repetition, in so small a space, of the same phrase, and the studied conciseness of the whole, are all evidently creatures of modern taste, and finished samples of that science of composition, which had then (I mean when the countess acquired her habits of writing) scarcely dawned on English prose. No instance, I think, can be found of the verb ‘stand’ having been used at that time in the sense to which it is applied in this letter, nor was the quaint and coarse word ‘bully’ known but as a substantive.”* We cannot enter into the minutiae of this criticism, but we agree in the main, that the letter is a very weak invention, and very much out of character. Such laconic abruptness, such angry contempt of official dignity, belonged not to the stately Anne Clifford. Had the epistle, *mutatis mutandis*, been ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, it would have had much greater dramatic propriety. But there is another difficulty. The letter is addressed to Sir Joseph Williamson, Principal Secretary of State. Now Sir Joseph Williamson was not Secretary of State till the 11th of September, 1674, when Lord Arlington was advanced to be Chamberlain of the King’s household. Lady Anne Clifford died 22nd March, 1675. Now those who wish to legitimate or bastardize the letter, may possibly take the trouble to ascertain whether there was a vacancy in the representation of Appleby within that period. There certainly was no general election. If the Countess did write this famous composition, it must have been

nearly the last act of her life, which would account for no mention of it occurring in her memoirs. But we have little doubt that it is spurious, were it only on one ground. The Lady Anne never forgot, however she might forgive, King James's award, and the detention of her estates. Had she had a mind to enumerate her grievances, she would not have begun with the usurpation.

Though in her childhood and youth she suffered much sickness, and soon after the death of her first husband was in great danger from the small-pox, yet she attained the unusual age of eighty-six with few infirmities. And as her latter life was peaceful and active, so was her last end peace. She died at Brougham Castle, March 22nd, 1675, and was buried the 14th of April following, in the sepulchre which she had herself erected at Appleby; choosing rather to lie beside her beloved mother, than with her martial ancestors at Skipton. Her funeral sermon was preached by Rainbow, Bishop of Carlisle, from Proverbs xiv. 1:—"Every wise woman buildeth her house." One sample of this oration must suffice, and with that we conclude our sketch of this excellent woman.

"She had," says he, "a clear soul, shining through a vivid body. Her body was durable and healthful, her soul sprightly; of great understanding and judgment; faithful memory, and ready wit. She had early gained a knowledge, as of the best things, so an ability to discourse in all commendable arts and sciences, as well as in those things which belong to persons of her birth and sex to know. She could discourse with virtuosos, travellers, scholars, merchants, divines, statesmen, and with good housewives, in any kind, insomuch that a prime and elegant wit, well seen in all human learning (Dr. Donne), is

reported to have said of her, that she knew well how to discourse of all things, from predestination down to slea-silk. If she had sought fame rather than wisdom, possibly she might have been ranked amongst those wits and learned of that sex, of whom Pythagoras, or Plutarch, or any of the ancients, have made such honourable mention; but she affected rather to study with those noble Bereans, and those honourable women, who searched the scriptures daily; and, with Mary, she chose the better part, of learning the doctrine of Christ."

In our brief notice of George, Earl of Cumberland, we alluded to the narrative of his third voyage, drawn up by Wright, the mathematician, and included in Hakluyt's collection. From this account we shall select a passage, which Lord Byron must have read before he composed the *Shipwreck in Don Juan*. After relating their vain attempts to reach the coast of Ireland, and the rapid reduction of the crew's allowance from half a pint to a quarter pint of water daily, then to a few spoonfuls of vinegar, or squeezings of wine-leas, to each meal, he proceeds thus:—

"With this hard fare, (for by reason of our great want of drink, we durst eat but very little,) we continued for the space of a fortnight, or thereabout, saving that now and then we feasted for it in the meantime, and that was when there fell any hail or rain, the hail-stones we gathered up and did eat them more pleasantly than if they had been the sweetest comfits in the world. The rain-drops were so carefully saved, that so near as we could, not one was lost in all the ship. Some hung up sheets tied with cords by the four corners, and a weight in the middle, that the water might run down thither, and so be received into some vessel; some that wanted

sheets hung up napkins and clouts, and watched them till they were wet through, then wringing and sucking out the water. And that water which fell down and washed away the filth and soiling of the ship, trod underfoot, as runneth down the kennel many times, when it raineth, was not lost, but watched and attended carefully, yea sometimes with strife and contention, at every scupperhole and other place where it ran down, with dishes, pots, cans, and jars, whereof some drank hearty draughts as it was, without tarrying to cleanse it. Some indeed tarried the cleansing, but not often, as loathe to lose such excellent stuff. Some licked with their tongues, like dogs, the boards under feet, the sides, rails, and masts of the ship; others, naturally more ingenious, fastened girdles or ropes about the masts, daubing tallow betwixt them and the mast, that the rain might not run down between, in such sort that those ropes or girdles hanging lower down on one side than the other, a spout of leather was fastened to the lower part, that all the rain-drops that came running down the mast might meet together at this place and there be received. *Some also put bullets of lead into their mouths to slake their thirst.*" *

* All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,
Chewing a piece of Bamboo and some lead.

ROGER ASCHAM.

“ Gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.”—CHAUCER.

THERE was a primitive honesty, a kindly innocence, about this good old scholar, which give a personal interest to the homeliest details of his life. He had the rare felicity of passing through the worst of times without persecution and without dishonour. He lived with princes and princesses, prelates and diplomatists, without offence and without ambition. Though he enjoyed the smiles of royalty, his heart was none the worse, and his fortune little the better. He had that disposition which, above all things, qualifies the conscientious and successful teacher; for he delighted rather to discover and call forth the talents of others, than to make a display of his own.

Roger Ascham, the friend of Jane Grey, and the tutor of Queen Elizabeth, was born at Kirby Wiske, near Northallerton, A.D. 1515. His father discharged with diligence and fidelity the office of steward in the family of Scrope. His mother Margaret was more highly connected. He had two brothers and several sisters. His parents, having lived forty-seven years together as man and wife should live, expired in one day, and almost at the same hour.

It was the fashion of that time, that youth of respectable connexions and small fortune were received into the houses of the great, and educated along with

the scions of nobility. Roger, before his father's death, was taken into the family of Sir Anthony Wingfield, and brought up with the two sons of his patron, under the care of their tutor, Mr. Robert Bond.* For an humble, dutiful, steady, and studious temper, no situation could be more advantageous. Such was Roger's. By living in a wealthy mansion he obtained access to more books than his father could have purchased for him, and became an ardent reader almost as soon as he knew his letters: there, too, we may suppose he acquired that simple courtesy, that reverend kindness of manner, which enabled him to win and retain the good graces of three royal females so dissimilar as Lady Jane Grey, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. Perhaps by secretly assisting his fellow-students, the young Wingfields, he first opened in his own mind that extraordinary aptitude for tuition which he afterwards displayed, and observed some of the facts which led him to think so deeply and so rightly on the culture of the human intellect.

In the year 1530, when he had attained his fifteenth year, he was sent, at the charges of his good patron, Sir Anthony, to St. John's College, Cambridge, where his studies neither went astray for lack of guidance, nor loitered for want of emulation. St. John's was then replete with all such learning as the time esteemed. The hard-headed dialectics and divinity of the schoolman was interchanged with the newly-

* "To conclude, let this, amongst other motives, make schoolmasters careful in their place,—that the eminences of their scholars have commended their schoolmasters to posterity, which otherwise in obscurity had been altogether forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Roger Ascham, his scholar?"
—*Fuller's Holy and Profane States.*

recovered literature of Greece and Rome. The mind of Europe, divided between the rigidity of the old scholastic discipline and the inquisitive imaginations of the Italian Platonism, which brought poetry and philology in its train, might be likened to an old hawthorn stock, white with the blossoms of the spring; and if credit be given to Ascham's panegyrist, St. John's was a brief abstract, containing fair samples of every kind of excellence.*

Ascham's tutor was Hugh Fitzherbert, Fellow of St. John's, a man of learning and merit, and if we may judge by his surname, of high descent on one side at least. Whether related to Sir Anthony Fitzherbert we cannot tell. Among his contemporaries or immediate seniors are enumerated some whose names are immediately recognised, and others, per-

* "Yea, surely, in that one college, which at that season, for number of most learned doctors, for multitude of erudite philosophers, for abundance of eloquent orators, all in their kind superlative, might rival or outvie all mansions of literature on earth, were exceeding many men, most excellent in all politer letters, and in knowledge of languages." But English is not the speech of compliment or panegyric. No translation can come up to the *issimuses* and *errimorums* of old Rome. Here is the original, from Grant's "*Oratio de vita et obitu Rogeri Ascham*:"—

Imo certe in hoc uno collegio, quod eâ ætate singula totius orbis literarum domicilia et doctissimorum Theologorum numero, eruditissimorum Philosophorum turbâ, eloquentissimorum oratorum multitudine, vel juste, adæquare, vel longe superare posset, erant complurimi homines omni politiori literatura linguarumque cognitione præstantissimorum. Quorum ille provocatur exemplis, et literarum imbibendarum ardore incensus, brevi propter admirabilem ingenii vim et indefessam in studiis industriam, tantos in Græcis Latinisque literis progressus fecit, ut omnes æquales si non superaret, certe unus singulus adæquaret.

haps, deemed equal or superior in their own day, whose existence is only discovered by antiquaries, and whose works derive their value from their scarcity. In the list are George Day, John Redman,* Robert

* "John Redman, or Redmayne, descended from those of his name in Yorkshire, was near allied to Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, by whose advice he from childhood became conversant with the study of learning. At the first foundation of Corpus Christi College, (Oxford,) he was a student there for some time, under the care and government of Mr. J. Clayton, the first president: then he went to Paris, where he improved his studies till he was twenty-one years of age. Afterwards returning to his native country of England, he settled in St. John's College, in Cambridge, where by his and John Cheke's example of excellency in learning, of godliness in living, of diligence in studying, of counsel in exhorting, of good order in all things, were bred up so many learned men in that one college, as it was thought by one," i. e. Roger Ascham, "that the whole University of Louvain, in many years, was never able to afford. In 1537, he commenced Doctor of Divinity, and about that time was made public orator of that University, and afterwards the first Master, or Head, of Trinity College, and a dignitary in the church. But that which is most observable is, that when he first came to that University, being then very well versed in the Greek and Latin tongues, and adorned with knowledge by the reading of Cicero, it so fell out, that John Cheke and Thomas Smith, (being at that time young men, but afterwards knights,) were stirred up with a kind of emulation of his parts, and the honour that was daily done unto him. Whereupon, being very desirous to follow that which he had gained, and then did possess and teach, they threw aside their sordid barbarisms, and applied themselves to the eloquence of Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero. The truth is, that by Redman's profound knowledge in the Tongues, Humanity, and Divinity, he obtained many admirers, and thereby gained proselytes, to the great advantage and refinement of the Greek and Latin Tongues

Pember, Thomas Smith, John Cheke, Nicholas Ridley, Edmund Grindal, (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, named of High-Church-men the "perfidious Prelate,") Thomas Watson, Walter Haddon, James

in the University of Cambridge. He was esteemed the most learned and judicious divine of that time."—WOOD.

Hear this, ye men of Oxford, with what candour your noble old antiquary, who loved his Alma Mater almost to idolatry, and whose old age ye did persecute so shamefully, can speak of a man who carried the glory of his learning to the sister University.

Redman was, of course, an author, but the works published under his name have shared the too general oblivion of old divinity. If we may judge by the title of one of them, he must have been a Latin sacred versifier. It is "Hymnus in quo Peccator justificationem quærens rudi imagine describitur." "A Hymn in which a sinner seeking Justification is rudely sketched off." He was also one of the divines employed in compiling the Liturgy of 1549. He died in 1551. He is thus honourably mentioned in Strype's *Memoirs of Cranmer*: "This year, (1551,) died John Redman, Master of Trinity Coll. in Cambridge, one of the greatest lights of that University, by bringing in solid learning among the students. He was a person of extraordinary reputation among all for his learning, and reading, and profound knowledge, so that the greatest divines gave a mighty deference to his judgment."

Of the "perfidious Prelate," Edmund Grindal, we shall say no more than that he obtained the praise of Spenser, who in one of his theologico-allegorical pastorals designated him, by an easy transposition of syllables, the good Shepherd Algrind. Others have stigmatised him as the careless Shepherd that let the wolves of Geneva into the fold.

Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.

The following notice of Thomas, afterwards Sir Thomas Wilson, occurs in "*Dibdin's Library Companion*."

"Sir Thomas Wilson is worthy of the phalanx of knights,

Pilkington, R. Horne, John Christopherson, Bishop of Chichester, Thomas Wilson, John Seton, and several other men, who afterwards appeared to great advantage in church or state.

in which he is here embodied," (Sir Thomas Elyote, Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, Sir Thomas More, &c.) "and will be long remembered as a philologist, rather than as a statesman or divine. His slender little volume, entitled *Epistola de vitâ et obitu duorum Fratrum Suffolciensium, Henrici et Caroli Brandon*, 1552, 4to., is a volume to rack the most desperate with torture," as to the hopelessness of its acquisition. The Bodleian library possesses it; so does the Museum, and so does Earl Spenser. Another copy is not known to me. Wilson's *Art of Logic*, 1551, 8vo., and of *Rhetoric*, 1553, 4to., are among his best performances, and highly commended by Tom Warton. Wilson was also among our earliest translators from the Greek, having translated three orations from Demosthenes, &c., 1540, 4to. In fact, as an assistant of Sir Francis Walsingham, one would be glad to know a great deal more of the life of this eminent man, and especially to get at the contents of some of his correspondence. I take this to be the Wilson thus noticed by Roger Ascham, in his third letter to Edward Raven: "I trust Will Taylor, John Bres, and *Thomas Wilson*, will not be behind. I pray God I may find these good Fellows at Cambridge, for there is the life that no man knows, but he that hath sometimes lacked it, and especially if one be able to live plentifully there."

Ridley, the companion of Latimer at the stake, is too well known as a reformer and a martyr to need commendation here. Thomas Watson was, in his youth, a polite scholar, poet, and Latin dramatist, "and gained great commendation for his *Antigone* out of Sophocles, by the learned men of his time; who have further avowed that as George Buchanan's tragedy called *Jephtha* has among all tragedies of that time, been able to abide the touch of Aristotle's precepts, and Euripides' examples; so also, hath the tragedy of this Thomas Watson, called *Absalom*, which was in a

At the age of eighteen, when the youth of our generation are just composing their *Vales* at Eton or Harrow, Ascham commenced B.A., 28th of February, 1538-9, and, on the 23rd of March following, he was

most wonderful manner admired by them, yet he would never suffer it to go abroad, because *in locis paribus* Anapæstus is once or twice used for Iambus," as Roger Ascham testifies. Here we may observe an approximation to the delicacies of modern scholarship, in the same college, which was destined to produce Bentley. The representation of Latin plays was then a stated exercise of the students of the Universities, and great schools, while the Inns of Court exhibited masques and allegories, and even the parish clerks of Clerkenwell got up a Mystery of the Creation and History of the whole world, the representation whereof was continued, (with occasional adjournments, no doubt,) for nine days. This would not, in Antony's opinion, *be able to abide the touch of Aristotle's precepts*. The profane absurdity of many of those Scripture mysteries was such as to be incredible to persons only slightly acquainted with ancient manners. In one, performed in the *Cathedral* at Chester, wherein we may suppose the singing men and clerks were the actors, are the following stage directions:—"Enter *God*, creating the world." "Adam and Eve discovered, *naked*, but not ashamed."

Watson was afterwards Master of St. John's College, and chaplain to Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, by whom he was appointed, with other doctors and learned men of Cambridge, to hold a disputation at Oxford, with Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, on matters of religion, Anno 1554. In 1557, he was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln. Deprived at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, for refusing the oath of supremacy, he presumed to pronounce the sentence of excommunication against his sovereign, and passed the remaining years of his life in various prisons. Died 1584, in Wisbech-castle, Cambridgeshire. A man of much learning, but an ill temper.

Robert Horne, of a Cumberland family, was Dean of

elected Fellow, chiefly, as himself has gratefully and modestly recorded, by the interest of Dr. Nicholas Medcalf, then Master of the college. His account of the transaction, and his grateful tribute to his departed

Durham in 1551, in which capacity he scandalised the Catholics and antiquaries, by removing the image of St. Cuthbert from its place in the Cathedral; deprived by Queen Mary 1553, took refuge at Strasburg, along with Jewel and other Protestants, returned in 1558, was made Bishop of Winchester in 1560. He is characterised by the apostolic vicar, Milner, as "a dilapidator of the property of his Bishopric, and a destroyer of the antiquities of his cathedral." He died 1579.

Day was a Bishop of Chichester, deprived in the reign of Edward VI., restored by Queen Mary.

James Pilkington, Bachelor of Divinity, born of a knightly family at Rivington, in the parish of Bolton, in Lancashire, was a voluntary exile for the Protestant cause in the reign of Queen Mary, and succeeded Tonsal in the see of Durham in 1561: founded a free school at his native place of Rivington, *sub nomine et auspiciis Elizabethæ Reginae*: wrote comments on Nehemiah, Haggai, and Obadiah, and died at Bishop's Auckland in 1575. Buried in the cathedral of Durham. On his tomb were sculptured a monody by Dr. Laurence Humphrey, and an epicedium by Fox the martyrologist, both long since obliterated.

Walter Haddon was a doctor of civil law, who, though a Cantab, was made by a royal mandate President of Magdalen College, Oxford, contrary to statute. But he was a zealous promoter of the Reformation. Pity that Reformers should ever take illegal advantage of the royal prerogative, but so it was. He was obliged to withdraw at the accession of Mary, and concealed himself in privacy, but re-appeared at the rising of Elizabeth, and was made one of her Masters of Requests, and employed in several embassies. He wrote books both in prose and verse, which few persons now living ever heard of; among the rest, an oration on the death of Master Bucer. Anthony Wood ascribes to him an Epistle

superior, must be given in his own words. "Dr. Medcalf," he says, "was a man meanly learned himself, but not meanly affectioned to set forth learning in others. He was partial to none, but indifferent to

"de vita et obitu fratrum Suffolciensium Henrici et Caroli Brandon." The "Fratres Suffolcienses" were doubtless the two sons of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by his last wife, Catherine, daughter of Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who died both on the same day, of the sweating sickness, at the Bishop of Lincoln's palace at Bugden, A.D. 1551. So remarkable a catastrophe in a family connected with royalty was sure to set all the muses a weeping. Walter Haddon died 1571.

John Seton, Prebendary of Winchester, was one of the disputants against Cranmer and Latimer, in 1554, and was famous for the brief and methodical Book of Logic which he composed for the use of junior scholars.

Thomas, better known as *Sir* Thomas Smith, was eminent in his day both as a philologist and a statesman; born at Saffron Walden, in Essex; sent into Italy to finish his education at the King's charge; made on his return public orator of Cambridge, Regius Professor of Greek, and Professor of Civil Law. Under Edward VI., or rather under the Protector Somerset, he was one of the principal Secretaries of State, Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, being the other. At this time also he was knighted, endowed with the spoils of the Deanery of Carlisle, and, though a layman, appointed Provost of Eton. Though Queen Mary deprived him of these preferments, he suffered no other molestation during her reign, but enjoyed a pension of £100, saddled with the condition that he should not quit the kingdom. In the beginning of Queen Elizabeth he was called again to the service of the Commonwealth, was restored to his Deanery, was present with the divines at the framing of the liturgy, and employed in several embassies. He was also restored to the Secretary's office, made Chancellor of the order of the Garter, and frequently sent to the House of Commons, where he became "very usefu"

all; a Master of the whole, a father to every one in that college. There was none so poor, if he had either will to goodness, or wit to learning, that could lack being there, or should depart thence for any

commonwealth of learning," by certain regulations he was the means of bringing about in regard to the corn-rents of college property. He died in the climacterical year of his age, in the month of July, 1577, and was buried in the church of Heydon Mount, in Essex. All his Greek and Latin books he bequeathed to Queen's College, Cambridge, as well as a large globe of his own construction, and founded two exhibitions for natives of Saffron Walden. He is the author of several historical and political works, which must be highly curious and instructive, particularly, "*The Commonwealth of England, and the manner and government thereof, in three books.*" Black letter, 1583, several times reprinted, and twice translated into Latin. "*The authority, form, and manner, of holding Parliaments,*" not printed till 1685, and by some doubted to be Sir Thomas Smith's. "*De re nummaria,*" probably an essay on the coinage. But he is best remembered (in Cambridge at least) for the part he took in the controversy respecting the true pronounciation of Greek, and for his endeavours to rectify and fix the orthography of the English Language. This never yet-achieved adventure has excited the ambition of many philologers, as may be seen in the preface to Todd's Johnson's Dictionary. Among those who have essayed to reconcile spelling to pronounciation, may be reckoned Alexander Gill, Master of St. Paul's School, (who, with yet greater audacity, wrote a satire on Ben Jonson,) Mitford, and Landor.* A similar experiment was tried, yet more hopelessly, upon the French, by Jean Antoine de Baif, a poet of the sixteenth

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Re[* Add to these the honoured name of Archdeacon Hare. books these attempts are however thrown into shade by the ever heale reformation undertaken by the editors and Master B of the "Fonetic Nuz," &c.]

need. He was a papist indeed; but would to God that among *all us Protestants* I might once see but *one*, that would win like praise, in doing like good for the advancement of learning and virtue. And yet though he were a Papist, if any young man given to *New Learning*, (as they termed it,) went beyond his fellows in wit, labour, and towardliness, even the same neither lacked open praise to encourage him, nor private exhibition to maintain him. I myself, one of the meanest of a great number in that college, because there appeared in me some small show of towardness and diligence, lacked not his favour to further me in learning. And being a boy, new Batchelor of Arts, I chanced among my companions to speak against the Pope; which matter was then very much in every body's mouth, because Dr. Hains and Dr. Skip were come from the court to debate the same matter, by preaching and disputation in the University. This happened the same time when I stood to be Fellow there. My talk came to Dr. Med-calf's ear. I was called before him and the Seniors, and after grievous rebuke, and some punishment, open warning was given to all the Fellows, none to be so hardy to give me his voice at that election. And yet, for all those open threats, the good father himself privily procured, that I should be even then

century, so voluminous, that no man was ever known to have read his works through. Of Pember and Christopherson no more need be said at present, than that they were correspondents of Roger Ascham. Sir John Cheke, tutor to King Edward VI., and one of the great restorers of Greek literature in England, is so well known, that it were superfluous to give so short a notice of him as our limits would allow in this place. Of his contest with Bishop Gardiner, mention will be made in the text. His sister was the first wife of Cecil.

chosen Fellow. But the election being done, he made countenance of great discontent thereat. This good man's goodness and fatherly discretion used towards me that one day, shall never be out of my remembrance all the days of my life. And for the same cause have I put it here in this small record of learning. For, next to God's Providence, surely that day was, by that good father's means, dies Natalis unto me for the whole foundation of the poor learning I have, and of all the furtherance that hitherto elsewhere I have obtained."

The human heart is capable of no more generous feeling than the genuine gratitude of a scholar to his instructor. It is twice blessed; honourable alike to the youth and to the elder, and never can exist where it is not just. But it is at the same time a melancholy instance of the pride of fallen nature, that this feeling is seldom uttered except where the pupil has, by general consent, excelled the master. Intellectual benefits are more reluctantly acknowledged than any others. For kindness, for encouragement, for maintenance of studies, for exhortation, even for salutary correction, our thanks are generally ready, and often sincere; but who is willing to own, even to himself, how much of his knowledge, how much of his mental power, has been communicated by a teacher? How many of his *thoughts* are mere recollections? However much we may profit by the wisdom of others, it is as much as most of us can do to forgive them for being wiser, or earlier wise, than ourselves. The utterance of grateful sentiments is wonderfully facilitated when it can be accompanied with certain qualifying clauses and admissions. Thus Ascham evidently dwells with the more satisfaction on his obligations to Medcalf, because the latter was a man meanly learned, and a *Papist*.

Ascham, however, had rightly a very moderate estimation of that sort of learning which can be taught by voice or book, and passively received into the memory. With as little of pugnacity or indocility as ever belonged to a lively and enquiring mind, he held fast the truth, that it is only by its own free agency that the intellect can either be enriched or invigorated ;—that true knowledge is an act, a continuous immanent act, and at the same time an operation of the reflective faculty on its own objects. How he applied this idea to the purposes of education, his “Schoolmaster,” written in the maturity of his powers, and out of the fulness of his experience, sufficiently shows. But the idea, though undeveloped, wrought in him from his earliest youth : his favourite maxim was *Docendo disces*. The affectionate wish and strenuous effort to impart knowledge is the best possible condition for receiving it. The necessity of being intelligible to others brings with it an obligation to understand ourselves ; to find words apt to our ideas, and ideas commensurate to our words ; to seek out just analogies and happy illustrations. But, above all, by teaching, or more properly by reciprocal intercommunication of instruction, we gain a practical acquaintance with the universal laws of thought, and with the process of perception, abstracted from the accidents of the individual constitution : for it is only by a sympathetic intercourse with other minds that we gain any true knowledge of our own. Of course we speak of free and friendly *teaching*, not of despotic *dictation*, than which there is no habit more likely to perpetuate presumptuous ignorance.

The study of the Greek language was at that time new in western Europe, and in England a mere novelty. To Ascham it was as “the trouble of a new delight :” every lesson which he gained he was

eager to impart : he taught Greek, he wrote Greek, he talked Greek, no wonder if he dreamed in Greek. There might be a little vanity in this : but whatever vanity he possessed (and he certainly loved to talk of himself) was so tempered by modesty, and blended with such candour, such glad acknowledgment of others' merits, that the sternest judgments could hardly call it a foible. By this industrious communication and daily practice he acquired, at a very early period, such a command of the Greek vocabulary, and so vernacular a turn of phrase, that his Senior, Robert Pember, to whom he had addressed an epistle in that tongue, assures him that his letter might have been written at Athens. But the critical nicety of modern scholarship was then unknown, and it is very unlikely that Pember himself felt or understood that perfect *atticism* upon which he compliments his young friend. Pember's epistle of course is in Latin, interspersed with Greek, and curious enough to be worthy of translation. It is to this effect :—
“Dearly beloved Roger,—I render thee thanks for thy Greek epistle, which might seem to have been indited at ancient Athens, so exactly hast thou attained the propriety of Greek phrase : of exquisite penmanship it is, as are all thine. *Use diligence, that thou may'st be perfect, not according to the stoical, but to lyrical perfection, that thou may'st touch the harp aright.* Continue to read Greek with the boys, for thou wilt profit more by one little fable of Æsop, read and explained by thyself, than if thou shouldst hear the whole Iliad expounded in Latin by the learnedest man now living. Peruse Pliny, in which author is the greatest knowledge of things, along with the most florid opulence of Latin speech.”*

* I wish young scholars paid attention to this recom-

In this letter we may notice, first, the testimonial to the beauty of Ascham's penmanship, which proved a principal mean of his advancement: secondly, a proof that he was actually engaged in the tuition of *boys*: thirdly, that in his plans, both for his own improvement, and for that of his pupils, he diverged from the common routine of lectures: fourthly, that his friend, well discerning the bent and purpose of

commendation. Pliny is never read at school, and very seldom at college; yet I have the high authority of Southey for saying, that he is the most instructive of all the Roman authors. The extent of his knowledge is almost marvellous; his veracity, where he speaks from personal observation, is daily approved by modern experiment and discovery; and even his credulity adds to his value, by disclosing more fully the actual state of physical science in his age and country. It is surely quite as interesting to know what properties the passions or the imaginations of men have ascribed to a plant or animal, as to count its stamina and petals, or ascertain the number of its vertebræ. Both are very useful. But the highest recommendation of Pliny is his moral wisdom, his almost Christian piety, his intelligent humanity. Of all the Romans he was the least of a Roman, and approximated nearest to the pure idea of man.

Many of the most useful of the Greek and Roman authors are wholly excluded from the common course of education, under the absurd notion that they are not classical. One might imagine that the purity of Latin speech were as seriously sacred as a virgin's chastity. Cardinal Bembo declined reading the scriptures (in the vulgate translation) for fear of corrupting his Latinity; and I have heard with my own ears a young student of divinity give a similar reason for not reading St. Augustine. The feeling is at bottom an aristocratical one. From causes not necessary to be discussed in this place, classical erudition is not only esteemed the befitting ornament of a born gentleman, but has the power to "gentle the condition" of *puddle blood*, an efficacy never ascribed to any other kind of knowledge.

his genius, urged him to proceed with those humane and elegant studies, on which some austerer judgments looked with an evil eye. From one passage of this epistle, certain dull, literal brains have told us, that "Mr. Robert Pember advised him to learn instrumental music, which would prove a very agreeable entertainment to him after his severer studies, and was easy to be attained by him, as he was already a great master of vocal music." It is certainly very possible, that Pember may have given him such advice, but it is nevertheless certain, that he does not give it in the letter in question. There is no allusion to recreation at all. The whole drift of the writer is an exhortation to perseverance in a course of study already commenced; and surely Mr. Pember, however he might approve of music as a relaxation, (which, by the way, Roger Ascham did not,) had more sense than to advise a young man, intended for the church, *dare operam*. to devote all the energies of his soul, to make a perfect fiddler of himself. But it is not for every one to interpret parables.*

So far was Ascham from devoting himself to music with that intensity which Pember has been supposed to recommend, that he appears to have had no

* The words of the original are—"Da operam, ut sis perfectus, non Stoicus, ἀλλὰ Λυρικὸς, ut belle pulses lyram." No doubt in the same sense that Socrates was commanded by the Oracle to make music; or, to appeal to a far higher authority, as David "shewed a dark speech on the harp," i. e. opened and exalted the understanding by the aid of the imagination.

[Neither has Hartley caught the true meaning of the words ἀλλὰ Λυρικὸς, as opposed to Stoicus. The Stoic=the sovereignty of the highest by the sacrifice of the inferior: Lyricus, the whole as a beautiful *one*, by harmonious subordination.—S. T. C.]

manner of taste, but rather a platonic antipathy¹ to it, even as an amusement. Nor would he be well pleased with the present course of education in his University, if we judge by the sentiments which he expresses in his *Schoolmaster*, and *Toxophilus*.

“Some wits, moderate enough by nature, be many times marred by over much study and use of some sciences, namely, music, arithmetic, and geometry. These sciences, as they sharpen men’s wits over much, so they charge men’s manners over sore, if they be not moderately mingled, and wisely applied to some good use of life. Mark all mathematical heads, which be wholly and only bent to those sciences, how solitary they be themselves, how unapt to serve in the world. This is not only known by common experience, but uttered long before by wise men’s judgment and sentence. Galen saith, much music marreth men’s manners, and Plato hath a notable place of the same thing, and excellently translated by Tully himself. Of this matter I wrote once more at large, twenty years ago, in my book of shooting.” The passage of the *Toxophilus* referred to, is as follows:—“Whatsoever ye judge, this I am sure, that lutes, harps, barbitons, sambukes, and other instruments, every one which standeth by quick and fine fingering, be condemned of Aristotle, as not to be brought in and used among them, which study for learning and virtue. Much music marreth men’s manners,* saith Galen. Although some men will say that it doth not so, but rather recreateth and

* Through my whole life, since the period of reflection, I have found the truth of this observation. Music is the twilight between sense and sensuality. For its demoralising effect, when it is a mastering passion, see “A ramble among the Musicians of Germany, by a Musical Professor.”—*S. T. C.*

maketh quick a man's mind, yet methinks, by reason it doth, as honey doth to a man's stomach, which at the first receiveth it well ; but afterwards it maketh it unfit to abide any strong nourishing meat, or else any wholesome sharp and quick drink ; and, even so in a manner, these instruments make a man's wit so soft and smooth, so tender and queasy, that they be less able to brook strong and rough study. Wits be not sharpened, but rather made blunt, with such soft sweetness, even as good edges be blunted, which men whet upon soft chalk-stones."

These opinions require considerable limitation. Music is so high a delight to such as are really capable of enjoying it, that there is some danger of its encroaching too much upon the student's time, and it is frequently a passport to very undesirable company ; but if these evils be avoided, its effects on the mind are extremely salutary and refreshing. Nothing calms the spirit more sweetly than sad music ; nothing quickens cogitation like a lively air. But the truth was, that honest Roger had no ear, and like a true Englishman of an age when Kings were wrestlers, and Queens not only presided at tournaments, but "rained influence" upon bear baitings, delighted rather in muscular exertion than in fine fingering. That the practice of music no way impairs the faculty of severe thought, is sufficiently evinced by the fact that Milton was a skilful musician,* and that most of the German philosophers of the present day, who in mental industry excel the whole world, play on some instrument. Mathematical pursuits are

* Much music is Galen's phrase, and see the last lines of Milton's sonnet :—

He who of these delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.—*S. T. C.*

so far from disqualifying men for business, that of all others they are most necessary to such as are intended for public life. A mere mathematician is indeed often rude and unlicked enough ; but this may partly be accounted for from the circumstance, that many more persons of plebeian origin attain eminence in the mathematics than in the classics, and being, like most mathematicians, very honest men, do not readily acquire the distinguishing manner of genteel society. For it is a general observation, that a facility of adopting manners is the talent of a knave. A pick-pocket looks, speaks, and behaves much more *like* a gentleman, than an honest tradesman does. It is only in the highest class that fine manners bespeak noble sentiments.

Ascham took his master's degree in 1544, when he was no more than one-and-twenty. His character as a tutor was already high, and several excellent scholars were among his pupils ; particularly Mr. William Grindal, who was afterwards, by Sir John Cheke's recommendation, preceptor to the Princess Elizabeth. Though the Regius Professorship of Greek was not yet formally founded, yet Ascham read lectures on that language, and received a considerable stipend from the University. About this time he was involved in a most singular controversy, which, although the subject be of no very general interest, is yet so characteristic of the times, that we shall briefly describe it. Sir John Cheke and Sir Thomas Smith had introduced some alterations in the pronunciation of the Greek language, which had previously been even more barbarous than at present.* Ascham at

* It would have been well, if H. had given the whole scheme on each side, and shown in what points our present mode of reading Greek at Eton and Westminster, agrees with one or the other. To my ear it is most cacophonous.—S. T. C.

first opposed the innovation, and defended the established errors, in a disputation with Mr. Ponet, an ingenious youth, who was Fellow of Queen's College; but his mind was ever open to conviction on all subjects, great and small, and he had adopted the new and improved method, when a more formidable person than any yet engaged in the business thought fit to interfere in a truly despotic manner, giving thereby a sample of the temper, which he afterwards indulged so frightfully against innovations of a more important kind. This was the notorious Stephen Gardiner, then Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, who issued his peremptory prohibition of the new pronunciation, and after defining, with great strictness, the sound to be given to each letter, denounced the penalties for disobedience, suspension of degrees for graduates, and private whipping for undergraduates. Sir John Cheke, however, who was destined to yield to Gardiner in a concern of far higher moment, had the courage to defend his system; and the Bishop's attention was soon after diverted to other objects. As Gardiner was no fool, but partook largely of the subtlety of that Being whom he so closely resembled in wickedness, we ought not to ascribe this strange proceeding to mere caprice, or wantonness of power. In fact, had he been a conscientious supporter of the ancient Church, an honest upholder of established authority, he would have acted very wisely in forbidding change, even in the merest trifle; for whatever alteration, great or small, tended to impair the credit of tradition, and to accustom men to think and judge for themselves, was prejudicial to a Church that claims a traditional infallibility, and denies the right of private judgment. But it is not impossible that the mandate really proceeded from bluff King Harry himself, whose interest

in literary questions was one redeeming point of his character, and whose most pardonable foible, or perhaps rather the foible of his age, was an itch to be legislating on all possible topics, from articles of faith to rudiments of grammar.

Ascham, in an epistle addressed to Hubert Languet, a continental scholar and statesman, declares his adherence to the new pronunciation, and defends the change with considerable humour. Among other absurdities of the exploded system, was that of giving the sound of the English V to the Greek B. Now, Eustathius asserts that the Greek word BH exactly resembled the bleating of a sheep, and, therefore, it is easy to determine how it is to be pronounced; unless, says Roger, the Greek sheep bleated differently from those of England, Italy, and Germany; “Jam utrum ulla ovis effert *ve* ut vos an *be* ut nos, judicetis. Anglæ scio omnes et Germanæ et Italæ pro nobis faciunt; sed fortasse Græcæ oves olim non *balabant* sed *vilabant*.”* The same argument would prove, that the Greek Eta should, after the Italian accent, be pronounced not as ee but as ay. From the manner in which Ascham speaks of the new pronunciation, it is manifest that the reform was, at the date of his letter (6th of March, 1553), firmly established in England, while the continental nations still adhered to the old method, which was probably derived from the Constantinopolitans by whom the Greek language was revived in the West,

* A very doubtful ground! Once in Germany, it was in 1799, I observed to a young German friend the marvellous articulation of the cuckoo's note, how complete a dissyllabic note it was, to which he warmly assenting, I sang out *cu^{rst}* or rather *cook-koo! cook-koo!* No! no! says the Germ and The bird clearly says, *gook! gook!* In five minutes I It is make the lambs bleat *bay!* instead of *bah!*—S. T. C. Ascham

as it nearly resembles that of the modern Greeks. Correctness, of course, is out of the question in either case: but that system is to be preferred which gives to each letter a distinct sound.*

In the year 1544, Ascham produced his "Toxophilus; the school or partitions of shooting, in two books," dedicated to King Henry VIII., then just setting out to invade France, where his predecessors, Edward and Henry, had conquered so gloriously with the bow. So well was the monarch pleased with the dedication, that he settled an annual pension on the author, at the recommendation of Sir William Paget, †

* The Italian with the English theta and diphthongs, and the German $ch = \psi$, would be the most perfect scheme of pronouncing Greek.—*S. T. C.*

† Sir William, afterwards the first Lord Paget, of Beaudesert, in Staffordshire, the lineal ancestor of the present Marquis of Anglesea, was one of the most eminent diplomatists of his time; a firm but tolerant adherent to the ancient church; and a liberal patron of literature. His descent was humble. His family sprang from Staffordshire, but his father migrated to London, and obtained the office of Serjeant at Mace to the Corporation. William was born in 1506, educated at St. Paul's School, under the famed grammarian Lilly, and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. His rise was owing in a great measure to the patronage of Gardiner, who sent him to complete his studies at the University of Paris. In 1530, when no more than twenty-four, he was sent into France to collect the opinions of the most distinguished Jurists of that kingdom upon Henry's proposed divorce. In 1537, he was employed as a secret envoy in Germany; in 1542, he was ambassador in France, knighted in 1543, and made one of the two principal Secretaries of State. In 1545, he negotiated in concert with the Chancellor of France, the Duke of Suffolk, the terms of the peace between Margaret, niece to King Henry VIII. and the Duke of Lennox, (from which union the Lady Arabella

which was discontinued after Henry's death, but renewed during pleasure by Edward VI. The *Toxophilus* did not wholly escape censure from certain morose critics, who thought the subject inconsistent with the gravity of a scholar; but against these cavils he effectually vindicated himself in the first book, wherein he shows the usefulness of bodily exercise both to body and mind.

The peculiar beauty of Ascham's hand-writing first introduced him to the court, where he had the honour of teaching Prince Edward, the Princess Elizabeth, and the two sons of Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the use of the pen. He was also the University amanuensis, and wrote all the letters which Cambridge addressed to the kings and other people of quality; in which sort of correspondence, perspicuity and beauty of penmanship are of great efficacy, and may chance to procure for a petition an early reading.

Stuart derived her descent, and that unhappy proximity to the Crown which consigned her to life-long captivity.) Soon after, he was engaged in negotiations with France, which, though attended with difficulty, were brought to a successful issue a few months before Henry's decease. Sir William Paget was an executor of the King's will, and one of the council to his minor successor. Though opposed to the ecclesiastical revolution, he was politically attached to the Protector Somerset, by whom he was invested with the Garter, sent ambassador to the Emperor, and advanced to the Peerage. Of course he did not wholly escape the suspicions and indignities which fell on the whole Somerset party. In particular the Dudley faction, with exceeding great littleness, divested him of his order, on the ground of insufficiency of blood. But all his misfortunes passed away at the accession of Mary, whose title he was among the first to assert. He was honourably re-elected to the Garter, and employed in several negotiations of great moment. It is not improbable that to his influence with Gardiner, Ascham

All formal and official letters (at least where the Church or the Universities were concerned) were then written in Latin, and Ascham's Latin style was well fitted for actual business. Avoiding the barbarisms and solecisms of the *Monks*, and conforming his sentences to the analogies of Roman authors, he nevertheless writes rather as a man who was accustomed to speak and think in Latin, whose words were the natural body and suggestion of his thoughts, than as one that, having stocked his memory with the phraseology of some particular writers, constrained his thoughts to fit pre-existent frames of diction. On the resignation of Sir John Cheke he was made public orator. Thus dividing his time between London and Cambridge, and his studies between his books and the world, he passed the four years from 1544 to 1548, at which latter period William Grindal died; and Ascham was summoned to attend on

owed his security in the days of persecution. Lord Paget retired from public life at the demise of Mary, and died in 1563.

As a curious specimen of the style of an author with whom all our readers may not be familiar, we shall present them with Lloyd's character of this eminent statesman, the founder of a distinguished House:—

“His education was better than his birth, his knowledge higher than his education, his parts above his knowledge, and his experience beyond his parts. A general learning furnished him for travel, and travel seasoned him for employment. *His masterpiece was an inward observation of other men, and an exact knowledge of himself.* His address was with state, yet insinuating; his discourse free, but weighed; his apprehension quick, but stayed; his ready and present mind keeping its pauses of thoughts and expressions even with the occasion and the emergency; neither was his carriage more stiff and uncompliant than his soul.”

England's future Queen, to complete that structure of learning which his pupil had begun. It must be an affair of delicate management to teach Greek to a princess; but Ascham had a love and a genius for teaching, and Elizabeth possessed in an extraordinary degree the facility of her sex in learning languages. She had then little or no expectation of reigning. Her situation was one of peculiar difficulty: she needed a spirit at once firm and yielding; and displayed in earliest youth a circumspection and self-control in which her latter years were deficient. Ascham found her a most agreeable pupil; and the diligence, docility, modest affection, and self-respect of the royal maiden endeared an office which the shy scholar had not undertaken without fears and misgivings. His epistles to his friends are full of the princess' commendations and his own satisfaction; and in his later works he refers to this part of his life with honest pride. In this happy strain he writes to John Sturmius, of Strasburg:—

"If you wish to know how I am thriving at Court, you may assure yourself that I had never more blessed leisure in my college than now in the palace. The Lady Elizabeth and I are studying together, in the original Greek, the crown orations of Demosthenes and Æschines. She reads her lessons to me, and at one glance so completely comprehends, not only the idiom of the language and the sense of the orator, but the exact bearings of the cause, and the public acts, manners, and usages of the Athenian people, that you would marvel to behold her." In like temper he told Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London, that he learned more of the Lady Elizabeth than she did of him. "I teach her words," said he. "Christ's she teaches me things. I teach her the Greek, and she teaches me the Latin."

works to do; for I think she is the best disposed of any in Europe." In several of his Latin epistles, and also in his "Schoolmaster," he explains and recommends his mode of instructing the princess with evident exultation at his success. It was the same method of double translation pursued with such distinguished results in the tuition of the young sovereign, by Sir John Cheke, from whom Ascham adopted it: and, indeed, like many of the best discoveries, it seems so simple that we wonder how it ever could be missed, and so excellent, that we know not why it is so little practised. It had, indeed, been suggested by the younger Pliny, in an epistle to Fuscus, and by Cicero, in his Dialogue de Oratore. "Pliny," saith Roger, "expresses many good ways for order in study, but beginneth with translation, and preferreth it to all the rest. But a better and nearer example herein may be our noble Queen Elizabeth, who never yet took Greek nor Latin grammar in her hand after the first declining of a noun and a verb; but only by this double translating of Demosthenes and Isocrates daily without missing, every forenoon, and likewise some part of Tully every afternoon, for the space of a year or two, hath attained to such perfect understanding in both the tongues, and to such a ready utterance in the Latin, and that with such a judgment, as they be few in number in both Universities, or elsewhere in England, that be in both tongues comparable to her Majesty." And so in an epistle to Sturmius:—"It is almost incredible to how excellent an understanding both of Greek and Latin I myself conducted our sacred Lady Elizabeth by this same double translation, constantly and in a brief time delivered in writing." In the same expressions—*consists upon the pupil making the translations neither was his own hand, proprio, non alieno stylo, soul.*"

whence it may be concluded that Elizabeth was her own amanuensis on these occasions.

We may well allow a teacher to be a little rapturous about the proficiency of a lady, a Queen, and his own pupil; but after all due abatements, the testimony remains unshaken both to the talent of the learner, and the efficiency of the system of instruction.

For two years the most perfect harmony subsisted between Elizabeth and her preceptor. The intervals of study were occasionally *relieved* with chess, at which Ascham is said to have been an adept. It is to be hoped that he had too much prudence and gallantry to beat the Lady oftener than was necessary to convince her that he *always* played his best. True, the royal virgin was not then Queen, or even presumptive heir; but no wise man would take the conceit out of a chess-player, that stood within the hundredth degree of relationship to the throne. Elizabeth was not the only distinguished female whose classical studies were assisted by our author; he taught Latin to Anne, Countess of Pembroke, to whom he addressed two letters in that language still extant.

The court of the young Edward was filled with lovers of learning, in whose society and patronage Ascham enjoyed himself fully, as Sir John Cheke his old friend, Lord Paget, Sir William Cecil, and the Chancellor Wriothesly. He had a share in the education of the two Brandons, whose premature and contemporaneous decease has been before alluded to, and he partook the favour of the youthful King, who honouring knowledge, and all its professors, ^{and} have especially esteemed it in the instructor, ^{and} whole *Lady Temper*, as the amiable boy used to ^{and} hath favourite sister. It was at this period ^{of} Christ's became acquainted with the lovely ^{es.}

creature whose memory should singly put to rout the vulgar prejudice against female erudition.

After two years passed in occupation and society so congenial, a misunderstanding took place between Roger and his charge, and, in a fit of mortification, he returned to his college, but soon repented of his impatience, and sought the mediation of the German reformer Martin Bucer, then just arrived in Britain. Bucer, however, did not think fit to interpose, as appears from a letter addressed to him by Ascham some time after, (January 7, 1551,) from Augsburgh, in which occurs a passage to this effect:—"You have not forgotten how, on your first coming to England, when you dwelt at Lambeth, while yet we were unknown to each other, I came and laid before you what usage I had received, not from my Lady Elizabeth, but from certain of her household. I then requested you by your letters to aid in restoring me to that favour from which I had been in some sort estranged, God knows by no fault of my own, but by the ill offices of others. Before my going abroad, I visited my illustrious Mistress; she received me most graciously, and yet more graciously reproached * me with leaving her in such a manner, and *neglecting to retrieve her good graces by any mediator.*" Bucer was in the ague, and, besides, thought Ascham in the wrong for taking umbrage at the young Lady's frowns, which after all he might be mistaken in attributing to any body, or any thing, but her own coquetry. He had too high an opinion of her to allow for her humours. Not but what all poor scholars who would Greek (and it is their only chance of thriving) by the Elizabeth

and *humanus* objurgavit. Ascham, academician as expressions—something of woman. A woman's reproach is neither was his *anima* of her favour. soul."

tutorage of the great, must put up with a great deal of insolence from waiting gentlemen and waiting gentlewomen. If the tutor keep them at a distance, their hatred is dangerous; if he allow them any liberties, their impertinence is tyrannical. But neither the malice of underlings, nor his own impatience, did lasting injury to Ascham. Returning to his duties, as public Orator at Cambridge, he still retained his pension, and the confidence of the worthiest persons about Court. His interest must have been very considerable if, as one* quaintly expresses it, "he hindered those who had *dined* on the Church from *supping* on the Universities;" but the sentence is too witty to be literally interpreted. He was certainly well thought of by Elizabeth, and of her he spoke with enthusiasm to his latest day, not without a pleasing consciousness of his own services in making her what she was. Thus, in the "Schoolmaster," his latest work, he makes her perfections a reproach to all her male subjects. "It is your shame, (I speak to you all, you young gentlemen of England,) that one maid should go beyond ye all in excellency of learning, and knowledge of divers tongues. Point out six of the best given gentlemen of this court, and all they together show not so much good will, bestow not so many hours daily, orderly, and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queen's Majesty herself. Yea, I believe that besides her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendary of this church doth Latin in a whole week. Amongst all the benefits which God hath blessed me withal, next the knowledge of Christ's

* Lloyd's State Worthies.

true religion, I count this the greatest, that it pleased God to call me to be one poor minister in setting forward these excellent gifts of learning."

In excuse, however, of the "six best given gentlemen," it should be stated, that the learning of languages is emphatically a female talent, bearing a much larger ratio to general ability in woman than in man. Yet who can but admire the indefatigable intellect of our renowned Queen, harassed in youth with peril and persecution, and burdened in early maturity with public cares, which could yet attain a proficiency in polite learning, such as few professional scholars have excelled. The bare titles of the works which she translated evince the variety of her philosophical attainments, and justify the praises of her eulogists.* When no more than eleven years of age she translated out of French verse into English prose, "The Mirror, or Glass, of the Sinful Soul," dedicated

* The praises of Elizabeth were not confined to her own subjects. Scaliger declared that she knew more than all the great men of her time. Serranus honoured her with the dedication of his *Plato*, in terms flattering enough, but only a learned Queen could be so flattered. Dedicators and panegyrists dabble much in prophecy; but it is not often that they prophesy truly. Serranus, however, was right for once, when he foretold the future fame of "good Queen Bess," and "Eliza's Golden-days." "*Quemadmodum Salomonis vel Augusti felix imperium, notabile fuit ad designandam civilem felicitatem: ita et tuum, regina, illustre, sit futurum, tuaque insula non amplius Albion sed Olbia et vere fortunata sit porro nuncupanda. Quidenim? In regno tuo vera illa regnat philosophia cujus vix ac ne vix quidem umbram vidit Plato.*" The large paper copy of Serranus' *Plato*, holds up its head magnificently at thirty guineas!!! Is there a man or a woman living that can read and understand *Plato*, and has thirty guineas to spare?

to Queen Catherine Parr, 1544. At twelve, she rendered out of English into Latin, French, and Italian, "Prayers or Meditations, by which the soul may be encouraged to bear with patience all the Miseries of Life, to despise the vain happiness of this World, and assiduously provide for eternal Felicity, collected out of prime writers by the most noble and religious Queen Catherine Par, dedicated by the Princess Elizabeth to King Henry VIII.," dated at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, December 30. Much about the same time she translated a treatise originally written by Marguerite of Navarre,* in the French language, and entitled the "Godly Meditation of the Inward Love of the Soul towards Christ the Lord," printed in the "Monument of Matrons,

* This once celebrated lady, the sister of Francis I., exhibited in her writings an interchange of the amorous and the devout, which was long common in the lives of her countrywomen. Her *Heptameron*, or collection of Tales, is said to copy the *Decameron* of Boccaccio too closely in other matters besides its title; while her *Miroir de l'Ame pecheresse*, Spiritual Songs, Sacred Dramas, and other compositions, are filled with agonies of penitence and extacies of divine love. Of the former, the following passage from Elizabeth's English may serve as a specimen:—"Where is the Hell full of travail, pain, mischief and torment? Where is the pit of cursedness, out of which doth spring all desperation? Is there any hell so profound that is sufficient to punish the tenth part of my sins, which in number are so many, that the infinite swarm of them so shadoweth my darkened senses, that I cannot account them, neither yet well see them?" Her sacred and *profane* poems were promiscuously published by her valet-de-chambre, Jean de la Haye, in 1547, with the following quaint title:—"Les Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses," which can be translated into no language in which Marguerite does not happen to mean a pearl.

containing seven several Lamps of Virginity.”* These were the works of the “tender and maidenly years” of her childhood. At a riper age she turned from Greek, into Latin, portions of Xenophon, Isocrates, and Euripides ; from Greek to English, Plutarch on Curiosity ; from Latin to English, Boethius, Sallust’s Jugurthine War, and part of Horace’s Art of Poetry. From Italian she translated certain sermons of Bernardine Ochine, an Italian Protestant divine. It is hard to say what assistance she may have had in these labours, nor can we speak of their merits from personal inspection : but if she produced any considerable part of them, they must evince extreme activity, and a laudable love of literary employment. What pædagogues would not be proud of such a scholar ? † But we must return to her preceptor.

* The rare and curious Heptateuch bearing this seemingly contradictory title is described at considerable length in Dibdin’s “Library Companion.” We are free to confess that our sole acquaintance with it is owing to that useful volume. We never hung over its fragrant pages, or reverently touched its antique “kivers.” It is a manual or Hortus siccus of prayers and meditations, many of them by Queens and other great ladies, as Catherine Parr, Mary, Elizabeth, Judith, Queen Esther, and Sappho.

† The number of royal and noble authors is an agreeable trait in human nature. We are all of us, Tories as well as Whigs, disposed to judge most hardly and unjustly of crowned heads, and “hearts that lurk beneath a star,” forgetting, that while the vices of the great are seen in the magnitude of their effects, their saner thoughts and kindlier affections are out of our sphere of vision. It is only in the world of intellect that it is easy to be at once great and good. Great actions are almost always bad actions ; but it by no means follows, that the doers of great actions are bad beyond the common limit of human peccability, or that they too have not their “little, daily, unremembered acts of love.”

In the summer of 1550, while Ascham was spending his vacation among his friends, and recruiting

The jewels of a court do not extinguish the light of Heaven. The busiest toilers in war and politics have their hours of repose when they feel themselves to be men, and many have sought the sympathy of their fellow-creatures by weaving their thoughts and feelings into curious webs of verse or prose; a proof that they are not satisfied with the power which rank and place bestow. They long to converse with the souls of others, because they feel a soul alive within themselves. No aboriginally selfish man, unless for bread, would ever publish a book, though it must sorrowfully be acknowledged, that the collisions of authorship are apt to produce sad callosities in our feelings for others, and most morbid acuteness about ourselves. Unluckily, the royal authors have not generally ranked with the little band of virtuous kings. Yet we may set Alfred against Dionysius, and James the First of Scotland against Nero—Antoninus against King Jamie, who was no bad fellow after all: he saw through his own demonology, and owned his error, and had he lived a few years longer, would doubtless have unsaid his calumnies against tobacco. The house of Brunswick, at least since their transplantation, have not been at all poetical, seeing that the only metrical composition I have ever known to be attributed to a star of that constellation, was a not very decorous ditty, written, I believe, by Captain Morris, but impudently ascribed to our late lamented sovereign. It is, however, stated, that George the Fourth was an admirer of Wordsworth. As a friend to the monarchy, I wish I were sure of this. Upon better authority I have heard, that George the Third loved Spenser. Nichols suggested to Johnson a life of that poet, as an acceptable offering to royalty. I should really be glad to have good evidence of this, for it would put to flight and to shame the vulgar prejudice against the intellects of that honest and right-hearted Englishman, who wanted nothing but better advisers, and a more extensive knowledge of mankind, to have made his government as beneficial to his subjects as it was creditable to his own good purposes.

himself with his native air, a summons from his constant friend Sir John Cheke recalled him to court, in order to attend upon Sir Richard Morysine in his embassy to the Emperor Charles V. Such an appointment, which he probably owed to his skill and despatch in epistolary composition, was not to be declined. He set out forthwith, and on his journey to London paid that visit to Lady Jane Grey, of which it would be unpardonable to speak in other than his own language:—often has it been quoted before.

“Before I went in Germany I came to Brodegate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady, Jane Grey, to whom I was exceedingly much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber alone, reading *Phædo Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale of Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me, ‘I wist all their sport in the park is but a shadow of that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.’ ‘And how came you, madam,’ quoth I, ‘to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, and but very few men, have attained thereunto?’ ‘I will tell you,’ quoth she, ‘and tell you a truth which perchance ye may marvel at. One of the greatest benefits God ever gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing,

playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it as it were in such weight, number, and measure, even so perfectly, as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them), so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. And when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else beside learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily more pleasure and more : that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.'

"I remember this talk gladly, both because it is worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady."

Before leave-taking, Ascham obtained a promise of the Lady Jane to write to him in Greek, on condition that he should first write to her, as soon as he arrived in the Emperor's court.* His epistle is extant in choice Latin. Alluding to the circumstances of their last interview, he declares her happier in her love of good books, than in her descent from Kings and Queens. No doubt he spoke sincerely; but he

* These particulars we learn from a letter of Roger's to Sturmius, dated 14th December, 1550, in which he promises to show Jane's epistle to the German scholar, when it should arrive. It appears, too, that the Lady was requested to correspond with Sturmius in Greek.

knew not *then* how truly. Her studious quietude of spirit was her indefeasible blessing, while her royal pedigree* was like an hereditary curse, afflicting her humility with unwilling greatness, and her innocence with unmerited distress.

When Jane Grey was surprised with Plato in her hand, a sober hope might have conjectured, that if ever there was a marriage made in Heaven, if ever earthly pair was predestined to bless each other and their country, such a couple were Jane Grey and her cousin Edward. Of one blood, and companionable age, their studies, talents, virtues, faith the same; each seemed a "fair divided excellence," to be perfected in holy union. He, the gentle offspring of a most ungentle sire; she the meek daughter of the haughtiest of women; both the elect exceptions of their races, as if the saintly Margaret of Lancaster, cutting off the intermediate line of Tudors' had entailed her nature on these her distant progeny. But it was not to be so. Their fortunes were never

* As pedigrees are not at every body's finger's end, and are, indeed, the most troublesome part of modern history, it may be well to remind the reader, that Lady Jane Grey was the daughter of Frances Brandon, the daughter of Mary Queen Dowager of France, and sister of Henry VIII. by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Her father was Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, descended from Elizabeth, Queen to Edward IV. by her former marriage, through her son, Thomas Grey, who married the King's niece. The father of Lady Jane was created Duke of Suffolk, on the failure of the male line of the Brandons. He had divorced his first Lady, the daughter of Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, on the ground of barrenness, in order to marry Frances Brandon. Thus among the other conformities between the Lady Jane and Edward, it may be observed that both were children of divorced fathers.

ordained to meet, but ever to run parallel. Each bore awhile the royal title, while others exercised the sovereign power. Both gave forced assent to deeds done in their name, which their hearts approved not. Both lived to see their kindred dragged, not guiltless, to the scaffold, though Jane was spared the agony of assenting to their execution. In fine, they both died young, but who can say that they either died untimely? Rather be it thought, that they had done *their* work; they had fitted themselves for immortality: and as for the work of the world, what God purposes, God will do, using indifferently the agencies of good and evil, as of day and night, sunshine and storm. Nor be it supposed that He whose name is Merciful, was less merciful in calling Jane to himself by the swift stroke of an axe, than in conducting Edward home-wards by the slow declivity of a consumption. This at least is certain, that she was favoured in the defeat of the party which usurped her name. For what was the death she died, what had been the *life in death* of an inquisitorial dungeon, to what she must have undergone, if the wicked Dudleys had deflowered her conscience? forcing her to things which, in her simplicity, she could not distinguish "whether she suffered or she did," but which would have left her, like Lucretia, impure in her own eyes, though stainless before the universal reason?

After that memorable leave-taking, which had been sorrowful indeed, could he have "looked into the seeds of time," Ascham proceeded to London, and in September set sail with the ambassador for Germany, where he continued three years, the busiest of his life: for besides his regular occupation as Secretary, his correspondence and intercourse with the most distinguished scholars, his active observations on the men whom he saw and the countries through which

he passed, and the unavoidable expense of time in form and ceremony, he officiated as Greek tutor to the ambassador, to whom he read and expounded twice a day four days out of the week. In the morning he read and explained three or four (folio) pages of Herodotus, and in the afternoon two-hundred and twelve or thirteen lines of Sophocles or Euripides. Thus, according to his oratorical biographer Grant, he got through, between the 12th of October, 1550, and the 12th August, 1551, all Herodotus, five plays of Sophocles, most of Euripides, and twenty-one orations of Demosthenes: a great deal for an ambassador to listen to. On the other two days he copied the letters of state sent to England, and at leisure moments entered his observations in his diary, and collected, if not arranged, the materials for his treatise called "A Report and Discourse of the Affairs and State of Germany, and the Emperor Charles his Court."* His urbanity, readiness, and general information, recommended him not less to Princes and Ministers, than his Greek, Latin, logic, and divinity, to John Sturmius and Jerome Wolfius. The courtiers thought it a pity he was not always attached to an embassy, and the learned regretted that he should ever leave the schools. Whatever he was doing seemed his *forte*, and so rife were his praises in every mouth, that he was in peril of the

* The full title of this treatise is, "A report of discourse, written by Roger Ascham, of the affairs and state of Germany, of the Emperor Charles V. his court during certain years, while the said Roger was there, printed by John Day, Aldersgate-street." It is said to contain a clear indication of the causes that induced Charles V. to resign. Its form is that of a reply to a letter, written about 1552, but not published till 1570. We have read no part of it, but it is highly spoken of.

woe denounced against those whom "all men speak well of."

A few miscellaneous extracts from his English correspondence at this period, will not be an unpleasant relief to our narrative. These notices, among many others, were addressed to Mr. John Raven, a Fellow of John's College. They confirm what we have said of Sir R. Morysine's Greek studies.

"As I wrote in my last letter, 3rd October, we came to Mechlin; I told you at large both of the Abbey, with 1600 nuns, and also the Landgrave (of Hesse,) whom we saw prisoner. He is lusty, well-favoured, something like Mr. Hebilthrouth in the face; hasty, inconstant, and to get himself out of prison, would fight, if the Emperor would bid him, with Turk, French, England, God, and the Devil. The Emperor perceiving his busy head without constancy, handles him thereafter: his own Germano, as it is said, being well content that he is forthcoming.

"John Frederick is clear contrary; noble, courageous, constant, one in all fortunes desired of his friends, revered by his foes, favoured of his Emperor, loved of all. He hath been proffered of late, it is said, by the Emperor, that if he will subscribe to his proceedings, to go at large, to have all his dignities and honours again, and more too. His answer was from the first one, and is still that he will take the Emperor for his gracious sovereign lord; but to forsake God and his doctrine, he will never do, let the Emperor do with his body what he will."

"At Mechlin we saw a strange bird. The Emperor doth allow it 8*d.* a-day. It is milk-white, greater than a swan, with a bill somewhat like a shovel, and having a throat well able to swallow, without grief or touch of crest, a white penny loaf of England, except your bread be bigger than your bread-master of St. John's

is wont willingly to make it. The eyes are as red as fire, and, as they say, an hundred years old. It was wont, in Maximilian's days, to fly with him whithersoever he went."

"4th of October we went to Brussels, twelve miles. In the mid-way is a town called Vilfort, with a notable strong-hold of the Emperor's in it. Traitors and condemned persons lie there. At the town's end is a notable strong place of execution, where worthy Will Tyndall was unworthily put to death. Ye cannot match Brussels in England, but with London.

"At afternoon, I went about the town. I came to the Friar Carmelites house, where Edward Billick was warden; not present there, but being then at Colen, in another house of his, I heard their even-song: after I desired to see the library. A friar was sent to me, and led me into it. There was not one good book but *Lyra*. The friar was learned, spoke Latin readily, entered into Greek, having a very good wit, and a greater desire to learning. He was gentle and honest; and being a Papist, and knowing me to be a Protestant, yet showed me all gentleness, and would needs give me a new book in verse, titled *De Rusticitate Morum*."

"I have seen the Emperor twice, first sick in his privy-chamber, at our first coming. He looked somewhat like the parson of Epurstone. He had a gown on of black taffety, and a furred night-cap on his head, Dutch like, having a seam over the crown. I saw him also on St. Andrew's day, sitting at dinner at the feast of Golden Fleece; he and Ferdinando both under one cloth of estate; then the Prince of Spain; all of one side, as Knights of the Garter do in England; after orderly, Mr. Bussie, master of the horse, Duke d'Alva, a Spaniard, Dux Bavariae, the Prince of Piedmont, the Count of Hardenburgh.

“I stood hard by the Emperor's table. He had four courses: he had sod beef very good, roast mutton, baked hare; these of no service in England; fed well off a capon. I have had a better from mine hostess Barnes many times in my chamber. He and Ferdinando eat together very handsomely, carving themselves where they list, without any curiosity.

“The Emperor drank the best that ever I saw; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine. His chapel sung wonderful cunningly all the dinner-while.

“England need fear no outward enemies. The lusty lads verily be in England. I have seen on a Sunday more likely men walking in St. Paul's Church than I ever yet saw in Augusta, where lieth an Emperor with a garrison, three kings, a queen, three Princes, a number of Dukes, &c. I study Greek apace, but no other tongue; for I cannot. I trust to see England shortly, God willing. I am sorry that I hear no word from Ireland. Commendations to you all, because I would leave out none; to Dr. Haddon, father Bucer, John Scarlett, mine hostess Barnes.”

“If ye will know how I do, I think I shall forget all tongues but the Greek afore I come home. I have read to my Lord since I came to Augusta, whole Herodotus, five tragedies, three orations of Isocrates, seventeen orations of Demosthenes. For understanding of the Italian, I am meet well; but surely I drink Dutch better than I speak Dutch. Tell Mr. D. Maden, I will drink with him now a carouse of wine; and would to God he had a vessel of Rhenish wine, on condition that I paid 40s. for it; and perchance when I come to Cambridge, I will so provide here, that every year I will have a little piece of Rhenish wine.”

The Hockheim and Joannisberg, or whatever else was the prime vintage, when Rhine flowed from its fountain to the sea through the domains of the Emperor Charles, was peculiarly congenial to Roger's palate and soul, for in his next letter to Raven, written evidently with the smack on his lips, he commences, "This Rhenish wine is so gentle a drink, that I cannot tell how to do when I come home." An orderly attachment to the blood of the grape is not unusual among great linguists. We have already mentioned Bentley's constancy to port. Adelung used to call his cellar his *Bibliotheca selectissima*.

But the studies, the diplomacy, and the conviviality of Ascham, were sorrowfully interrupted by the death of the young King, who had not only continued his pension, but appointed him his own Latin Secretary in his absence. Edward VI. died July 6, 1553, having just lived long enough to sign the will, which proved the death-warrant of Jane Grey. Ascham did not return till the few unhappy days of that Lady's nominal reign were passed, and she was a prisoner in the Tower at his arrival in September, from whence she would probably in time have been liberated with a free pardon, had it not been for the madness of her father, who, by joining in Wyatt's insurrection when the wax on his pardon was hardly dry, may be justly called an accessory to his child's murder. When Ascham, after three years' absence, again set foot on the English shore, he found England a sadly changed country: one royal patron dead, with dark suspicions hovering over his grave, for it was whispered that Edward's health declined from the hour that the Dudleys came about him: the friendship of Elizabeth not only unavailing but dangerous: his college friends and fellow students either dead, or flying, or imprisoned, or holding their preferments

and their very lives, by a most insecure tenure. Cheke, who had joined himself to the supporters of Lady Jane's title, was in prison. Bucer, who had come to England only to lay his bones, where they were not permitted to rest, was no more. The persecution, which was accelerated by Wyatt's unsuccessful rising, was not yet begun, but was already lowering in the distance, and, as it peculiarly threatened the Universities, Roger was not only likely to be deprived of his Fellowship and support, but to undergo examinations and tests, which would have compelled him to put his conscience in the opposite scale to his interest and safety. He retired, however, to Cambridge, to wait the event, not expecting nor soliciting anything from the new court, and esteeming himself happy if he was overlooked. But he had friends whom he knew not of, and one, that considering his acquiescence in the Reformation, could scarcely be looked for. This was Stephen Gardiner, who, at the accession of Mary, had been delivered out of custody, restored to his see of Winchester, and made Chancellor. But his great supporter was Lord Paget, by whose influence with Gardiner, he was called to court, and appointed to the office of Latin Secretary, which he formerly held by the interest of Cecil, and which he declared that he would not exchange for any other in the Queen's gift. Of this appointment he gives a lively account to his constant correspondent Sturmius, particularly dwelling on the urbanity with which he was received by the Chancellor Bishop:—"Stephen, Bishop of Winchester, High Chancellor of England, hath treated me with the greatest courtesy and kindness, so that I cannot tell whether the Lord Paget was more ready to commend me, or the Chancellor to honour and protect me. There have not been wanted

those, who have done their best to stop the course of his benevolence towards me, on pretence of religion, but have profitted nothing. Therefore I am exceedingly bound to my Lord of Winchester's goodness, and gladly accept the obligation. Nor I alone, but many others have experienced his goodness."

"None are all evil." Let us not therefore suspect the sincerity, or the good sense of these grateful commendations, though bestowed on a name usually coupled with Bonner. Gardiner might take pleasure in doing kindnesses, which did not interfere with his schemes of vengeance and spiritual empire, though to promote those schemes he stuck at no degree of cruelty. More intensely wicked than Bonner, who was merely brutal, he was too wise to be more wicked than need was. He was learned himself, and inclined to promote all sorts of learning, which had no tendency to enlighten men on points whereon the interests of Church and State required that they should be kept in the dark. Ascham, whatever his religious sentiments might be, had always borne them discreetly, and had "won golden opinions of all sorts of men." Moreover he was capable of being eminently useful, for it would have been difficult to find another who with such qualifications for the secretaryship, and such diligence in the discharge of its duties, had so little cupidity or ambition, or would be content with so humble a reward.

The office of Latin Secretary was then no sinecure. Almost immediately after the marriage of Philip and Mary, Ascham had to write seven and forty letters to as many foreign Princes, of whom the lowest in rank was a Cardinal. The elegance of his style, and his ready despatch were generally applauded. It is not easy to state what were the emoluments

of the place; but the pension which Ascham had enjoyed from Edward VI., was enlarged from ten to twenty pounds a year, and, at the special desire of the Queen, and the Lord Chancellor, (who was also Chancellor of Cambridge University,) he retained his Fellowship of John's College, and his place of public Orator, when by strict statute he might have been deprived of them, till they were vacated by his marriage. The object of his choice was Mistress Margaret Howe, a lady of some fortune and good family, to whom he was united on the 1st of June, 1554. A letter from the "German Cicero," Sturmius, who corresponded with our author with all the warmth and frequency of school friendship, dated the 24th of the same month, jocosely reproaches him with omitting to communicate such an important piece of business. "But what is it I hear? Would you keep your engagement close, for fear I should send you a High-Dutch epithalamium? I am informed that your intended is niece to the wife of Mr. Walop, that was governor of Guisnes when I was at Calais. Ah! but she was an honest madam, a fair and comely dame! If it be so, that you are going to make her your spouse, or if you have any other in your eye, do let me know, and tell me when the day is to be, that if I cannot myself be present at the espousals, I may send Thalassius* to make my

* Thalassius was the Roman nuptial god, as Hymen was the Greek. A song was sung at weddings, in which "Io Thalassie" was perpetually repeated like a burden. Plutarch, who was very indifferently acquainted with Roman antiquities, and quite ignorant of the Oscan and Etruscan languages, which were to the Latin what the Anglo-Saxon is to the English, is sadly puzzled to explain this word:—no wonder, as he sought its derivation in Greek. If he must give it an Hellenic origin, would not Thalassa, the sea, whence Venus

compliments to your love in my stead." Ascham replied,—“As for my wife, she is the picture of her aunt Walop, and all that John Sturmius could wish the wife of Roger Ascham to be.”

In the enjoyment of honourable competence, congenial occupation, and domestic affection, we can hardly suppose that Ascham was quite at ease under the patronage of Queen Mary and Bishop Gardiner; for, however free from personal apprehension, he could not coldly contemplate the perils, torments, and executions of multitudes, among whom were some whom he loved, and doubtless many whom he had known.

The gentle creature whose praises he had so industriously divulged over Germany had fallen beneath the axe, testifying, by her latest acts, her attachment to the studies of her happy years * Elizabeth, to whom he appears to have been really and warmly attached, continually assailed with plots and suspicions, was shifted about from one custody to

arose, and to which Homer gives the epithet of “many-sounding,” which is, moreover, the cabalistic type of change, fickleness, and agitation, have furnished a ready etymon ?

* Lady Jane Grey, or to speak more correctly, Lady Guildford Dudley (for she perished in her honeymoon), wrote her last letter to her sister Catherine in the blank pages of her Greek Testament; and when she saw her bridegroom led to execution under her prison window, she wrote three several sentences in her tablets in as many languages. The first in Greek, to this effect:—If his slain body shall give testimony against me before men, his blessed soul shall render an eternal proof of my innocence before God. The second Latin:—The justice of men took away his body, but the divine mercy has preserved his spirit. The third in English:—If my fault deserved punishment, my youth and my imprudence were w hy of excuse: God and posterity will show me favour.

another, obliged to veil her faith in equivocations and external compliances, which, if she had a Christian heart, must have been exceedingly grievous to her conscience, and were, at all events, cruelly mortifying to her pride : for, to say no worse of it, any the least interference with the belief and worship of any human being, is the greatest possible insult to human nature. Ridley, an old college acquaintance, was committed to the flames, and most of his earlier connections in voluntary exile.

Some have wondered how he escaped question himself, as his intimacy with many of the chief Reformers, and his profession of the reformed doctrines, were well known. But a greater marvel has been made of this than the case warrants. He had never been a very active promoter of the Reformation ; he had no share in the spoils of the Church. No Catholic could charge him with the severities of former reigns ; nor could Mary allege that he attempted or even approved her exclusion from the throne, (there it is possible he was lucky in being abroad,) nor had he, like Ridley, attempted to convert her. He had nothing which it was worth while to take from him : his virtues were such as would have made his persecution very odious, and yet not such as to be anywise formidable ; for he assumed no extraordinary sanctity or rigour. His talents were serviceable to his employers, and dangerous to nobody. If he did not enter zealously into the re-establishment of the ancient Church, it does not appear that he opposed it by book or discourse ; nor did he refuse, in the discharge of his office, to do what a zealous Protestant would not have done. Thus he translated into Latin the speech delivered by Cardinal Pole, on his first appearance in Parliament in the quality of Legate, which necessarily contained an assertion of the papal

supremacy, and an imputation of heresy to the Reformers. Ascham's translation was made by the Cardinal's express desire, to be sent to the Pope, and gained for the translator a degree of favour with that high-born ecclesiastic, of which he was a little proud. We are far from accusing Roger of apostacy, or mean disguise: we only say, that there was no such stubbornness in his religion as wilfully to provoke martyrdom. With such patrons as Paget and Pole, he might easily be excused giving an opinion on the disputed points: his absence from mass might not be noticed; and as long as his own devotions were free, he was not the man to censure the practice, or contradict the opinions, of his superiors. It is true that Sir John Cheke was not so favourably treated: to him was offered the alternative of recantation or the stake. Let those who despise him for accepting the former, remember what old Fuller saith—"The flames of Smithfield were hotter than the pictures in the Book of Martyrs."* Nor is every man favoured with that perfect assurance of

* Such at least is Fuller's meaning and illustration. I am afraid I have not quoted his words exactly, for, to tell truth, I know not in which of his works to look for them. But I recollect reading the sentiment in "Lamb's Selections," to which I owe my first knowledge and constant love of Fuller, as of many other worthies. Why are not more gems from our early prose writers scattered over the country by the periodicals? Selections are so far from preventing the study of the entire authors, that they promote it. Who could read the extracts which Lamb has given from Fuller, without wishing to read more of the old Prebendary? But great old books of the great old authors are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get

his own belief, as to feel justified in sacrificing the life which he is *sure* God gave him, for opinions which he only *believes* to be of God. Yet perhaps Cheke suffered more from his own conscience, than the burners could have made him endure. He pined, and pined, and never held up his head, or took any delight in his old studies, but found that life itself may be bought too dear, and only evaded the martyrdom of fire, to suffer the lingering martyrdom of a broken heart. But, then, he had upheld the title of Jane Grey: he had, as far as his power extended, disinherited and bastardised Mary, which Ascham had not done. There was the mighty difference. The real grounds of the Marian persecution were political, not religious. Religion was only called in to smother the consciences of the persecutors, some of whom would have shrunk from the deadly acts of vengeance which they perpetrated, if they could not have contrived to believe that they were vindicating the true Church against soul-killing heresy. We say,

more. Let every book-worm, when, in any fragrant, scarce old tome, he discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration, that does his heart good, hasten to give it the widest circulation that newspapers and magazines, penny and halfpenny, can afford. Remember that

. The worst of avarice is that of sense.

Apropos to the pictures in the "Book of Martyrs." In those embellishments of that ghastly work which pourtray the sufferings of the primitive Christians under the Roman Emperors, there is an anachronism which affords a singular display of national antipathy. The Roman tormentors are all in Spanish costume. The Inquisition and the Armada had identified the ideas of Spain and persecution. Even in the representation of St. Lawrence's martyrdom on the gridiron, which is dated A.D. 258, in the reign of the Emperor Valerian, a Spanish Bishop in his mitre presides.

advisedly, *some* ; for the prime movers in all persecutions have been men indifferent to all creeds, who have regarded articles of faith as creatures of statutes, ordained to secure the permanence of *institutions*, and the security of *constituted authorities*. Here and there, a Bonner or a Jeffreys appears, in whom the lust of blood is not a mere metaphor, but a physical appetite ; but they are as rare a phenomenon as the Siamese twins. But I doubt whether Christianity, however corrupted with error, ever urged one human being to oppress or destroy another. An erring piety may *consent* to persecution ; but the promoters of persecution are Revenge, Ambition, Avarice, and the other bastards of the World, which the Church adopted when she married the World. It may be said that among the victims in Mary's reign, there were many poor, insignificant individuals, that could be formidable to no government ; but if it were possible, at this distance of time, to investigate the history of such cases, we should find that there was some old quarrel, some malicious neighbour, some *Tony Fire-the-faggot* at the bottom of it. Besides, there is nothing provokes High-Church so much as that a poor man should presume to think for himself ; and the Church of Rome is THE High-Church.

In fact, many more active and decided Protestants than Ascham were unmolested in the era of burnings, and we doubt if negative Protestantism brought any to the stake. Any reason, religious or political, will serve a despotic government to destroy a suspected person ; but Gardiner had too much sense to burn a good subject only because he had doubts about the ubiquity, or was not quite convinced of the expediency, of *Duleia* to the Virgin, or *Hypo-duleia* * to her image.

* The worship of the Virgin was *Hyper-duleia*, that to her image professedly "*relative*."—*D. C.*

In the black list of persecutors, depend upon it, there have been three Atheists to one sincere bigot.

Dr. Johnson, who prefaced Bennet's edition of Ascham's works with a short memoir, controverts the opinion, that either the innocence of his life, or the usefulness of his pen, was the cause of his security, in a paragraph which deserves to be quoted, as exhibiting the Doctor's skill in the art of seeming to mean much, and meaning little or nothing:—"But the truth is," says the great Cham, "that morality was never suffered to protect heresy in the days of persecution; nor are we sure that Ascham was more clear from common failings than those that suffered more; and whatever might be his abilities, they were not so necessary but Gardiner could easily have supplied his place with another secretary. Nothing is more vain than, at a distant time, to examine the motives of discrimination and partiality; for the inquirer, having considered interest and policy, is obliged at last to omit more frequent and more active motives of human conduct,—caprice, accident, and private affection. At that time, if some were punished, many were forborne; and of many, why should not Ascham happen to be one? He seems to have been calm and prudent, and content with that peace which he was suffered to enjoy; a mode of conduct that seldom fails to produce security."

If all the Protestants under Mary had expressed their protestation in sentences of such oracular no-meaning as the foregoing, they might have sat quietly in the chimney-nook, and warmed their Christmas ale with the faggots that were wasted in burning them. But the very little sense that there is in the Doctor's multitude of words is not true. Rigidity of morals, formidable or conspicuous virtue,

is so far from being a protection against persecution, that nothing provokes persecutors so much. But that sort of sociable goodness commonly called innocence, which consists in the absence of all qualities that can excite envy or fear, is the best security. Ascham, with all his genius and all his business-like talents, had a great deal of simplicity, a childishness, that admirably fitted him for an instructor of children. Witness his observing little in the foremost potentate of the age but his resemblance to the parson of Epurstone, and his quaffing a quart of Rhenish at a gulp. Now even the staunch murderer will not kill a child if he can help it; and something of the same sentiment protects all childish persons, and even idiots. Had Burke burked the learnedest professor in Edinburgh, he would not have excited so much popular indignation as he did by murdering Daft Jamie.

After all, what proof is there that Ascham did offer any overt opposition to the Catholic doctrines or ceremonies in the time of peril? and for whatever suspicion might adhere to his real opinion, a word from Cardinal Pole (who is honourably recorded as the advocate of mercy and moderation) would have been sufficient to screen a more obnoxious person from troublesome interrogatory. Pole was even intimate with Ascham, of which Roger does not omit to inform Sturmius:—"Reverendissimus Cardinalis Polus valde humanus est, et haud scio an quisquam Italus, eloquentiæ laude, cum eo comparari queat. Me utitur valde familiariter." "The most Reverend Cardinal is the very pink of courtesy, and for eloquence, I know not if Italy ever produced his equal. He is hand and glove with me." The friendship of Pole must have been very serviceable to Ascham after the death of his patron Gardiner, who expired

October 22, 1555. That the latter was a ruthless persecutor, was in a great degree the vice of his age: that he was an ambitious time-server, and wrote in defence of the supremacy claimed by Henry VIII. was his own peculiar fault, and goes a great way to deprive his cruelties of the allowance they might otherwise claim on the ground of a mistaken conscience. Those who delight in contemplating the agonies of an impenitent death-bed, may find a very satisfactory account of Gardiner's in the Book of Martyrs.

What might have been the consequence to England and to Ascham had Mary reigned much longer, is not very easy to conjecture, but she died too soon to accomplish her purpose, and five years too late for her own fame and happiness. Of death-beds there are very seldom well-authenticated accounts. Nothing in Fox's martyrology is so apocryphal as his tales of judgments upon the persecutors. We read, indeed, that Mary broke her heart for the loss of Calais, but it does not appear that she suspected any judgment in the matter. Cardinal Pole died a few hours after—a fortunate circumstance for himself and the country, for there was a rumour of designs among the Catholics to advance his claims to the throne, which were about as valid as Jane Grey's.

The accession of Elizabeth seemed to promise high preferment to her quondam preceptor; especially as the deprivation of so many ecclesiastics, who refused the oath of supremacy, made a great deal of room. And in truth he was not altogether neglected. He was continued in his office of Latin secretary, restored to his honorary dignity of Greek preceptor to the Queen, and, on the deprivation of George Palmer, LL.D., was installed in the prebendary of Wetwang, in the cathedral church of York, on the

11th March, 1599. He had the opportunity of frequent interviews with her Majesty, and had the favour to talk Greek and Latin, and play chess with her,—openings which a more artful and ambitious man might easily have improved. But the pride or modesty of Roger would not suffer him to ask any thing for himself or others. Indeed he used to boast of his backwardness in this particular, often averring in conversation, that during all the happy hours that he had enjoyed his Lady Sovereign's presence, he never opened his mouth to enrich himself or any that belonged to him; that to serve his mistress well was his best reward; that he had rather freely win her good opinion than be dressed out in her munificence. The Lord Treasurer, who was his friend and well-wisher, often admonished him to take less pains, and urge more requests. But Ascham was slow even to receive what was offered, and thoroughly content with his condition, which, though moderate, was never, as Anthony a Wood states broadly, and a hundred others have copied from him, miserably poor. He had always sufficient for the day, and was not one of those that lay up store for the morrow. He was extremely indignant when any one offered him presents to purchase his interest with the Queen, saying, that God had not given him the use of his tongue that it might be venal and subservient to his profit. Queen Elizabeth has been censured for scanty remuneration of her faithful servants; a fault seldom found with princes in these days, when Economy would fain starve Gratitude to death. Ascham has been cited as an instance of her parsimony. But it should be remembered that, in the beginning of her reign, neither she nor her kingdom were rich; and that her rigid economy did not always preserve her from financial embarrassments. Yet Grant assures

us, that she did bestow many unsolicited bounties on her tutor. *Nihilominus tamen Regia Majestas multis eum et magnis beneficiis e suâ munificâ voluntate locupletavit.* This is saying a great deal, for little is got at court without asking for it.

But we are told, by Wood, Lloyd, Camden, Fuller and others, that Roger was discreditably impoverished in his latter days, by his addiction to dice, and cock-fighting. Wood, who does not seem to have loved his memory, says, that although he had a considerable fortune with his wife, yet, notwithstanding "that and his place, he lived and died not according to his condition, being given to dicing and cock-fighting." And Lloyd, in his *State-Worthies*, asserts that "what he got by his ingenuity, he lost by his gaming, viz., at dice and cock-fighting." Fuller, who gives Ascham an honourable place amongst the Worthies of Yorkshire, says that in his youth, his recreation was the bow, but in his riper years, one less healthful and less innocent; to wit, cock-fighting. Bishop Nicholson, in his *English Historical Library*, questions the authority of these allegations, but had he looked into "the Schole-master" or Grant's oration, he would have found that they were correct, as far as regards our Author's partiality to the exhibitions of the feathered gladiators, for he himself announces his intention of publishing a treatise on the subject, as follows:—"But of all kinds of pastime fit for a gentleman, I will, *God-willing*, in fitter place, more at large declare fully in my book of the cock-pit, which I do write to satisfy some, I trust, with some reason, that be more curious in marking other men's doings than careful in mending their own faults, and some also will busy themselves in marvelling and adding thereunto unfriendly talk, why I, a man of good years and of no ill place, I thank God and my

friend, do make choice to spend too much time in writing of trifles, as the school of shooting, the cock-pit, &c." To the offence given by these pursuits, his eulogist pointedly alludes, in that funeral oration to which the Biographers of Ascham have been so largely indebted, "What should hinder Roger Ascham from having his honest diversions, from using his bow, or engaging in the *Alectryomachia*?" Hence it appears, but too clearly as many would say, that Roger was a cock-fighter. Had he been a contemporary of Hogarth, his features would have been preserved in that wonderful man's living representation of the cock-pit. It is also evident, that certain curious persons were scandalised at the propensity, not however, as tender-hearted persons unacquainted with ancient manners may suppose, on account of the inhumanity, or vulgarity of the amusement, but because it was not deemed compatible with the severity of the scholastic character. Few, if any, in the sixteenth century, condemned any sport because it involved the pain or destruction of animals, and none would call the pastime of monarchs *low*. At a more advanced æra, Isaac Walton—"surely not a man ungently made"—when, in describing the best method of stitching a frog's thigh to a pike-hook, he cautions you "*to use him as if you loved him*," never suspected that the time would come, when his instruction would expose him to a charge of cruelty, of which there was not a particle in his whole composition; or in Roger Ascham's either. Angling is, doubtless, much fitter recreation for a "contemplative man," besides being much cheaper for a poor man, than cock-fighting, but it is equally opposite to the Poet's rule which bids us

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

If the animal suffering be computed, the sod is an altar of mercy compared to the chace, for the excitement of the combat is an instinctive pleasure to the pugnacious fowls, who, could they give an opinion on the subject, would infallibly prefer dying in glorious battle to having their necks ignominiously wrung for the spit, or enduring the miseries of superannuation. We do not deny that our author showed in this particular a strange taste, but it is a taste we have ourselves known to exist in men of the kindest hearts, and most powerful minds. Are not the features of Lord Albemarle Bertie, in Hogarth's print above mentioned, indicative of benevolent simplicity? * Roger never lived to publish, or probably to compose, his apology for the cock-pit: but we know not whether it was in pursuance of his recommendation that a yearly cock-fight was till lately, a part of the annual routine of the northern free schools. The master's perquisites are still called cock-pennies.

We should by no means have wondered, if Ascham had dedicated his "cock-pit" to Queen Elizabeth; for that learned lady, at her famous visit to Kenilworth, was entertained with bear-baiting, and looked with much complacence on the "bloody cynarctomachy."

But in all this, what proof is there that Ascham was a Gamester? This seems to be a gratuitous assumption, suggested by the circumstance that he left his family ill provided for. But that is the case with scores of poor clergymen, who never rattled dice-box or polished spurs. His income was narrow

* This nobleman, who is also represented as attending a pugilistic engagement, in the march to Finchley, was entirely blind; a circumstance which easily explains his partiality to scenes of noisy excitement.

—his wife's large fortune is only attested by Wood—he was neither importunate to get, nor provident to save—his purse and house were always open to the distressed scholar, and whatever was his, was his friends' also. He delighted much in an epigram of Martial—

Extra fortunam est quicquid donatur amicis ;
Quas solas dederis, semper habebis opes.

The friendly boon from fate itself secures,
And what you give, shall be for ever yours.

This is not the way to grow rich. Roger Ascham was generous, and it may be imprudent ; but there is no just cause for supposing him viciously extravagant.

There is little more to relate of the last ten years of his life. Finding his health injured by night-studies, he for a time discontinued them, and became an early riser ; but towards the close of 1568 he sat up several nights successively in order to finish a poem addressed to the Queen on the new year. That new year he was never to see. Long subject to fever, and latterly to a lingering hectic, his over-exertion brought on a violent attack which his weakened constitution was unable to withstand. Sleep, which he had too long rejected, could not be persuaded to visit him again, though he was rocked in a cradle ; all opiates failed, and in less than a week, exhausted nature gave way to the slumber, from which there is no waking on this side of the grave. He took to his bed on the 28th of December, and expired on the 30th of the same month, 1568, aged fifty-three. He was attended to the last by Dr. Alexander Nowel, Dean of St. Paul's, who, on the ensuing fourth of January, preached his funeral sermon, in which he declares that he never knew man live more honestly nor die more christianly. As

he had many friends, and no enemies, his death was a common sorrow, and Queen Elizabeth is reported to have said, that she would rather have thrown ten thousand pounds into the sea, than have lost her Ascham. And well might she say so, for whom had he left behind that loved her so truly, served her so disinterestedly, or bore such fair testimony to her name?

Ascham left three sons, Giles, Dudley, and Sturmius, (the last so named after his Strasburg correspondent,) of whom the eldest could not be more than twelve years of age; with his last breath he recommended the care of their education to their mother. It was partly with a view to the instruction of his own children, that he commenced the "Schole-master," the work by which he is most and best known, to which he did not live to set the last hand. He communicated the design and import of the book in a letter to Sturmius, in which he states, that not being able to leave his sons a large fortune, he was resolved to provide them with a preceptor, not one to be hired for a great sum of money, but marked out at home with a homely pen. In the same letter he gives his reasons for employing the English language, the capabilities of which he clearly perceived and candidly acknowledged, a high virtue for a man of that age, who perhaps could have written Latin to his own satisfaction much more easily than his native tongue. But though the benefit of his own offspring might be his ultimate object, the immediate occasion of the work was a conversation at Cecil's, at which Sir Richard Sackville expressed great indignation at the severities practised at Eton and other great schools, so that boys actually ran away for fear of merciless flagellation. This led to the general subject of school discipline, and the defects in the

then established modes of tuition. Ascham coinciding with the sentiments of the company, and proceeding to explain his own views of improvement, Sackville requested him to commit his opinions to paper, and the "Schole-master" was the result. It was not published till 1670, when it appeared with a dedication by his widow to Sir William Cecil, the great Lord Burleigh, in which she pathetically declares her destitute condition, and prays his protection for her orphan family. The appeal was not made in vain, for Cecil's interest procured her son Giles, a Fellowship at John's College. He had been previously educated at Westminster. under Grant, his father's biographer, and he inherited, in a great degree, his father's skill in Latin epistolary composition.

Our limits will not allow us to extend our quotations from this work so far as we could wish, or fully to enter upon the merits of Ascham's plans for instructing youth in the languages, but we may quote a few passages, which throw light upon the author's good sense and good nature. To all violent coercion, and extreme punishment, he was decidedly opposed:—"I do agree," says he, "with all good schoolmasters in these points, to have children brought to good perfectness in learning, to all honesty in manners; to have all faults rightly amended, and every vice severely corrected, but for the order and way that leadeth rightly to these points, we somewhat differ."

"Love is better than fear, gentleness than beating, to bring up a child rightly in learning."

"I do assure you there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good wit, and encourage a will to learning; as is praise."

These are expressions which must have galled the worthy wielders of the rod extremely. The charge of over-harshness they could endure and glory in, but to

be accused of ignorance, stupidity, and a false appreciation of talents, must have been truly provoking. Speaking of their clumsiness in Latin composition, he says:—"The scholar is commonly beat for the making, when the master were more worthy to be beat for the mending, or rather marring, of the same; the master being as ignorant as the child what to say properly and fitly to the matter."

Are not masters, of a somewhat higher order, still sometimes apt to mistake precocious apprehensiveness for a firm promise, and natural tardiness for wilful sullenness, or unconquerable indocility? Let such consider well the voice of experience uttered by Roger Ascham:—

"This will I say, that even the wisest of your great beaters do as oft punish nature as they correct faults. Yea, many times the better nature is the sorer punished. For if one by quickness of wit take his lesson readily, another by hardness of wit taketh it not so speedily; the first is always commended, the other is commonly punished, when a wise school-master should rather discreetly consider the right disposition of both their natures, and not so much weigh what either of them is able to do, as what either of them is likely to do hereafter. For this I know, not only by reading of books in my study, but also by experience of life abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, the best men also, when they be old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young. Quick wits commonly be apt to take, unapt to keep. Some are more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far, even like unto over sharp tools, whose edges be very soon turned. Moreover commonly men very quick of wit, be also very light of condition; and thereby very ready of disposition to be carried

over quickly to any riot and unthriftiness when they be young, and therefore seldom either honest of life, or rich in living, when they be old. For quick in wit and light in manner, be either seldom troubled, or very soon weary, with carrying a very heavy purse. Quick wits be also, in most part of all their doings, overquick, hasty, rash, heady, and brainsick. * * * In youth they be ready scoffers, privy mockers, and ever over light and merry. In age, sore, testy, very waspish, and always over miserable, and yet few of them come to any great age, by reason of their mis-ordered life when they were young; but a great deal fewer of them come to show any great countenance, or bear any great authority abroad in the world, but either live obscurely, men know not how, or die obscurely, men mark not when. They be like trees, that show forth fair blossoms and broad leaves in spring time, but bring forth small and not long-lasting fruit in harvest time, and that only such as fall and rot before they be ripe, and so never or seldom come to any good at all." The life and death of a town wit could not be more succinctly described.

The following sentence is so beautifully expressed, and contains so just and religious a view of the divine economy at the conclusion, that we cannot forbear it, though it has been quoted often enough to be familiar, even to such as are no readers of black-letter:—

"The fault is in yourselves, ye noblemen's children, and therefore ye deserve the greater blame, that commonly the meaner men's children come to be the wisest counsellors and the greatest doers in the weighty affairs of this realm. And why? God will have it so of his providence, because ye will have it no otherwise by your negligence." If negligence of study be meant, the censure is no longer applicable. For the sons of the nobility labour as hard for

academical distinctions as the youth to whom learning is to be instead of house and land. All classes (to whom instruction is attainable at all) emulate each other in the race of intellect, and a book on any subject by a peasant, or a peer, is no longer so much as a nine-days wonder. But in the application of their attainments to the purposes of worldly advancement, the plebeian has still the start, possessing also this inestimable advantage, that he can submit to much more, and make himself much more serviceable, without the loss of personal dignity. Men, very highly descended, will sometimes do mean actions, but then they lose their self-esteem, and throw themselves away; but let a man once be convinced that nothing *useful* (to himself or others) can be mean, and he needs nothing else but honest industry to raise him to the top of the tree. Poor and proud must ‘perish in his pride.’ ”

One extract more, and we must unwillingly take leave of Roger. We have seen advertisements of quack schoolmasters (a race almost as numerous as the quacks in physic, and more mischievous by half), where, as a bonus to good guardians (for it can hardly be intended for parents), there is an “N.B. No vacations.” This is probably defended on the ground, that any interruption of studies is not only a loss of time, but unfits the mind for returning to its labours. Some people were of that opinion in the sixteenth century, but not so was Ascham, who strengthens his own by others’ sentiments:—“I heard a good husband at his book say, that to omit study some time of the year made as much for the increase of learning, as to let the land lie fallow for some time maketh for the better increase of corn. If the land be ploughed every year, the corn cometh thin up,—so those which never leave poring on their

books have oftentimes as thin invention as other poor men have." Hear this, ye little boys, and when Christmas comes sing a Christmas carol to the memory of Roger Ascham, who was one of the truest and wisest friends you ever had,—the pupil of Sir John Cheke, the tutor of Queen Elizabeth—of whom Sir Richard Sackville* said that he was the "scholar of the best master, and the master of the best scholar."

The method of learning Latin (of course equally adapted to any other language) advised by Ascham consists chiefly in *double translation*. He would have the master construe and explain a given portion

* Sir Richard Sackville, father to that famous Thomas Sackville who wrote the "Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates," perhaps the best poem produced between Chaucer and Spenser, was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and so famous for the wealth which he amassed, that he was anagrammatically called Fill-sack. The family came in with William the Conqueror. Sir Richard Sackville died in 1566, and his loss was severely felt by Ascham, whose "Schole-master," says Dr. Johnson, "though begun with alacrity, in hopes of a considerable reward, was slowly and sorrowfully finished, in the gloom of disappointment, under the pressure of distress." The office of patron was for some years hereditary in the house of Sackville. The praises bestowed upon Charles, Earl of Dorset, by grateful or hungry poets, would fill a large folio. Nor did they cease with his death. Prior's dedication to his son, is one of the most elegant panegyrics in the English language, and Pope's Epitaph, though very incorrect in expression, will make Dorset longer remembered than any of his own writings, though Dryden puts him on a level with Juvenal.

Blest Peer! his great forefather's every grace
Reflecting and reflected in his race;
While other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And poets still, or patrons, deck the line.

of an author to the pupil, till the words and arrangement were fixed in the memory ; then let the pupil be set apart, and, without prompter, write down the translation in English ; and after a sufficient interval, turn it back into Latin, on a separate piece of paper. Then let the master compare the second translation with the original, and explain such differences of diction and idiom as may occur, referring to the grammar for the proper rules ; thus teaching the grammar in the concrete rather than in the abstract. Whatever difficulties may attend the adoption of this system in public establishments, it is obviously most proper for private tuition and self-instruction.

The "Schole-master" is the best known of all Ascham's works. Of the *Toxophilus*, nothing more need be said, except that an admirable analysis of it, with copious extracts, may be found in the *Retropective Review*, vol. i., p. 76. Of his "Report and Discourse of the Affairs and State of Germany," published after his death, in 1570, we have already spoken. His Latin Epistles were collected and edited by his admirer, Dr. Grant, with a dedication to Queen Elizabeth, and that panegyrical oration to which we have so often referred. An immense deal of information might be gleaned from these letters, as to the literary and political state of Europe at a most interesting juncture. The mere names of Ascham's correspondents show how much intercourse subsisted between scholars in those days. Anthony Wood attributes to our author a treatise against the Mass, but this is doubtful.

Ascham was of a slender form and weak constitution, temperate in his general habits and particularly averse to a fish diet, which in those fasting ^{was} a considerable inconvenience. He was in

in the most private manner, in St. Sepulchre's. Buchanan wrote an epigram on his death, with which we shall conclude :—

Aschamum extinctum patriæ, Graiæque Camœnæ
Et Latiae verâ cum pietate dolent.
Principibus vixit carus, jucundus amicis,
Re modica, *in mores* dicere fama nequit.

The native Muses join with those of Greece
And mighty Rome, in pious grief for Ascham,
Whom Princes valued, and his friends beloved :
With little wealth he lived, and spotless fame.

Some of our readers may feel a little curiosity to know who was the *Mr. Elmer* of whom Lady Jane speaks so affectionately. He will not be found under that name in any Biographical Dictionary with which we are acquainted. Yet he was a man of some note : he suffered persecution, and obtained the character of a persecutor. As it may not be unprofitable to contrast with the quiet unambitious life of Roger Ascham the perturbed career of one of his earliest friends, who made what would be called a better use of his opportunities, we shall set down a few notices of Mr. Elmer, referring those who wish to know more, to “*Strype’s Life of Bishop Aylmer*,” “*Neal’s History of the Puritans*,” and the other works from which we derive our knowledge of the ecclesiastical history of his times ; warning them, however, against believing either party too confidently in any point where they could err without wilfully lying.

The name of this *little* great man is variously written Elmer, Aylmer, or, according to his own signature, *Ælmer*. He was of a good old family, as his Saxon name indicates, a younger brother of the Aylmers, of Aylmer-hall, Norfolk ; born 1521, studied both at Oxford and Cambridge, as was then usual, at the cost of Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and afterwards Duke of Suffolk. When he was well furnished

with University learning, the Marquis made him tutor to his daughters, of whom Jane was the eldest. Being a zealous Puritan, he instilled into his pupil the principles of the

reformed religion: for a time, he was the only preacher in Leicestershire. (Be it recollected, that not every curate, no, nor every rector, was then a preacher, or even a reader of lithographed MS. sermons; to supply which deficiency the Homilies were put forth.) By the interest of his patrons he was made, in 1553, Archdeacon of Stowe; but, Mary succeeding, he at once confirmed his reputation and lost his archdeaconry, by disputing against the real presence in the Convocation commenced on the 16th of October. He was one of six, who, in the midst of all the violences of that clerical assembly, challenged all comers to argue on all points of religion, and offered to maintain the Reformation against the world. But when the secular power interfered in the controversy, Ælmer withdrew beyond seas; the shortness of his stature providentially preserving his life. For the ship wherein he was embarked being suspected, and searched by the agents of persecution, he was concealed in a large wine-vessel, which had a partition in the middle; so that while the bloodhounds were lapping wine from the one side the cask, Ælmer lay snug in the other. This tale, which I relate on the authority of my special favourite, old Fuller, is needlessly questioned by some gnat-strainers, as if there were any miracle in the matter. Might not the wine-cask be contrived on purpose to serve at such a crisis? Persecution sharpens men's wits to cunninger devices than that. However, Ælmer (for it is a point of conscience with me to spell good men's names as they chose to spell themselves) did escape, and took up his abode, first at Strasburgh, and afterwards at Zurich, and there in peace followed his studies, occasionally travelling to other cities, so that he visited most of the Universities of Italy and Germany, and had an offer from the Elector of Saxony of the Hebrew Professorship at Jena. During his exile, he published (according to Strype) Lady Jane Grey's letter to Hardie a chaplain of her father's, who had apostatised; assisted in translating his "Book of Martyrs" into Latin; and with a version of Cranmer's vindication of the "Book of Sacrament" against Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. His chief work was one which well became the : he was a

Lady Jane Grey. John Knox had just sounded his furious "First Blast against the Monstrous Regiment," to which we have heretofore taken occasion to allude. Ælmer, moved, it may be, by recollection of that vernal flower of womanhood which himself had helped to rear, opposed the salique divinity of Knox, and maintained the rights of the sex, in a discourse entitled "An Harborowe for Faithful and Trewe Subjects, against the late blowne Blast concerning the Government of Women; wherein be confuted all suche reasons as a Straunger of late made in that Behalfe. With a briefe Exhortation to Obedience." Printed at Strasburgh, 1559; dedicated to the Earl of Bedford, and to Lord Robert Dudley, Master of the Horse, afterwards the famous Leicester. The book was well-timed, appearing in the first year of Queen Elizabeth, and prepared the way for its author's return. The fact is, that in 1556 the Reformers of Great Britain had everything to dread from women; Queen Mary reigning in England, and Mary of Guise, in her daughter's name, exercising sovereign authority in Scotland. But when Ælmer's reply appeared, in 1559, the tables were turned. A woman was the hope of the Protestant cause, as opposed to Papal supremacy, though to Reformation, in John Knox's view, she was the great and only obstacle. Ælmer's vindication of female sovereignty could not be unacceptable to Queen Elizabeth, nor his dedication to her favourite. Perhaps neither of them were displeased with a passage, which brought the author into a good deal of trouble when time and experience, and a mitre, had shown him reason to change his green opinion. "Come off, ye Bishops," saith the future prelate; "away with your superfluities, yield up your thousands, be content with hundreds, as they be in other reformed churches, where be as great learned men as you are. Let your portion be priest-like, not prince-like. Let the Queen have the rest of your temporalities, and born lands, to maintain these wars, which you procured then which your mistress left her embroiled in; and with the afterwaile and found schools throughout the realm; that the Unish church may have his preacher, every city his taught, to live honestly, and not pompously, which want, he

will never be, unless your lands be dispersed, and bestowed upon many, which now feed and fat but one. Remember, that Abimelech, when David in his banishment would have dined with him, kept such hospitality, that he had no bread in his house to give him but the shewbread. Where was all his superfluity, to keep up your pretended hospitality? For that is the cause that you allege why you must have thousands, as though you were commanded to keep hospitality with a thousand, rather than with a hundred." Surely Abimelech would have taken care to be better provided with bread for unexpected visitors, if he could have seen what a conclusion was to be drawn from the barrenness of his pantry. Never was a well-meaning Scripture more illegally subpoenaed to give evidence in an alien cause in all the annals of controversy; not even when Herodias and her daughter are brought to prove the unlawfulness of dancing. But there is no limit to the absurdities into which wise men may fall, when they begin to rummage the Bible for precedents, instead of abiding by the commandments of their Saviour, and the doctrines of the Spirit. Barring this outrageous inference, the passage was not ill-timed. The exhortation to give up the "rest of the temporalities" to the Queen, was no way disagreeable to Elizabeth, whose aim was to keep the clergy in subjection to herself; the reducing of the Bishops from thousands to hundreds, could not offend Bedford, who was rich in Abbey-lands, nor Dudley, who had a greedy eye upon the residue of the widow Church's jointure: no wonder that they favoured the Puritans. As for what is said about schools and preacherships, and the new-fangled term Superintendent, the literal translation of the word usually represented by its curtailed descendant Bishop, that might serve well enough to give a popular colour to aristocratic rapine. The republican tendencies of Puritanism were then very imperfectly understood by the majority of the Puritans themselves.

When Dr. Ælmer was, in after times, reproached with these expressions, he never attempted to explain them away, as his biographer Strype has done, as if only *Popish* Bishops were meant, but honestly confessed that "when he was a

child, he spake as a child," "cum essem parvulus, loquebar cum parvulis, sapiebam ut parvulus," perhaps he might have said, still more honestly, "Cum essem pauperculus, loquebar cum pauperculis." Every poor young author should remember the possibility of his sometime being rich, and the impossibility of recalling his words. As well might the quick repenting murderer whistle to the bullet that is sped, or bid it go another way, as the writer that has published a popular sentiment attempt to retract or change its meaning. He that has once opened a fountain of truth, can never seal it up again. "It flows, and as it flows for ever shall flow on." There is another passage, in *Ælmer's "Harborowe,"* which defines the three estates of the English constitution so plainly, that we cannot resist extracting it:—"The Regiment of England is not a mere monarchy, as some for lack of consideration think; nor a mere oligarchy, nor democracy; but a rule mixt of all these; wherein each of these have, or should have, like authority. The image whereof, and not the image, but the thing indeed, is to be seen in the Parliament house; wherein you shall find these three estates, the King or Queen, which representeth the monarchy, the noblemen, which be the aristocracy, and the burgesses and knights, which be the democracy.* The very same had Lacedæmonia, the noblest and best governed city that ever was," and here he goes on to describe the Spartan constitution, blunderingly enough; but *Ælmer*

* I almost wonder Hartley should have eulogised such an erroneous common-place, as this De Lolmian, Blackstonian Ante-dictum of *Ælmer's*. Alas! It is the awful calamity of our time (1832—3) that it is beginning to be true, but, as must by necessity be the case, not by the counterpoising but by the destruction of the two weaker powers. Our *pledged* House of Commons is truly and efficiently a democracy, and therefore a contradiction and annulment of aristocracy and monarchy, which change their nature, and become the vassals, the *κρατούμενοι*. The diamond is mastered by the oxygen, and becomes charcoal to supply it with fuel, till by the repeated action of the mastering gas, it is volatilised to become the stifle-damp of a Grotto del Cane.—S. T. C.

was never happy in finding precedents. But what follows is worthy notice :—" If the Parliament use their privileges, the King can ordain nothing without these. If he do, it is his fault in usurping it, and their folly in permitting it. Wherefore those that in King Henry's days would not grant him that proclamations should have the force of a statute, were good fathers of the country, and worthy commendation in defending their liberty." Such sentiments publicly avowed in a work professing the principles of civil obedience, and never formally recanted, did not prevent Ælmer from being made a Bishop. Yet Hume could say, that the first definition of the English constitution, according to our present ideas of it, was contained in a declaration issued under the name of Charles I. after his retreat to York in 1642; and that " this style, though the sense of it was implied in many institutions, no former King of England would have used, and no subject would have been permitted to use." We see that a subject did use it unpunished, and any King would have used it, if his interest had required him to show that the government of England was *not* a pure *democracy*; that the King was an essential member of it, as well as the Lords and Commons. But no former monarch had been set to prove this in his own behalf, and it was not very likely that Kings and Queens would volunteer to set limits to their own authority. Hume sophistically confounds the theory with the practice of the former days. The Tudors were practically despotic enough, and so were the Plantagenets whenever they had the power; but the arbitrary maxims of the prerogative lawyers and Court divines were new in the reign of Elizabeth. Be it recollected, that Ælmer's work was not an attack upon royal prerogative, but a defence of it.

Soon after the accession of Elizabeth, Ælmer returned to England, and was one of the eight divines appointed to dispute with as many Romanist Bishops, at Westminster. Of course his arguments were then as strong as in the Convocation of 1553 they had been weak. In 1562 he obtained the Archdeaconry of Lincoln, and after several intermediate preferments, was finally advanced to the see of London, in

1576, from which time to his death he was continually engaged in quarrels, which did him little honour, but leave an impression that he was not only an intolerant and overbearing, but a captious, avaricious, and litigious man. He sued his predecessor, Edwin Sandys, for arrears and dilapidations, and was afterwards prosecuted before the privy council, for injuring the property of his diocese by cutting down wood, which exposed him not only to a severe censure from Burleigh, and a prohibition from the crown, but to an infamous pun upon his name, some would-be-witty Puritan saying, that he was no longer Elmar, but Mar-elm. Men seldom pun so wildly as when they are in a passion: and Bishop Elmer was a severe prosecutor, not to say persecutor, both of the Catholic recusants and the Puritans, against whom his severities were either too great or too little for sound policy, and at all events inconsistent with Christian charity. His acts of discipline were rendered more obnoxious by his addiction to railing, and calling hard names. But there can be little satisfaction in dwelling on this part of his conduct, which was too much in the spirit of the times, and provoked such extreme opposition, that he was fairly worn out, and vainly requested to exchange his diocese of London for that of Ely. He died June 3rd, 1594, and was buried at St. Paul's. He wrote nothing of any consequence, but his "Harborowe," the rough treatment that work received from certain quarters disgusting him with the press; so that he declined to answer the Jesuit Campion's "Ten Reasons," though pressed to the task by the treasurer, Lord Burleigh. He composed, however, a short prayer, to be used in churches and private families, on occasion of the earthquake of 1580, and another, against the excessive rains of 1585. He was also a zealous and frequent preacher, and of so lively a strain, that whenever there was any bad news afloat, he was sure to be appointed to preach at Court, and never failed to revive the Queen's spirits. Anthony Wood gives a choice specimen of one of these cordial discourses, preached, it would seem, when some alarm had arisen from astrological predictions, and possibly rumours were afloat of Elizabeth's proposed marriage. "Here is much talk of malum ab aquilone, and

our prophets have prophesied that in exaltatione Lunae Leo jungetur Leaeanae, and the astronomer tells us of a watery Trigon. But as long as Virgo is in that ascendant with us we need not fear of anything. Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos?" If such was the usual style of his discourses, we may rather wonder at the effect produced, when, upon one occasion, seeing his audience half asleep, he began to read a long text in Hebrew, which presently set their drowsy eyes wide open, whereupon he turned their awakened attention to profit, by pointing out their absurdity in listening to Hebrew, of which they understood not a word, and neglecting English, which might make them wise unto salvation. The fanatics may claim the credit of banishing buffoonery from the Church, as Tom Paine banished infidelity from the polite circles, by carrying it into pot-houses.

Bishop Ælmer was doubtless a learned divine, though he has not thought fit to leave many proofs of his learning behind him. He was a great Hebraist, and a patron of Hebrew scholars, particularly of the celebrated Broughton, who first maintained the now approved exposition, that *Hell*, in the Apostles' Creed, means *Paradise*, a very comfortable doctrine for sinners.* The word ought to be altered. Hades, the original term, like the Hebrew Schoel, means simply the place, or rather state, of separate spirits; but Hell, in modern English, has no such latitude of signification, therefore, though Hades may signify Paradise, Hell cannot; and though the Creed is scriptural in Greek, it is unscriptural in the English translation. But Bishop Ælmer was not only learned, but brave; of mean stature, saith Anthony, but in his youth very valiant, which he forgot not in his old age. Of his valour in old age, Strype, his panegyric biographer, produces an instance which, for the credit of all parties concerned, we hope is fictitious:—Queen Elizabeth was once grievously tormented with the toothache, and, though it was absolutely necessary, was yet afraid to

* The clause was added in the sixteenth century, probably to meet some rising heresy, making Christ's death a state of suspended animation. Non vere mortuus est.—S. T. C.

have her tooth drawn : Bishop Ælmer being by, to encourage her Majesty, sat down in a chair (which no man could have done unbidden in Bessy's presence without a sound box on the ear), and calling the tooth-drawer, "Come," said he, "though I am an old man, and have few teeth to spare (he must have lost his *Dentes Sapientiæ*), draw me this ;" which was accordingly done, and then the Queen had hers drawn too. So goes the tale, which is a servile imitation of what is related about Nero's desiring somebody to set him an example of suicide. Another story is rather less improbable, but not quite so reputable, considering that St. Paul requires a Bishop to be "no striker,"—1 Tim. iii. 3. One of his daughters was married to a swaggering parson called Squire, who made a very bad husband, not only neglecting and abusing his wife, but, with a baseness of which none but a cassocked profligate would have been capable, justifying himself by casting aspersions on her character. The Bishop according to rumour, vindicated his daughter's honour effectually with a cudgel, or, as Martin Mar-Prelate styles it, "he went to buffets with his son-in-law for a bloody nose." We have no hesitation in rejecting this and similar anecdotes, which the enemies of Ælmer imposed upon the gaping admiration of his partisans. It is evident that he made himself extremely obnoxious to all dissidents, without gaining the general confidence of his brethren of the Church. He had a violent temper, the common infirmity of short stature, and did not always preserve that dignity of language which became his age and station. The particular instances may be false, but still they testify to the general habit. His playing at bowls on the sabbath gave great offence to the stricter religionists, so that they gave ready credence to Martin Mar-Prelate, when he asserted, that "the Bishop would cry rub, rub, rub, to his bowl, and when 'twas gone too far, 'the devil go with it,' and then," quoth Martin, "the Bishop would follow." That he *could* call names, the following passage, taken from a work in defence of the fair sex, will fully evince. "Women are of two sorts ; some of them are wiser, better learned, discreeter, and more constant, than a *number* of men. But another and a worse sort of them,

and the *most part*, are fond, foolish, wanton flibbergibs, tattlers, triflers, wavering, witless, without counsel, feeble, careless, rash, proud, dainty, nice, tale-bearers, eves-droppers, rumour-raisers, evil-tongued, worse minded, and in every respect doltified with the dregs of the devil's dunghill." After all, let Ælmer live in the single commendation of Jane Grey, for he has won a better memorial by teaching one little girl Greek, than by shepherding the souls of the first city in the world.

As Alexander Nowell was a Lancashire worthy, not of sufficient importance to furnish a distinct article, we may as well give the few heads of his life in connexion with that of Ascham, whose last hours he witnessed, and whose eulogy he pronounced from the pulpit.

Alexander Nowell was born at Read, in Lancashire, in 1511; was of Brasenose College, in Oxford, M.A. and Fellow, 1540. Kept a school in Westminster in the reign of Edward VI. Was returned for a Cornish borough in the first parliament of Mary, but declared "not duly elected," as being a Prebendary of Westminster, and therefore a member of the Lower House of Convocation. Whence it appears that holy orders did not of themselves disqualify him for sitting in the House of Commons.* When the persecution commenced he was marked out as a victim, but was saved by the contrivance of Mr. Francis Bowyer, afterwards Sheriff of London, A.D. 1577, and escaped beyond sea: to which service Fuller gratefully recurs in his dedication of the 2nd section of the 8th book of his "Church History" to Thomas, grandson of the aforesaid Francis Bowyer. Nowell was the first of the Protestant exiles that returned to hail the accession of Elizabeth, and was a prosperous man ever after. He took a rational view of the dispute between the High Church and the Puritans respecting vestments, affirm-

* Worth noting: a comment on the distinction between the National Church, "Enclesia," and the Church of Christ, "Ecclesia."—S. T. C. See "Church and State," p. 48.

ing them to be *lawful*, but not expedient. He died in 1602, aged 90, the founder of the Free School at Middleton, in Lancashire, and a benefactor to the College of Brasenose and the School of St. Paul's.

[The English works of Roger Ascham were first published, together with "Notes and Observations, and the Author's Life," by J. Bennet, in 4to, London, 1761. A new edition, with the life, by Dr. Johnson, was published in London, in 8vo, 1815. A comparison of the several biographies will show in how very different a way the same materials may be treated.

The "Familiar Epistles" were published in Latin, with the Funeral Oration of Grant, so often alluded to, in 8vo, London, 1590. Subjoined to these are several specimens of Ascham's talent as a Latin versifier. One of these pieces is addressed to a certain William Bill. The opening line sounds somewhat oddly to vernacular ears:—

"O Bille, belle, χαίρει, mi bellissime!"—*D. C.*

JOHN FISHER,
BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

THE character of this good prelate has been variously represented, his actions related with diversity of circumstance, and his death described by some as the reward of treason, by others as the testimony of martyrdom. Certainly he was a martyr to his own creed, no less by the voluntary mortifications of his whole life, than by the enforced sufferings of his latter end. Of himself, we shall speak the language of his friends rather than his revilers: his opinions we shall endeavour to explain, but shall neither condemn nor justify; simply presuming that of all errors the most venial is a disinterested adherence to the errors of antiquity, especially when worse novelties are proposed to be substituted.

John Fisher was born at Beverley, A.D. 1459. His father, a respectable merchant of that town, died before he or his brother orphan, Robert, could compute their loss; yet left them not unprovided, for Fuller says he was a wealthy man, and that John's estate had a paternal bottom. His mother, a worthy and pious woman, though she took a second husband, did not neglect the children of the first, but committed them to the charge of a priest of the collegiate church of Beverley as soon as they were deemed capable of initiation into grammar learning. John Fisher

showing a great aptitude for study, it was determined to train him for the Church's service. Accordingly, in 1484, when he was about twenty-five, he was entered of Michael-house, then a rich foundation,* afterwards dissolved along with King's Hall, the best landed in Cambridge, by Henry VIII., in 1546, and its revenues swallowed up in his new foundation of Trinity College. From the unusually late age at which he commenced his University education, it is probable that his studies were interrupted by some secular occupation, of which we have not read. He proceeded Bachelor of Arts in 1488, and Master in 1491; was elected Fellow, served the office of Proctor in 1495, and in the same year, on the promotion of William de Melton, heretofore his tutor, to the Chancellorship of the Cathedral of York, was chosen head of his house. Having now devoted himself to the study of theology, he took orders, and became a distinguished divine, famous in all *acts* and *disputations*. He appeared to great advantage in the public exercises, when in 1501 he proceeded D.D. Shortly after he was appointed Vice-Chancellor, and held the office two years successively. It is said that about this time he assisted the studies of the young Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII., whose proficiency in scholastic divinity was such, that some thought his father intended to make him a churchman, had not his elder brother died. Had this intention taken effect, what more likely than that he who proved the most formidable adversary of the Popedom might have been Pope himself?

But it is more certain that the fame of Dr. Fisher

* According to Fuller (History of the University of Cambridge, page 12, 1655), the yearly rents of Michael-house, at old and easy rates, amounted to 144*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.*, a very large sum in those days.

reached the ears of Margaret of Lancaster, the mother of Henry VII., and that by her solicitation he quitted Cambridge, to become her confessor, almoner, and spiritual director. This preference he probably owed not so much to his skill in the application of Aristotle's logic to the doctrines of the Church of Rome, or even to his mastery over those casuistical subtleties which were the professional knowledge of a confessor, as to his fervent and indefatigable devotion, his ascetic mortifications, his frequent fasts and continual abstinence, his whips and hair shirts, his zeal for good works, and his eminence in that sort of charity which was then accounted most acceptable to Heaven. He became a member of the Lady Margaret's family, wherein he directed all things with the regularity, if not the severity, of a monastic establishment, when monasteries were really the abodes of prayer, penance, and contemplation. Never forgetting the interest of his University, and of religious learning, he encouraged her to those magnificent foundations by which she continues to be remembered; not as she purposed, with prayers and masses, but in thanksgivings and college festivals. On the 8th of September, 1502, she instituted two perpetual lectures in divinity, one at Oxford and the other at Cambridge. Fisher was the first Margaret's Professor at Cambridge.

From 1502 to 1504 we have nothing to record of him, though, doubtless, he did much good in that interval; but in 1504 he was suddenly, and it is said unexpectedly called to the see of Rochester, upon the translation of Richard Fitz-James to the see of London. This promotion was naturally enough attributed to the Lady Margaret's influence with her son. It were well if bishops had always been made on such good recommendation; or rather, if the

appointment to all Church dignities were vested in persons of religious experience. But though Henry's dutiful observance of his mother was the best point in his character, she was always careful to conceal her power over him, whatever it might be, and never countenanced the Ultra-Lancastrians in their opinion, that he held the crown only by her sufferance; which was true as regarded any right to the crown he could claim by descent. She almost merged the parent in the subject, with a humility rather heroic than Christian; for it was too conscious and deliberate to be the spontaneous issue of a soul renewed. Nor would it have accorded with Henry's policy to allow any of his acts to be traced to a woman, even if that woman were his mother. When, therefore, it was surmised in his presence that Fisher had to thank the Countess of Richmond for his bishopric, he answered, "Indeed the modesty of the man, together with my mother's silence, spake in his behalf;" and denied that the lady had ever opened her mouth on the subject, which was probably true, for Henry was too great a politician to volunteer a gratuitous falsehood. He knew her wish, and with true filial courtesy, made that his request which he might have magnified into a boon. His letter consulting his mother on the propriety of Fisher's advancement is extant, and commences as follows:—"Madam, and I thought I should not offend you, which I will never do wilfully, I am well minded to promote Master Fisher, your confessor, to a bishopric; and I assure you, Madam, for no other cause, but for the great and singular virtue that I know and see in him, as well as in cunning and natural wisdom, and specially for his good and virtuous living and conversation. And by the promotion of such a man, I well know it should courage others to live virtuously, and to take

such ways as he doth, which should be a good example to many others hereafter. Howbeit, without your pleasure known, I will not move him nor tempt him herein."

There is a respectful delicacy in this letter which does honour to the writer: nor was this consultation a mere matter of etiquette, since the advancement of Fisher tended to deprive the lady of her chaplain and confessor. The style in which Margaret used to address her son is not so pleasing. An epistle of hers, apparently a strictly private communication respecting her own business, commences thus:—"My dearest and only desired joy in this world. With my most hearty loving blessings, and *humble* commendations, I pray our Lord to reward and thank your *Grace*, for that it hath pleased your *Highness* so kindly and lovingly to be content to write your letters of thanks to the French King for my great matter that hath been so long in suit, as Master Welby hath showed me your *bounteous goodness* is pleased." This letter is subscribed—"At Calais town, this day of St. Anne, that I did bring into this world my good and gracious Prince, King, and only beloved son, by your *humble servant, beads-woman*, and mother." Surely this preposterous reversal of the order of nature, wherein a mother abases herself before her own offspring, before the creature whom she herself had held "muling and puking" in her arms, is a satire upon monarchy.* But all have their infirmities. Margaret, with all her humiliations, and hair-cloths, and washing of

* Did Henry partake the Roman feeling of Coriolanus:—

"My mother bows

As if Olympus to a mole-hill should

In supplication nod.—*Act v. Scene 3.*

beggars' feet, was proud of having a king for her son, and delighted most to contemplate her son as a king.

Though Fisher was repeatedly offered wealthier dioceses, he always stuck fast to Rochester, then the poorest see in the kingdom, saying, "he would not forsake his poor little old wife, with whom he had lived so long." In order fully to enter into the spirit of this saying, it should be recollected, that those who advocate the celibacy of the clergy maintain, that St. Paul, when he says "*a bishop should be the husband of one wife*,"* meant that a bishop should have no wife but his church.

Soon after his ordination as bishop, Dr. Fisher was elected High Chancellor of Cambridge, an office which had previously been annual; but the University, either finding the inconvenience of such frequent elections, and desirous to bestow an extraordinary honour on the favoured of their great benefactrix, decreed that the Bishop of Rochester be their High Chancellor for life; and his successors have generally held the dignity on the same terms. The decree was not solemnly confirmed till 1514.

In 1505, the Lady Margaret founded Christ College, or rather restored and completed an imperfect foundation of Henry VI., known by the name of God's house, which the troubles of that monarch prevented him from finishing. Margaret, ("accounting herself as of the Lancaster line, heir to all King Henry's godly intentions"),† executed this design,

* 1st Timothy, iii. 2: "A Bishop then must be blameless, the *husband of one wife*." The Catholic interpretation of this text would be very admissible, if any other text required a Bishop to live single.

† Fuller. Hist. of Cambridge.

only altering the name from God's House to Christ College. King Henry the Seventh himself was present at the commencement of the work, and gratified the University by unwonted liberality. Fisher was appointed to superintend the building and ordering of the new college, and, that he might be the better accommodated with a lodging, he was chosen President of Queen's, on the death of Dr. Wilkinson; this headship he thankfully accepted, and kept it a little more than three years. It is said that the fame and friendship of Fisher determined Erasmus to prefer Queen's College for the place of his studies at Cambridge, which he first visited in 1504 or 5. That Erasmus highly esteemed our bishop is evident from many passages in his Epistles, in which he ascribes the great improvement in the studies in Cambridge, (particularly in Greek,) to Fisher's exertions. The improvement must have been as great and rapid as that which has lately taken place in Oxford within the same space of time, and which is still proceeding to higher degrees of perfection:—"Almost thirty years ago," says he, "nothing else was handled or read, in the schools of Cambridge, but Alexander,* the Little Logicals, (as they call them,) and those old Dictates of Aristotle, and Questions of Scotus. In process of time there was an accession of good learning, the knowledge of

* He means Alexander Hales, the father of school philosophy in England, and the master of Thomas Aquinas, and Bonaventure, "whose livery in some sort the rest of the school-men may be said to wear." He was, like most of the teachers and preachers of his time, a Franciscan, and the first of that order who took a Doctor's degree. He was called the irrefragable Doctor, and Doctor Doctorum; so great an honourer of the Virgin Mary, that he never denied those that sued in her name. Died 1245.

mathematics came in; so many authors came in, whose names were anciently unknown—To wit, it hath flourished so much, that it may contend with the prime schools of this age, and hath such men therein, to whom if such be compared that were in the age before, they will seem rather shadows of divines, than divines.” Epist. x. B. 2. To this reform he alludes again, with a special commendation of Dr. Fisher:—“John, Bishop of Rochester, (a true man, a true bishop, a true divine,) told me some three years since, that in Cambridge, (whereof he is perpetual Chancellor,) instead of sophistical querks, now sober, and sound disputations, are agitated amongst divines, whence men depart not only learned but better.”

In another place:—“England hath two famous Universities; Cambridge and Oxford; in both of these the Greek language is taught, but in Cambridge quietly, because John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, sits governor of the school, not only for his learning’s sake, but for his divine life. But when a certain young man at Oxford, not meanly learned, did happily enough profess the Greek tongue there, a barbarous Fellow, in a popular sermon, began to rail against the Greek tongue with great and heinous revilings.” Epist. ii. B. 6. Again:—“By the wisdom of Thomas, Cardinal of York, the school of Oxford shall be adorned not only with all kinds of tongues and learning, but also with such manners as become the best studies. For the University of Cambridge long ago doth flourish with all ornaments, John, Bishop of Rochester, being Chancellor thereof.”

Thus, though there was a great difference of temper, and, at that time, no little variety of opinion, between the grave ascetic Fisher, and the liberal, cosmopolite Erasmus, yet there was between them the common

tie of a love for the Greek language, wherein the one rejoiced in his proficiency, and the other wished to make up for his deficiency. At the time that Fisher received his education, Greek was in a manner unknown in England; or if understood by any, it was only by those who had completed their studies in foreign Universities. The first teachers of that language had to contend with strong prejudices, and the students were sometimes exposed to manual violence. Greek was an innovation, and liable to the same plausible and prudential objections which apply to innovations in general; for every accession of knowledge convicts antiquity of ignorance, and the security of establishments requires that antiquity be deemed infallibly wise. Whatever tempts a young man to say, "I am wiser than the aged," infringes upon discipline, and reverses order. Old men are naturally averse to new studies, and cannot be expected to yield a ready approbation to novelties, which reduce them to the alternative of yielding their pre-eminence, or struggling for it with their juniors. It was, therefore, a great generosity in Fisher that he encouraged the new learning by his fostering influence; and a wonderful proof of candour, industry, and good sense, that he, an elderly man, and a bishop, already engaged in many labours, at an age when most men think themselves entitled to rest, set himself to acquire a very difficult kind of knowledge, and persevered till he had acquired it. Knight, in his *Life of Dean Colet*, gives a pleasing account of the bishop's Greek studies, which we shall give verbatim:—"Dr. John Fisher, reputed the best preacher, and the deepest divine in these times, Head of Queen's College, in Cambridge, Chancellor of the University, Chaplain at Court, and Bishop of Rochester, was very sensible of this

imperfection, [the want of Greek,] which made him desirous to learn Greek in his declining years, and for that purpose he wrote to Erasmus to persuade William Latimer, an Englishman, (who from his travels had brought home that language in perfection,) to be his instructor in it. Erasmus accordingly wrote to Latimer, and importuned him to it. But he declined undertaking to teach the bishop at those years, alleging the long time it would take to make any proficiency, from the example of the greatest masters of it then in England, Grocyn, Linacre, Tonstal, Pace, and More, and, to excuse himself, advised that the bishop should send for a master out of Italy." Bishop Fisher's want of Greek made him the greater patron and promoter of it in Cambridge; and his being Chancellor of that University made it more eminent than Oxford in that respect. "Knowing, therefore the abilities of Erasmus* this way, he

* "About this time (1504) Erasmus came first to Cambridge, (coming and going for seven years together,) having his abode in Queen's College, where a study, on the top of the south-west tower, in the old court, still retaineth his name. Here his labour in mounting so many stairs, (done perchance on purpose to exercise his body and prevent corpulency,) was reconciled with a pleasant prospect round about him. He often complained of the college ale—*Cerevisia hujus Collegii mihi nullo modo placet.* (*Epist. xvi., lib. 8.*) as raw, small, and windy; whereby it appears,—1st. Ale in that age was the constant beverage of all colleges, before the innovation of beer, the child of hops, was brought into England: 2nd. Queen's College Cerevisia was not vis Cereris, but Ceres vitata. In my time, when I was a member of that house, scholars continued Erasmus's complaint, whilst the brewers, (having, it seems, prescription on their side for long time,) little amended it. The best was that Erasmus had his lagena or flagon of wine, (recruited weekly from his friends at London,) which he drank sometimes singly by

invited him thither, and supported him in professing Greek, which he himself had at last made himself master of."

itself, and sometimes encouraged his faint ale with the mixture thereof.

"He was public Greek Professor, and first read the grammar of Chrysoloras to a thin auditory, whose number increased when he began the grammar of Theodorus. Then took he, by grace freely granted unto him, the degree of Doctor in divinity, such his commendable modesty, though over deserving a Doctorship, to desire no more as yet, because the main of his studies were most resident on humanity. Here he wrote a small tract, *de Conscribendis Epistolis*, (*on epistolary composition*), set forth by Sibert, printer to the University. Some years after, he took upon him the Divinity Professor's place, (understand the Lady Margaret's,) invited thereunto, not by the salary, so small in itself, but with desire and hope to do good in the employment.

"If any find him complaining, *Hic, O Academiam, nullus, &c.* *Here's an University indeed, wherein none can be found who will at any rate be hired to write but indifferently*, know this might tend much to his trouble, but sounds nothing to the disgrace of Cambridge. Indeed, in Dutch academies, many poor people make a mean livelihood by writing for others, though but liberal mechanics in their employment. No such mercenary hands in Cambridge, where every one wrote for himself, and if at any time for others, he did it gratis, as a courtesy for good will, no service for reward. But too tart and severe is Erasmus his censure of Cambridge townsmen. *Vulgus Cantabrigiense inhospitales Britannos antecedit qui cum summa rusticitate summam malitiam conjunxere.* The Cambridge mob outdo the general inhospitality of Britons, uniting the greatest spitefulness with the greatest clownishness." — Fuller's History of Cambridge page 88.

Had Erasmus visited the English Universities in 'ould not instead of the 15th century, he would have for

The foundation of Christ's College was completed in 1506, and the Bishop of Rochester was appointed

persons who could be hired not only to write but to compose indifferently, and who make a very comfortable livelihood thereby. But it is probable that, in Erasmus his time, *impositions* had not yet been substituted for corporal punishment by the conservators of academical discipline, and to be flogged by proxy was the exclusive privilege of royal blood. The office of whipping-boy still continued in the pupilage of Charles I., for Burnet mentions the person who held it. It was much coveted for the children of the poorer gentry, as the first step in the ladder of preferment. It is a wonder that it is not continued as a *sinecure*. Barnaby Fitzpatrick was whipping-boy, or, as Fuller, with more than his usual delicacy, expresses it, *proxy for correction*, to King Edward VI., which, considering the good disposition and towardliness of that Prince, must have been a very easy office. He was afterwards employed as an emissary in France.

It is to be hoped that Erasmus has been wrongfully accused of spoiling his lagena by adulterating it with the *Ceres vitata* of Queen's college. If he was guilty of such an enormity, the kindness of his London friends was thrown away upon him.

Our readers will doubtless remember the distich (read with considerable variations) :—

Hops and Turkeys, Carp and Beer,
Came into England, all in a year.

The precise year has not been mentioned, but it must have been after 1504, and during the reign of Henry VIII., which was a great epoch in the annals of schism and gastronomy.

Queen's College ale no longer deserves the imputation cast upon it by the philologer of Rotterdam; but we are sorry to say that the commonalty of the University towns are not much mended in their manners. The hostility of long and Gown still continues. Much of the rudeness, not had his'tality, of the natives in and around these fountains friends at Knowledge, is to be ascribed to the vulgar con-

Visitor for life by the statutes, in case of the demise of the foundress. No sooner was this great work finished than the Lady Margaret projected another still more magnificent, and obtained the King's

tempt with which they are treated by a certain part of the students. If it be essential to gentility to speak contemptuously of the *vulgus*, it were surely more decorous to call names in Greek or Latin, (and the vituperative *copia verborum* of those learned languages is peculiarly ample,) than in such bald English as *Clods, Snobs, &c.*

But what right had Erasmus to affix the character of inhospitality to the English in general, cherished and honoured as he was, by the highest in the English nation, and made a Professor in an English University? Yet the charge has been repeated from generation to generation. Perhaps it is true, that foreigners are subject to more insults, *out of doors*, in England than elsewhere, but where do they find so much kindness within doors? Where is there so sure a refuge for the distressed of all nations? Hither come the proscribed of every sect in religion, and every grade of no religion, and every party in politics; the monarch flies hither from the storm of revolution, and hides his "grey discrowned head" in a palace, and the priest, when his function has become a by-word in his own land, finds here a welcome and a congregation.

"For sure, the blest, immortal Powers
Have fixed a pillar in the desert sea,
A steadfast column of security,
Even this isle, this sea-fenced land of ours :
Appointed by divine behest,
A sea-mark for the wandering guest,
A safety for the poor opprest,
Here is a home for all that need,
For every speech, and every creed.
So it was, long time ago,
May time for ever find it so."

Imitated and amplified from Pindar's 8th Olympic, verse 33 to 38, Heyne's edition.

The original application is to Ægina, but why should not Ægina be considered as a type of England?

license for founding St. John's College; but before it could pass through all the necessary forms, King Henry VII. died, at his favourite palace of Sheen, which he had named after his own youthful title, Richmond, April 22, 1509; and his venerable mother followed him on the 29th of the ensuing June, leaving it to her executors, of whom our bishop was one, to continue and confirm her charities, and to execute her design of John's College, which was greater than any hitherto undertaken in either University; and now is only exceeded by her grandson's *opus magnum*, Trinity College. But the original foundation was much narrower than the present. Her funeral sermon was preached by her long-tried friend and spiritual physician. The view he gives of her character is a favourable specimen of the style of that age, and the only extract we can give from the bishop's writings. It is as follows:—"She was bounteous and liberal to every person of her knowledge or acquaintance. Avarice and covetyse* she

* Here the bishop has been supposed to glance at the memory of Henry VII., whose "avarice and covetyse" were long a topic of reproach, though of late they have found palliators, if not vindicators. The reflection was likely to be popular, and as Henry VII. was dead, and his successor of so different a turn, it might be made safely. One instance of his parsimony must have been very grievous to his good mother, who would gladly have had the calendar graced with a royal saint of the line of Lancaster. There were serious thoughts of procuring the canonisation of Henry VI., who in no condition of saintship fell much short of Edward the Confessor, and, in the article of sufferings, very far exceeded him. Application was made to Pope Alexander VI., but it is commonly asserted that the fees demanded were so enormous, that his economical successor could not be prevailed on to disburse them; and so St. Henry of Lancaster

most hated, and sorrowed it full much in all persons, but specially in any that belonged unto her. She

was defrauded of his apotheosis. But we must abridge old Fuller's characteristic account of this matter, which doubtless vexed Bishop Fisher and all true English Bishops deeply for their country's honour :—

“The King had more than a month's mind (keeping seven years in that humour) to procure the Pope to canonise King Henry the Sixth for a saint. For English Saint-Kings, so frequent before the Conquest, were grown great dainties since that time. His canonising would add much lustre to the line of Lancaster, which made his kinsman and immediate successor, King Henry the Seventh, so desirous thereof. Besides, well might he be a saint who had been a prophet. For when the wars of Lancaster and York first began, Henry the Sixth, *beholding this Henry the Seventh, then a boy, playing in the court, said to the standers-by, ‘See, this youth one day will quietly enjoy what we at this time so much fight about.’* This made the King, with so much importunity, to tender this his request to the Pope ; a request the more reasonable, because it was well nigh forty years since the death of that Henry, so that *only the skeletons of his virtues remained in men's memories*, the flesh and corruption of his faults being quite forgotten. Pope Alexander, instead of granting his request, acquainted him with the requisites belonging to the making of a saint. First, that to confer that honour was only in the power of the Pope. Secondly, that saints were not to be multiplied but on just motions, lest commonness should cause their contempt. Thirdly, that his life must be exemplarily holy, by the testimony of credible witnesses. Fourthly, that such must attest the truth of real miracles wrought by him after death. Fifthly, that very great was the cost thereof, because all the chaunters, choristers, bell-ringers, (not the least clapper in the steeple wagging, unless deeply were tied to the end of the rope), with all the officers it was Church of St. Peter, together with the commissary, the notaries of the Court, with all the officers of the chamber, down to the very locksmiths, ought to be “The

was of singular easiness to be spoken unto, and full certain answer she would make to all that came unto

several fees of such canonisation. Adding, that the sum total would amount to fifteen hundred ducats of gold.

Tantæ molis erat Romanum condere *Sanctum*.

“Most of these requisites met in King Henry the Sixth in a competent measure. First, the holiness of his life was confessed by all. As for miracles, there was no want of them, if *credible* persons might be believed. Thomas Fuller, a very *honest* man, living at Hammersmith, had a hard hap accidentally to light into the company of one who had stolen cattle, with whom, though wholly innocent, he was taken, arraigned, condemned, and executed. When on the gallows, blessed King Henry (loving justice when alive, and willing to preserve innocence after death) appeared unto him, so ordering the matter that the halter did not strangle him. For, having hung a whole hour, and taken down to be buried, he was found alive; for which favour he repaired to the tomb of King Henry, at Chertsey (as he was bound to do no less), and there presented his humble and hearty thanks to him for his deliverance. The very same accident, *mutatis mutandis* of place and persons (with some addition about the apparition of the Virgin Mary), happened to Richard Boyes, dwelling within a mile of Bath, the story so like, all may believe them equally true.

“Men variously conjecture why the Pope should in effect deny to canonise King Henry VI.: a witty but tart reason is rendered by a noble pen—because the Pope would put a difference between a *saint* and an *innocent* (Lord Bacon’s Hist. of Henry VII.): more probable it is what another saith—that, seeing King Henry held the crown by a false title, the Pope could not with so good credit fasten a saintship upon his memory. But our great antiquary (Camden) retheth all in the Pope’s covetousness, demanding more than exceed King Henry VII. would allow; who at last contented but it is (by the Pope’s leave hardly obtained) to remove the enormous, in Chertsey, in Surrey, where it was obscurely veiled on to Windsor Chapel, a place of greater reputation.

her. Of marvellous gentleness she was unto all folks, but specially unto her own, whom she trusted, and loved right tenderly. Unkind she would not be unto no creature, nor forgetful of any kindness or service done to her before, which is no little part of very nobleness. She was not vengeable nor cruel, but ready enough to forget and to forgive injuries done unto her, at the least desire or motion made unto her for the same. Merciful also and piteous she was unto such as were grieved, and wrongfully troubled, and to them that were in poverty and sickness, or any other misery. She was of a singular wisdom, far passing the common rate of women. She was good in remembrance, and of holding memory; a ready wit she had also to conceive all things, albeit they were right dark. Right studious she was in books, which she had in great number, both in English, and in Latin, and in French; and for her exercise, and for the profit of others, she did translate divers matters of devotion out of the French into English.* In

Thus is he, whom authors have observed, twice crowned, twice deposed, twice buried.”—*Church History*, Book iv., 153.

The miracle attributed to King Henry is by no means uncommon in legendary history. Mr. Southey has founded two tales on this sort of suspended animation, “The Pilgrim of Compostella,” and “Roprecht the Robber.” There is no occasion to impute wilful falsehood to all these narrations. The hangman might in some cases do his work so discreetly as to be accessory to the miracle. But resuscitation after hanging has often taken place; and in an age that ascribed every unusual phenomenon to the immediate interference of Divine agency, it would certainly be taken as a miraculous attestation of innocence by all; and by none more deeply than by an innocent sufferer. This was natural: it was good. But the Church always took care to appropriate the miracles to herself.

* Among the Lady Margaret’s translations were “The

favour, in words, in gesture, in every demeanor of herself, so great nobleness did appear, that what she spake, or did, it marvellously became her. She had in a manner all that was prizeable in a woman, either in soul or body."

These are praises as suitable to our times as to those in which they were spoken. But it is with virtues as it is with books; the true and excellent are never long without just commendation, though the false, and hollow, and affected, are often still more noisily celebrated for a season. There were other parts of the bishop's discourse that have a stronger savour of antiquity. He parallels the Countess with Martha in four respects.—1st, Nobility of person!! 2nd, Discipline of her body. 3rd, In ordering her soul to God. 4th, In hospitality and charity.—Now, unless there be, as in all probability there is, a traditional history of Martha, containing

Mirrore of Goulde for ye Sinfulle Soule," from the "Speculum Aureum Peccatorum." "The Fourth Book of Thomas a Kempis, Of the Imitation and Followynge of our most merciful Saviour, CHRIST." Printed at the end of Dr. William Atkinson's translation of the other three books, in 1510. Both these she translated through the medium of French versions. She often lamented that she had not made herself mistress of Latin in her youth, though she was not so ignorant of that language but that she could use it in the service of charity. When she was at Cambridge, superintending her new foundation of Christ's College, a student, detected in some irregularity, was driven past her window to the academic whipping-post, on which she cried out, *Lente, Lente*, as a Scotch lady would have rendered it, "*Canny—canny, noo.*"

The Lady Margaret, at the desire, and by the authority of her son, drew up the orders for great estates of ladies and noblewomen, for their precedence, &c., particularly at *funerals*.

many particulars not recorded by the Evangelists, it would puzzle a herald to prove her *nobility*, except it consisted in her descent from Abraham, which made her akin to all the kings of Israel and Judah. Neither does it appear in Scripture that she disciplined her body in the sense here meant. As for the third and fourth conformities, it is to be remarked, that in the only passage of the Gospel wherein much is said about Martha, she is rather reprov'd for *not* turning her soul to God, and for being too intent upon her hospitality. But it had long been a common-place to represent Martha and Mary as the types or symbols of the active and the contemplative duties, and every good woman was compared to one or the other.

As all funeral panegyrics are in some degree biographical, Fisher recounted the leading circumstances of Margaret's life, not forgetting to magnify her high parentage, (which nevertheless laboured under the imputation of an illegitimate origin,) and told his audience that she was related, by birth or marriage, to thirty kings and queens (it should be recollected that she had three husbands, the first of whom was grandson to a King of France). She was born in 1441, at Bletsho, in Bedfordshire, where long after remained some of her needle-work, (the eldest of all graphic arts, and most primitive of lady accomplishments,) which James the First always asked to see when he came into that neighbourhood. She was the sole child and heiress of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset (grandson of John of Gaunt and Catherine Swinford), by Margaret Beauchamp. While yet very young, she was sought by two distinguished suitors; the favourite Suffolk solicited her for his son, and the King, Henry VI. recommended his own half-brother, the Earl of Richmond, son of Catherine of

France, the Queen Dowager, and Owen Tudor, who traced his pedigree through Arthur and Uther Pendragon up to the Trojan Brutus; nor was this derivation from the first possessors of Britain without its use in conciliating the people to the line of Tudor. It fulfilled several prophecies of Merlin, whom all that portion of the community whose books were ballads, and whose historiographers were the wandering minstrels, held for a great and veracious seer. It is related, and affirmed by the Bishop of Rochester, in his sermon aforesaid, that the young maiden Margaret, being sorely perplexed between her two lovers, referred to an old lady, her usual confidante, who advised her to apply for direction to St. Nicholas, the tutelar saint of youth; and Margaret earnestly besought the saint in prayer to guide her choice according to the best purposes of Heaven; so it came to pass, one morning, she knew not whether she was sleeping or waking, a venerable man in the habit of a bishop, (whom she conceived to be St. Nicholas himself,) tendered her Edmund Tudor as her husband. She related this vision to her parents; the supernatural warning was accepted, and she was married accordingly. Such is the story, and there is nothing in it incredible. Bishop Fisher believed it, or he would not have related it in the awful presence of death: no doubt he received it from Margaret herself: and would she have imposed a fiction on the man before whom she was wont to lay bare her soul in the dreadful secrecy of the confessional? Her funeral took place before it was become necessary "to prop a falling Church with *venial* falsehood," and though the supposed miraculous interposition might be of use in sanctifying the Tudor dynasty, it was not at all indispensable to Henry VIII., who had an undisputed title from the House of York: and besides, Fisher

lived and died to show that he was not a man to belie his conscience for any king. But what we mainly rest upon is the probability of the story in itself. Margaret, though she was allowed no choice, might still have a preference between her suitors. Even the romantic pedigree of the Earl of Richmond, certainly royal on one side, (a descendant of St. Louis,) and connected on the other with so much of the poetry, then rife in baronial halls, might deeply affect her virgin imagination. Her sight was familiar with the images of the saints, her memory with their legends. She was used from infancy to make all her desires known in prayer, which *might* reach Heaven, though it went a round-about road. She would naturally dream of what her thoughts and feelings were engaged in, and what form would her dreams more naturally assume, than that of the most revered and striking objects to which her waking life had been accustomed? Even in this day, young ladies sometimes dream of their lovers, it may be in connexion with a ball or a review, or anything else that they have associated with them. Now all Margaret's thoughts were associated with saints and visions, and religious pageantry.*

Some may think this apparition an *innocent stragem*, concerted by Margaret with her aged friend, to obtain the *man of her heart*. A lady of so much piety, and so much benevolence, could not have lived all her life without falling in love. But we think she dared not have trifled with St. Nicholas. How-

* Should any be disposed to give another explanation, and hold that the prayer of pure lips was actually answered, I should neither ridicule nor contradict them. That the circumstances of the vision were accommodated to the habits of the beholder's imagination, is in strict analogy with undoubted revelation.

ever it was, Margaret was married to Edmund of Hadnam; but short was his term of wedded bliss, for he died in the second year of his nuptials, leaving his only son, the future monarch of England, a fifteen months' infant. Though the Countess of Richmond had two subsequent husbands, she never had another child, and devoted to the offspring of the husband of her virginity as much of her affections as she thought heaven could spare. Her second marriage was with Sir Henry Stafford, second son of that Duke of Buckingham, who has been dishonourably immortalised by Shakspeare, as the unconscientious ally of Duke Richard, and the selfish rebel against the King Richard of his own making. Sir Henry died in 1482, soon enough to escape participation in his father's double treasons. His widow married, before her weeds had lost the freshness of their sable tint, Thomas Lord Stanley; it is said, under an implied condition, that the marriage was never to be consummated. Her husband, and alas, she also, played a very treacherous part to Richard III., which the fullest belief in his recorded atrocities cannot justify. Margaret held the train of Richard's Queen, at his coronation, and continually supplicated him to restore her son to his patrimony, and to allow him to marry one of the daughters of Edward IV., while she was intriguing with her father-in-law, Buckingham, and the Queen Dowager, to supplant Richard and set her son on the throne. Her principal agent in these negotiations was Morton, Bishop of Ely. It is needless to say that this conspiracy failed, and its prime mover was very deservedly decapitated; for whoever was the rightful king, he was a most egregious traitor. "So much for Buckingham." The Lady Margaret Stanley, whose machinations were well known, was treated by the *tyrant* Richard far more gently than her son

treated the widow of Edward IV. She was only committed to the custody of her husband, whose defection at the battle of Bosworth brought about the destruction of the last, it may be the worst, of the Plantagenets. Stanley was made Earl of Derby, for what the event of a battle might have made the blackest treason. Thomas Lord Stanley, first Earl of Derby of the Stanleys, died in 1504, leaving no issue by the Lady Margaret, who then, at the mature age of sixty-four, after the death of her third husband, took a vow of celibacy, which still remains among the archives of St. John's College. In some portraits she is represented in the habit of a nun, but it does not appear that she ever entered formally into any religious order.

Her charities were great and meritorious. If in some instances they were not what the present age would call *judicious*, still they were such as her age approved: and, in as much as she was an encourager of learning, it is evident that she looked to an age beyond her own. So large were her beneficences, that, as Stow says, "they cannot be expressed in a small volume." She daily dispensed suitable relief to the poor and the distressed. She kept twelve poor persons constantly in her house, and having acquired that knowledge of practical surgery, which was then a regular part of the education of the high-born female, she frequently dressed the wounds of the indigent diseased with her own hands. She was born either too late or too soon; had she lived in an earlier age, she would have found more to sympathise with that zeal which impelled her to declare, "that if the princes of Christendom would lay aside their mutual quarrels, and combine in a crusade against the Turk, she would most willingly attend them, and be the laundress in their camp." Had she been born

later, her excellent heart would have been regulated by a better instructed head, and she would have built the fabric of her religion and morality exclusively on "the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets." If she had lived in our days, perhaps she would not have committed the error recorded in Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*, in making the son of her third husband a bishop, without being well certified that he was divinely called to the office. But here is the tale, judge of it as you please. "At this time (1496), Erasmus refused a large pension, and larger promises, from a young illiterate Englishman, who was to be made a bishop, and who wanted him for a preceptor. He would not, as he says, be so hindered from prosecuting his studies for all the wealth in the world. This youth, as Knight informs us, seems to have been James Stanley, son to the Earl of Derby, and son-in-law to Margaret, the King's mother, and afterwards made Bishop of Ely by her interest. *This (says Knight) surely was the worst thing she ever did*, and indeed, if it be the *Catholic*, it is not the *Apostolic*, mode of bestowing, and of obtaining, bishoprics. However, it appears that the young gentleman, if ignorant, had a desire to learn something, and to qualify himself in some measure for the station in which he was to be placed." If Margaret never did anything worse than this, she was a happy woman indeed. Bishoprics never can be obtained, or bestowed, in the *Apostolic* method, till it shall please the Almighty to gift the rulers of the Church with the miraculous discernment of the Apostles. As long as ever the Church is in any degree connected with the property of the country, the superior offices in it must, and will be bestowed, on political considerations; and what proof is there that young Stanley was less fit for a bishop than any other

person, whose name might have been drawn in the lottery? As an earl's son, he had at least a good chance of being a gentleman, which for a man who exercises a somewhat invidious superiority over gentlemen and scholars, often his seniors, and it may be, in some respects, his betters, is no small recommendation. As long as patronage is permitted, it is natural and right that the patrons should patronise those whom they know best, and love best. No established Church can bear any resemblance to the primitive Church, which grew up in opposition to all establishments; and prevailed over all the banded powers of earth and hell by "an invincible patience." But considering the Church in its political relations, as a means of civilisation, and an organ of the State, useful to sanctify civil obedience, it is specially desirable, in every country where an aristocracy exists, that a large, perhaps a major portion of the heads of the Church, should be selected from the aristocracy. Even in a land of slaves, it will always be found that the higher the rank of the slave-master, the better the condition of the slave. God save me, said a poor Christian negro, from having Blackee for Massa. God save me, might the poor vicar say, from a bishop that has *tutored*, and *written*, and *preached* himself to a mitre. No doubt, it would be a very good thing, if the Church were so constituted that the best and most experienced ministers could always be intrusted with the highest authority. But while the Church is a member of the State, we must be thankful that its emoluments are so well distributed as they are, and that there are always so many liberal *gentlemen* on the bench as to prevent the English clergy from degenerating into mere priests.

A single fact will at once justify and explain our meaning. Cardinal Pole was the descendant of

kings ; a man devotedly attached to that Church, of which, had he lived longer, he probably might have been the chief ; yet he was an enemy to persecution. Gardiner and Bonner were both natural children of men not high enough to dignify their bastardy ; they derived their *respectability* solely from their rank in the Church, and they were the cruellest of persecutors.

No panegyric can be more concise, pregnant, or proper, than Fuller's upon the Lady Margaret, which is almost equally applicable to Bishop Fisher, that she was "*the exactest pattern of the best devotion that those times afforded, taxed with no personal faults, but the errors of the age she lived in.*" She was buried nearly a month after her departure, in the south isle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, with all the pomp then usual, and had a sumptuous monument, with a gilt brass effigy, and an epitaph, for writing which Erasmus received twenty shillings of the University of Cambridge, a very scanty remuneration, even when all allowances are made for the high value of money. It is as follows :—

"Margaretæ Richmondiæ, septimi Henrici Matri, Octavi Aviae, quæ stipendia constituit tribus hoc coenobio Monachis, et Doctori Grammatices apud Winborn, perque Angliam totam divini verbi præconi ; duobus item interpretibus literarum sacrarum, alteri Oxoniis Alteri Cantabrigiæ, ubi et collegia duo, Christo et Johanni discipulo ejus, struxit. Moritur An. Dom. 1509, tertio Kal. Jul."

"Sacred to the memory of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. and grandmother of Henry VIII., who founded salaries for three Monks in this convent, for a grammar school at Winburne, and a preacher of God's Word throughout England ; as also for two divinity lecturers, the one

at Oxford, and the other at Cambridge, in which last place she likewise built two colleges in honour of Christ and of his disciple St. John. She died in the year of our Lord 1509, June 29."

Thus far the life of Fisher had been a life of peace, piety, and usefulness: from the decease of his good mistress his troubles may be said to have begun. As one of the eight executors of the Lady Margaret's will, he undertook the weighty task of perfecting the foundation of John's College, in which he met with unexpected opposition:—"A generation of prowling, propping, projecting *promoters* (such vermin-like Pharaoh's frogs will sometimes creep even into kings' chambers), questioning the title of the land of the college, took from it at once four hundred pounds of yearly revenue."* This took place in the very commencement of the reign of Henry VIII., and was never redressed. But notwithstanding this unpropitious circumstance, the college was rapidly finished, and immediately crowded. That man must indeed have been highly favoured, who was allowed a study to himself; and it is said that those who had private letters to write were obliged to cover the paper with their hands, to prevent their secrets being overlooked by the throng of chums.

In 1516 Bishop Fisher repaired to Cambridge, to open the new house of the Muses with due solemnity, and was commissioned to make statutes for its regulation. How mightily it grew and flourished we have already declared in the life of Ascham. It has always been a resort of students from the northern provinces, who, if less brilliant and mercurial than the children of the south, are not less eminent in *honours*, their slow and sound minds being peculiarly adapted for the patient toil of mathematics, in which

* Fuller.

branch of knowledge St. John's competes honourably with Trinity.

During the first years of Henry VIII., Bishop Fisher retained a large portion of favour. The Countess Margaret, on her death-bed, commended the inexperience of her grandson to his pastoral care, and Henry, who was not born without good dispositions, though he outlived them all, respected him as a spiritual father. In 1512 he was appointed to represent the English Church at the Council of Lateran, but, for some forgotten cause, the appointment never took effect. Doubtless he was consulted by the young king in regard to the confirmation of his espousals to Catherine, his brother's widow, of which nothing but the ceremony had hitherto taken place. It is by no means true that Henry had no scruples respecting the lawfulness of that union, till his conscience was awakened by the charms of Anne Boleyn. Though no more than twelve years of age at his brother Arthur's death, he remonstrated strongly against the project of marrying him to a woman considerably his senior, of a very ordinary person, and a demure, spiritless reservedness of manner, which youth is ever apt to ascribe to a morose temper. But his father could not prevail upon himself to restore the 200,000 ducats which composed Catherine's portion. The Pope's dispensation was as potent to annul the rights of nature as the laws of Moses, and the contract was formally made. Still Henry might, when arrived at years of discretion, have refused to ratify an act in which he had never, in any true sense of the word, been a consenting party. It is even said that his father, on his death-bed, urged him to break off the contract. Warham, the Primate, certainly disapproved of it; but the majority of the council, and the Lady Margaret, who only just survived the

solemnisation of the nuptials, were of the contrary opinion. Whether Fisher approved of the marriage, we can only conjecture. Certainly he was strongly opposed to the divorce, and believed in the dispensing power of the see of Rome.

For some years the Bishop of Rochester took little part in public affairs. Pageantry, war, and negotiation were the main occupations of the English Court, and, in the first and last, the clergy were as much busied as the laity. But Fisher had little taste for either. Ambition and vanity were as alien to his nature as they were predominant in Wolsey's. To the dangers which threatened the Church he could not be entirely blind. The opinions of Wickliffe, in spite of increasing persecution, were gaining ground. Henry VII., who, like his predecessor, Henry IV., needed the sanction of the clergy to heal the defects of his title, had, in the latter part of his reign, enforced the laws against heresy with ruthless severity, and Henry VIII., though more secure on his throne, showed no inclination to treat the Lollards with more lenity. Even those who saved their lives by recanting were forced to wear a representation of a faggot worked in thread on their left sleeves all the days of their lives, on pain of death. "And indeed, to poor people it was—*put it off, and be burned—keep it on, and be starved*; seeing none generally would set them to work that carried that badge." * Fisher had his share in these persecutions: for his faith was in every tittle the faith of his Church, to doubt or swerve from which he held the worst of crimes; and any compassion done or felt towards such revolvers he held to be soul-murder. But when it is considered that the more enlightened mind of Sir Thomas More was persuaded to support the falling fabric by the

* Fuller.

rack, the scourge, and the stake, there can be little surprise that Fisher knew nothing of toleration. He was not ignorant of the needfulness of practical reforms in the Church: he disapproved of exorbitant wealth or temporal power in the hands of the clergy: he abhorred licentious manners and lax opinions in the servants of the altar: but he would have all reforms brought about by the authority of the Church alone, without any interference of lay power; and in doctrinal points he dared not so much as admit the possibility of error in the established creed. Meantime he did not forbear to reprove the worldly dispositions and inconsistent conduct of the priesthood both by his example and his discourses; of which latter the following speech, delivered in Convocation,* is no unfavourable sample:—

“May it not seem displeasing to your Eminence and the rest of these grave and reverend fathers of the Church, that I speak a few words, which I hope may not be out of season. I had thought that when so many learned men, as *substitutes* † for the clergy, had been drawn into this body, that some good matters should have been propounded for the benefit and good of the Church; that the scandals that lie so heavy on her men, and the disease which takes such hold on those advantages, might have been hereby at once removed, and also remedied. Who hath made any the least proposition against the ambition of those men whose pride is so offensive, whilst their profession is humility? or against the incontinency of such as have vowed chastity? How are the goods of the Church wasted? the lands, the tithes, and other oblations of the devout ancestors of the people

* In the synod of the whole clergy assembled by Wolsey in his capacity of legate *a latere*.

† *i. e.* Representatives.

(to the great scandal of their posterity) wasted in superfluous riotous expenses? How can we exhort our flocks to fly the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, when we that are bishops set our minds on nothing more than that which we forbid? If we should teach according to our doing, how absurdly would our doctrines sound in the ears of those that should hear us? And if we teach one thing and do another, who shall believe our report? which would seem to them no otherwise, than if we should throw down with one hand what we build up with the other. We preach humility, sobriety, contempt of the world, and so forth, and the people perceive in the same men that preach this doctrine, pride and haughtiness of mind, excess of apparel, and a resignation of ourselves to all worldly pomps and vanities. And what is this otherwise than to set the people at a stand, whether they shall follow the sight of their own eyes, or the belief of what they hear? Excuse me, Reverend Fathers, seeing herein I blame no man more than I do myself; for sundry times, when I have settled myself to the care of my flock, to visit my diocese, to govern my church, to answer the enemies of Christ,* suddenly there hath come a message to me from the court, that I must attend such a triumph, or receive such an ambassador. What have we to do with princes' courts? If we are in love with majesty, where is a greater excellence than whom we serve? If we are in love with stately buildings, are there higher roofs than our cathedrals? If with apparel, is there a greater ornament than that of the clergy? Or is there better company than a communion with the saints? Truly, most Reverend Fathers, what this vanity in temporal things may work in you I know not; but sure I am, that in

* *i. e.* Persecute the Lollards and Lutherans.

myself I find it a great impediment to devotion. Wherefore I think it necessary (and high time it is) that we that are the heads should begin to give example to the inferior clergy as to these particulars, whereby we may all be the better conformable to the image of God. For in this trade of life which we now lead, neither can there be likelihood of perpetuity in the same state and condition wherein we now stand, or safety to the clergy."

It may be remarked, that the ostentation of Wolsey, and the superiority which he claimed and asserted, even over the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his own province, was deeply offensive to the great body of his clerical brethren, who, though apparently included in Fisher's censure, would take care to apply it, in their minds, to the Cardinal alone.

The events between 1516, and 1529, are so vast, and so infinitely ramified, the great outlines are so universally known, and the detail so complex, and in many parts so obscure, that while such a sketch of them as could be reduced within our limits, could be nothing more than a bald recital of facts with which every schoolboy is acquainted, and dates easily ascertained from any table, a full and comprehensive survey would turn our memoir of Bishop Fisher into a civil and religious history of the world. Nor would it be possible to treat the subject without entering into controversies, both on questions of opinion, and on matters of fact, quite alien to our purpose. We shall confine ourselves chiefly to the part acted and suffered in the contest by our present subject.

Almost as soon as Luther appeared in the character of a reformer, Bishop Fisher entered the polemic field against him. It has even been asserted that the famous defence of the Seven Sacraments, which obtained for the King of England the title of

"Defender of the Faith," was in a great measure his composition.* The Bishop certainly took upon himself to answer the answerers of his sovereign, little thinking how fell a foe that sovereign was ordained to prove to the system he was then upholding.

Though Fisher must have felt Wolsey's monopoly of the King's countenance very grievous, and, doubtless, groaned in spirit for the scandals and oppressions of the Church, he offered little or no opposition to the court measures, and, perhaps, had too entire a devotion to that pontifical power, which he esteemed the earthly dispenser of salvation, to dispute lightly with the Pope's legate, however surreptitiously his legatine office might have been obtained, or however indiscreetly exercised. It was not till the legality of the King's marriage began to be called in question, and the infallibility of the Vatican implicitly limited, that he became an obstacle at once to the King's passions and the Cardinal's purposes. Henry and Wolsey were

* "There is a tradition that King Henry's fool (though more truly to be termed by another name) coming into the court, and finding the King transported with an unusual joy, boldly asked him the cause thereof, to whom the King answered, it was because the Pope had honoured him with a style more eminent than any of his ancestors: 'O good Harry (quoth the fool), let thou and I defend one another, and let the Faith alone to defend itself.'"—*Fuller's Church History*, Book v.

Is the use of this title by the Protestant Kings of England perfectly honest? It is not long since our sovereigns laid down the style of Kings of France, and they did wisely; but of the two they had better have retained a memorial of the Fifth Harry's valour, than of the Eighth Harry's school divinity. Titles, ceremonial privileges, and armorial bearings, are only interesting or significant, in so far as they are historical. Let those then be maintained which are associated with the most glorious passages of history.

alike bent on the repudiation of Catherine, who was now somewhat declined into the vale of years, with little hope of male issue. It is pretended that Wolsey's resentment against the Emperor Charles V., who had duped him with regard to the papacy, was the fountain-head of all those scruples, examinations, negotiations, and protestations, which ended in the divorce between England and the Church of Rome. The favourite intended to give his sovereign in marriage to the French King's sister, and the rupture with the Emperor likely to be occasioned by the slight put upon his aunt, would, in a manner, compel Henry to side with the French interest. However this might be, the majority of divines, casuists, and canonists, were agreed that the King's marriage was unlawful, and the bull of Pope Julius II. invalid; inasmuch as the alleged grounds for granting were not true. For in the preamble it was stated that the dispensation was granted at the special request of Prince Henry, who, *at the time* that the bull was obtained, had scarcely reached his twelfth year, and, as far as he had any will of his own, was strongly opposed to the bargain.

When, after many delays, it was at last decided by the Pope to send Campeggio as Wolsey's assessor, and that they, in the quality of commissioners for the Pope, should take cognisance of the cause pending between Henry and Catherine, Bishop Fisher, along with Nicholas West, Bishop of Ely, and Henry Standish, Bishop of St. Asaph, were appointed the Queen's advisers and counsel. Henry could have had no thought, at that time, of disowning the papal authority, for he appeared in person at the citation of the Pope's representatives, to answer their interrogatories.

"It was fashionable among the heathens," says old

Fuller, " at the celebration of their centenary solemnities, which returned but once in a hundred years, to have a herald publicly to proclaim, ' Come hither to behold what you never saw before, and are never likely to see again.' But here happened such a spectacle, in a great room called the Parliament chamber, in Blackfriars, as never before or after was seen in England, viz. King Henry summoned, in his own land, to appear before two judges, the one Wolsey, directly his subject by birth, the other his subject occasionally by his preferment, Campeggio being lately made Bishop of Salisbury. Summoned, he appeared personally, and the Queen did the like the first day, but afterwards both by their Doctors." As to be present on such a strange occasion would be no trivial incident in any man's life, and the part he bore in the proceedings was a most important one in Fisher's, we shall not scruple to extract largely from the account of this trial, given by Cavendish, the faithful servant and biographer of Wolsey, a contemporary, and probably an eye-witness, whose leaning, if any, was to the Queen's, which was also Fisher's side. It must be premised, that the trial commenced on the 31st of May, 1529.

“Then, after some deliberation, his (Campeggio’s) commission, understood, read, and perceived, it was by the council determined that the King and the Queen, his wife, should be lodged at Bridewell,* and

* The sending of the King and Queen to Bridewell seems ominous to modern ears, till they recollect (if ever they knew) that the Bridewell here meant was a magnificer's house in Fleet Street, sometime the property of the extortioner Empson, but merged in the crown at his attainder, and given by the King to Wolsey. In the patent, 1510, an orchard and twelve gardens are enumerated belonging to it. It stood upon the ground which the Jesuits

that in the Black-Friars, a certain place should be appointed where the King and the Queen might most conveniently repair to the court, there to be erected and kept for the disputation and determination of the King's case, whereas these two legates sat in judgment as notable judges, before whom the King and Queen were duly cited and summoned to appear. Which was the strangest and newest sight, and device, that ever was heard or read in any history or chronicle in any region, that a King and Queen should be convented and constrained by process compellatory to appear in any court as common persons, within their own realm or dominion, to abide the judgment and decrees of their own subjects, having the royal diadem and the prerogatives thereof."

* * * * *

"If eyes be not blind men may see, if ears be not stopped they may hear, and if pity be not exiled they may lament, the sequel of this pernicious and inordinate carnal love. The plague whereof is not ceased, (although this love lasted but awhile,) which our Lord quench, and take from us his indignation.

"Ye shall understand, that there was a court erected in the Black-Friars in London, where these two Cardinals sat in judgment. Now will I set you out the manner and order of the court there. First, there was a court placed with tables, benches, and bars, like a consistory, a place judicial, for the judges to sit on. There was also a cloth of estate, under the which sat the King, and the Queen sat at some distance beneath the King: under the judges' feet sat

11

occupied by Salisbury Square and Dorset Street, its gardens
the ing to the river. In this Bridewell took place that
rogate few between Queen Catherine and the two Cardinals,
fully dramatised by Shakspeare, *Henry VIII.*, Act

"It 1.

the officers of the court. The chief scribe there was Dr. Stephens,* who was afterwards Bishop of Winchester: the apparitor was one Cooke, most commonly called Cooke of Winchester. Then sat there, within the said Court directly before the King and the judges, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Doctor Warham, and all the other Bishops. Then at both ends, with a bar made for them, the counsellors on both sides. The Doctors for the King were Dr. Sampson, that was afterwards Bishop of Chichester, and Dr. Bell, who was afterwards Bishop of Worcester, with divers others.

“Now on the other side stood the counsel for the Queen; Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Dr. Standish, some time a Grey Friar, and then Bishop of St. Asaph, two notable clerks in Divinity; and *in especial the Bishop of Rochester*, a very godly man and a devout person, who after suffered death at Tower-hill; the which was greatly lamented through all the foreign Universities of Christendom. There was also another ancient Doctor, called, as I remember, Doctor Ridley, a very small person in stature, but surely a great and an excellent person in Divinity.

“The court being thus furnished and ordered, the judges commanded the crier to proclaim silence: then was the judges’ commission, which they had of the Pope, published and read openly, before all the audience there assembled. That done, the crier called the King by the name of ‘King Henry of England, come into court,’ &c. With that the King

* This was the Gardiner, of “undesirable celebrity,” who in his younger days was usually called by his Christian name, Stephen, or Stevens. He was the natural son of a Bishop, therefore he had but an equivocal title to a surname.

It should be remembered, that the practitioners in the courts of civil and canon law were generally ecclesiastics before the Reformation.

answered and said, 'Here, my Lords,' Then he called also the Queen by the name of 'Catherine, Queen of England, come into court,' &c., who made no answer to the same, but rose up incontinent out of her chair, where as she sat, and because she could not come directly to the King for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the King, kneeling down at his feet in the sight of all the court and assembly, to whom she said in effect, in broken English, as followeth :—*

" ' Sir,' quoth she, ' I beseech you, for all the loves

* "Here the Queen arose, and after her respects dealt to the Cardinals, in such manner as seemed neither uncivil to them, nor unsuiting to herself, uttered the following speech at the King's feet, in the English tongue, but with her Spanish tone, a clip whereof was so far from rendering it the less intelligible, that it sounded the more pretty and pleasant to the hearers thereof. *Yea, her very pronounciation pleaded for her with all ingenuous auditors, providing her some pity, as due to a foreigner far from her own country.*"—*Fuller's Church History*, Book v.

The speech which Fuller puts into the Queen's mouth is essentially the same as that in Cavendish, from whom it was transferred into the Chronicles. Shakspeare has shown his good sense and good feeling by preserving it almost entire in his Henry VIII.

"Hall has given a different report of this speech of the Queen's, which he says was made in *French*, and translated by him, as well as he could, from notes taken by Campeggio's secretary. In his version, she accuses Wolsey with being the first mover of her troubles, and reproaches him, in bitter terms, with pride and voluptuousness. Such harsh language could hardly deserve the praise '*modeste tamen eam locutam fuisse*' given by Campeggio."—*Note to Singer's edition of Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.*

Burnet, whose "cue" was not to excite compassion for Queen Catherine, denies the authenticity of the speech alto-

that have been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right; take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominions. I have no assured friend, and much less indifferent counsel; I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas, Sir, wherein have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure? Have I designed against your will and pleasure, intending, as I perceive, to put me from you! I take God and all the world to witness,

gether. He affirms positively that the King did not appear personally, but by proxy; and that the Queen withdrew after reading a protest against the competency of the judges. "And from this it is clear," says the Bishop, "that the speeches that the historians have made for them are all plain falsities." It is easy to contradict the confident affirmation of the historian, upon the authority of a document published by himself in his records, p. 78. It is a letter from the King to his agents, where he says, "At which time both we and the Queen appeared in person, and they minding to proceed further in the cause, the Queen would no longer make her abode to hear what the judges would fully discern, but incontinently departed out of the court; wherefore she was thrice *preconnisate*, and called eftsoons to return and appear, which she refusing to do, was denounced by the judges *contumax*, and a citation decerned for her appearance on Friday." Which is corroborated also by *Fox's Acts*, p. 958. Indeed the testimony for the personal appearance of the King before the Cardinals is surprisingly powerful, even though we did not go beyond Cavendish and the other ordinary historians. But in addition to these, Dr. Wordsworth has produced the authority of William Thomas, Clerk of the Council in the reign of Edward VI., who, in a professed apology for King Henry VIII. extant in MS. in the Lambeth and some other libraries, speaking of this affair, affirms, that "the Cardinal Campeggio caused the King, as a private party, in person to appear before him, and the Lady Catherine both."—*Singer*.

that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that never said or did anything to the contrary thereof, being always well pleased and contented with all things in which you had any delight or dalliance, whether it were in little or in much, I never grudged in word or countenance, or showed a visage or spark of discontentation. I loved all those whom ye loved, only for your sake, whether I had cause or no, and whether they were my friends or my enemies. This twenty years I have been your true wife, or more, and by me you have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of this world, which hath been no default in me. And when ye had me at the first, I take God to be my judge I was a true maid; and whether it be true or no, I put it to your conscience. If there be any just cause by the law that ye can allege against me, either of dishonesty or any other impediment, to banish and put me from you, I am well content to depart, to my great shame and dishonour; and if there be none, then here I most lowly beseech you, let me remain in my former estate, and receive justice at your hands. The King your father was, in the time of his reign, of such estimation throughout the world for his excellent wisdom, that he was accounted and called of all men the second Solomon, and my father, Ferdinand, King of Spain, who was esteemed to be one of the wittiest Princes that reigned in Spain, many years before, were both wise and excellent Kings in wisdom and princely behaviour. It is not therefore to be doubted, but that they elected and gathered as wise counsellors about them as to their high discretions was thought meet. Also, as to me seemeth, there were in those days as wise and as well learned men, and men of as good judgment as be at present in both

realms, who thought then the marriage betwixt you and me good and lawful. Surely it is a wonder unto me, that my marriage, after twenty years, should be thus called in question, with new invention against me, that never intended but honesty. Alas, Sir, I see I am wronged, having no indifferent counsel to speak for me, but such as are assigned me, with whose wisdom and learning I am not acquainted. Ye must consider, that they cannot be indifferent counsellors for my part which be your subjects, and taken out of your own counsel before, wherein they be made privy, and dare not, for your displeasure, disobey your will, being once made privy thereunto. Therefore I most humbly require you, in the way of charity, and for the love of God, who is a just judge, to spare me the extremity of this new court until I may be advertised what way and order my friends in Spain will advise me to take. And if ye will not extend to me so much indifferent favour, your pleasure then be fulfilled, and to God I commit my cause.'” Having thus spoken, she rose, courtesied to the King, and left the court, accompanied by Griffith, her steward, and though summoned a second time in due form, she refused to return, or in any way to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the court; nor could she ever after be induced to appear before it. Nevertheless, the trial, or rather examination, proceeded, the Queen being adjudged contumacious.

According to the author just quoted, the King next addressed himself to the judges and audience; commencing with a full acknowledgment of Catherine's freedom from all personal offence, and resting his cause solely on his conscientious scruples. “For as much,” quoth he, “as the Queen be gone, I will in her absence declare unto you all my Lords here presently assembled, she hath been to me as true, as

obedient, and as conformable a wife as I could, in my fancy, wish or desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that ought to be in a woman of her dignity, or in any other of baser estate. Surely she is also a noble woman born, if nothing were in her, but only her conditions will well declare the same."

He then, after explaining the first suggestion, and progressive corroboration of his scruples, (to which he would not allow that any amorous considerations were accessory,) demanded of the assembled Prelates, and first of his own Confessor, Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, whether his present course were not taken with their advice and approbation, signified under their own seals. Whereupon, if we believe the biographer of Wolsey, a singular scene took place, in which Fisher displayed uncommon boldness of soul and bluntness of speech. The Archbishop of Canterbury obsequiously assented to the King's assertion. "That is the truth if it please your Highness; I doubt not but all my brethren here present will affirm the same." "No, sir, not I," quoth the Bishop of Rochester, "ye have not my consent thereto." "No! ha! the!!" quoth the King, "look here upon this; is not this your hand and seal?" and showed him the instrument with seals. "No forsooth, sire," quoth the Bishop of Rochester, "it is not my hand nor seal." To that quoth the King to my Lord of Canterbury, "Sir, how say ye? Is it not his hand and seal?" "Yes, sir," quoth my Lord of Canterbury. "That is not so," quoth the Bishop of Rochester, "for indeed you were in hand with me to have both my hand and seal, as other of my Lords had already done; but then said I to you, that I would never consent to no such act, for it were much against my conscience, nor my hand and seal should never be seen at no such instrument, God willing, with

much more matter touching the same communication between us." "You say truth," quoth the *Bishop* of Canterbury, "such words ye said unto me; but at the last ye were fully persuaded that I should for you subscribe your name, and put to a seal myself, and ye would allow the same." "All which words and matter," quoth the *Bishop* of Rochester, "under your correction, my Lord, and supportation of this noble audience, there is nothing more untrue." "Well, well," quoth the King, "it shall make no matter, we will not stand with you in argument herein, for you are but one man." And with that the court was adjourned to the next day of session.

The next court day the Cardinals met again, but neither the King nor the Queen were present. The discussions, which are given at great length by some historians, respected chiefly the circumstances of the marriage between the Prince Arthur and the Lady Catherine, which was positively declared by the Queen and her counsel to have been a mere ceremony. The evidence of course was circumstantial, and the conclusion come to by the one side, seemingly very just, that it was impossible to know the truth: But this, though urged by his own party, did not satisfy Fisher.

"Yes," quoth the *Bishop* of Rochester, "*Ego nosco veritatem*, I know the truth." "How know you the truth?" quoth my Lord Cardinal. "Forsooth, m^r Lord," quoth he, "*Ego sum professor veritat^{is}* in know that God is truth itself, nor he never ^{saying} but truth that saith, 'Whom God hat^h ^{Lords of} together, let no man put asunder,' and for^{sies} into his this marriage was made and joined by C^{able} to all the intent, I say that I know, the which c^{ath}anks either of or loosed by the power of man thement words and occasion." "So much do all fai['] this matter, which quoth the Lord Cardinal, "as we"

reason is not sufficient in this case, for the King's counsel doth allege divers presumptions to prove the marriage not good at the beginning, *ergo*, say they, it was *not* joined by God at the beginning, and therefore it is not lawful; for God ordaineth nor joineth nothing without a just order. Therefore it is not to be doubted but that these presumptions must be true, as it plainly appeareth; and nothing can be more true in case these allegations cannot be avoided; therefore to say that the matrimony was joined of God, ye must prove it further than by that text which ye have alleged for your matter; for ye must first avoid the presumptions." "Then," quoth one Dr. Ridley, "it is a shame and a great dishonour to this honourable presence, that any such presumptions should be alleged in this open court, which be to all good and honest men most detestable to be rehearsed." "What," quoth my Lord Cardinal, "*Domine Doctor, magis reverenter.*" "No, no, my Lord," quoth he, "there belongeth no reverence to be given to these abominable presumptions; for an unreverend tale would be unreverently answered." And there they left and proceeded no farther at that time.

The exertions of Fisher in defence of the legality of the Queen's marriage, were not confined to these altercations, to which divorce causes have ever been disgracefully liable. He addressed a letter to Wolsey my lar favour, and presented to the legates a book his hand "*De causa matrimonii Regis Angliæ.*"* Canterbu

Rochester, work of Fisher's was long supposed to exist only have both in the public auction of Don Jos Antonio Conde's had already a copy was purchased for Mr. Heber, which would never cons^{ued} from the press of Alcalá (Complutum) against my conscie. of which says that the manuscript copy never be seen at no St. England contrived to obtain a copy,

“The Case of the King of England’s Marriage.” But it was neither books nor legates that were to stop the course of Henry’s will. The separation of Britain from the Roman communion was decreed, and Providence ordered that the passions of men should minister to the mighty end, that so the glory might be God’s alone.

The investigation was protracted from sitting to sitting, and no real progress made, or intended to be made. Henry, weary and impatient, at the suggestion, it is said, of the Earl of Wiltshire, father to Anne Boleyn, urged, and in a manner compelled the two Cardinals to repair to the Queen’s apartments,* and persuade her by their politic and ghostly counsels, to avoid the scandal and mortification of the public trial, by surrendering the whole matter, with her own

and sent it to the Emperor, Charles V. It would not have been permitted to issue from the press in England.”—*Singer*.

* According to the narrative of his attendant, Wolsey was very indignant at being forced into this service; not the less probably, though Cavendish does not admit it, because he saw that Anne Boleyn was to reap the fruit of all his intrigues in first setting the divorce on foot, and then delaying its completion till his own schemes were perfected. The Earl of Wiltshire, therefore, was naturally the most unwelcome messenger that could have been despatched to him.

“To fulfil the King’s pleasure my Lord said he was ready, and would prepare him to go thither out of hand (he was in bed when the King’s commands were brought him), saying further to my Lord of Wiltshire, ‘Ye, and other my Lords of the Council, which be near unto the King, are not a little to blame and misadvised to put any such phantasies into his head, whereby ye are the causes of great trouble to all the realm, and in the end get you but small thanks either of God or the world,’ with many other vehement words and sentences that were like to ensue of this matter, which

free consent, to the King's discretion. This was, in effect, commanding her to resign her connubial rights and royal dignity, and to retire into a convent, or any other place, where she might be out of the way. She remonstrated with much dignity, and showed much unwillingness to trust the two churchmen, who pretended to advise her for the best. She complained that she was "a simple woman, destitute and barren of friendship and counsel in a foreign region," and never could be brought to gratify the King by confessing herself to have lived for so many years in unholy matrimony. Her reliance on her nephew, the Emperor, whose influence over the vacillating Pope Clement had alone prevented the dissolution of her marriage by Papal authority, emboldened her to avoid the snare which was laid before her eyes. To the Pope she had privily appealed, and the Imperial interest now preponderating at the Vatican, Campeggio received secret instructions, unknown, it is said, to Wolsey, to adjourn the court and advoke the cause to Rome. The artful Italian spun out the trial till the 23rd of July, when there was a general expectation that the definitive sentence would be passed.

The King was seated in a gallery, where "he caused my Lord of Wiltshire to *water his eyes*, kneeling all this while by my Lord's bedside, and in conclusion departed." —*Singer's Cavendish*, p. 226.

It appears from the following passage, that George Cavendish himself attended his master, the Cardinal, on this visit, and was ear-witness to the first part of the conference which Shakspeare has versified." And with that she took my Lord by the hand, and led him into her privy chamber, with the other Cardinal, where they were in long communication; *we*, in the other chamber, might sometime hear the Queen speak very loud, but what it was *we* could not understand."

might both see and hear all speak ;” the whole proceedings were read over in Latin, and then the King’s counsel prayed for judgment. But Campeggio absolutely refused to make any decision, before he had laid the whole matter before the Pope, and received his Holiness’s orders, declaring “ that he would damn his soul for no prince or potentate alive,” and so adjourned the court, which never met again. The cause was in appearance removed to Rome, whither Campeggio soon returned ; and so ended the period of Fisher’s official advocacy for Queen Catherine ; but he continued to the end of his life to maintain the justice of her cause.

The Parliament met Nov. 3, 1529. The Commons, who always looked upon the wealth of the clergy with envious eyes, expecting, without much wisdom, to be gainers by its diminution, however that were brought about, zealously entered into the King’s design of humbling the church of Rome. Violent censures were passed upon the vices of the ecclesiastics, the suppression of monasteries began to be rumoured, and no less than six bills were introduced “ which at once gratified the present humour of the King, and the constant temper of the people,” all tending to depress the sacerdotal order : 1st. Against the extortions of the ecclesiastical courts : 2nd. Against their exactions in mortuaries, &c. : 3rd. Their worldly occupations, as tanning, grazing, &c. : 4th. Merchandise : 5th. Non-residence : 6th. Pluralities. Very much the same subjects of complaint that are reiterated to this day, Some of them were abuses which Fisher would gladly have seen the clergy reform in themselves ; but he had so high a notion of the sanctity of priesthood, that he abhorred the attempts of the laity to resist priestly oppression. When the six bills were brought up to

the House of Lords, he spoke in his place as follows :—

“My Lords, here are certain bills exhibited against the clergy, wherein there are complaints made against the viciousness, idleness, rapacity, and cruelty of the Bishops, Abbots, Priests, and their officials; but, my Lords, are all idle, all vicious, all ravenous, or cruel Priests and Bishops? And for such as are so, are there no laws already provided against them? Is there any abuse that we do not seek to rectify? Or can there be such a rectification, as that there shall be no abuses? *Or are not clergymen to rectify the abuses of the clergy?* Or shall men find fault with other men’s manners while they forget their own, and punish where they have no authority to correct? If we be not executive in our laws, let each man suffer for his delinquency; or if we have not power, aid us with your assistance, and we shall give you thanks. But, my Lords, I hear that there is a motion made that the small monasteries shall be taken into the King’s hands, which makes me fear that it is not so much the GOOD, as the GOODS of the Church, that is looked after. Truly, my Lords, how this may sound in your ears, I cannot tell; but to me it appears no otherwise than as if our holy mother, the Church, were to become a bond-maid, and be new brought into servility and thralldom, and by little and little to be quite banished out of those dwelling places, which the piety and liberality of our forefathers, as most bountiful benefactors, have conferred upon her; otherwise to what tendeth these portentous and curious petitions of the Commons? To no other intent or purpose, but to bring the clergy into contempt with the laity, that they may seize their patrimony. But, my Lords, beware of yourselves and your country; beware of your Holy mother

the Catholic Church ; the people are subject unto novelties, and Lutheranism spreads itself amongst us. Remember Germany and Bohemia, what miseries are befallen them already : and let our neighbours' houses that are now on fire teach us to beware of our own disasters. Wherefore, my Lords, I will tell you plainly what I think ; that except ye resist manfully, by your authorities, this violent heap of mischiefs offered by the Commons, ye will see all obedience first drawn from the clergy, and secondly from yourselves. And if you search into the true causes of all these mischiefs which reign among them, you shall find that they all arise through *want of faith*."

This speech, which was any thing but conciliatory, while it was highly applauded by those who abhorred or dreaded change, excited the alarm and indignation of the reformers in both Houses, and was not calculated to remove from the King himself those unfavourable dispositions which the bishop's conduct in the divorce business had occasioned. The Duke of Norfolk, who was nearly connected with Anne Boleyn, arose in his place and said, "My Lord of Rochester, many of these words might well have been spared ; but it is often seen, that the greatest clerks are not always the wisest men." Fisher retorted, "My Lord, I do not remember any fools in my time that proved great clerks." But the Commons were particularly scandalised at the conclusion of this harangue, which plainly ascribed their enmity to the clergy to their unbelief in the Catholic doctrines. As soon as they were informed of this attack, they sent Sir Thomas Audley, their speaker, with thirty of their members, to complain before the King, to whom, as they shrewdly suspected, complaints against Bishop Fisher were far from unacceptable. The speaker, in the name of the Commons

of England, set forth, "how shameful and injurious it was that they, the chosen representatives of the English people, selected from among their countrymen for their wisdom, virtue, and good fame, should be taxed (and through them the Commons of all England) with infidelity and atheism." The King summoned the bishop to his presence, and asked him, sternly, "Why he spake thus?" Fisher justified himself by saying, "that being in council, he spake his mind in defence of the Church, which he saw daily injured and oppressed by the common people, whose office it was not to judge of her manners, much less to reform them; and therefore he thought himself in conscience bound to defend her all he could." Henry, in his latter years, when he was utterly corrupted by the habit of despotism, would scarce have endured this plain speaking; but he had an old reverence for Fisher, which he had not yet quite shaken off, so he dismissed him with an admonition, "to use his words more temperately." But some explanation was necessary to appease the House of Commons, which Henry wished to keep in good humour, as the most legal and convenient instrument of his rapacity and of his vengeance. So the venerable prelate was forced to the subterfuge, that it was the troubles of Bohemia, not the acts of the Commons, which he ascribed to want of faith; and this *explanation*, which the speech, as delivered down to us, will by no means admit, was conveyed to the house by Sir William Fitz-Williams, the treasurer of the King's household. Burnet says, that "*though the matter was passed over, they were not at all satisfied with it.*" If they really hated the Church, they could not have obtained a more satisfactory triumph than that of compelling a bishop to prevaricate in his own defence. The speech was

very injudicious and ill-timed. Nothing tends so much to precipitate revolution as imputing revolutionary purposes to all proposals of reform; and refusing what is justly claimed, because the concession may be followed by a further and unjust claim. And the people will always be more reasonably satisfied with a moderate reform, in which they themselves *appear* to co-operate, than with a much larger *boon*, the acceptance of which is an acknowledgment of subjection. But if only one man, in his zeal for established things, declare that there shall be no reform, he is *politically* answerable for whatever extremities may follow. Fisher, it is true, when he was addressing the clergy, insisted on the propriety of their reforming themselves, but he could not persuade the laity that the clergy ever would voluntarily reform abuses which it was their interest to perpetuate.

In the autumn of 1529 a side blow was aimed at the court of Rome, which, though its immediate intention was only to ruin Wolsey, tended to break the connection between the English clergy and the Pope, by making it penal. The lords had drawn up forty-four articles of accusation against Wolsey, which passed through their house without much opposition; but in the House of Commons, Thomas Cromwell* defended his master's cause with so much

* "The case stood so, that there should begin shortly after All-Hallow-n-tide the Parliament, and he (Master Cromwell) being within London, devised within himself to be one of the burgesses of the Parliament, and chanced to meet with one Sir Thomas Rush, Knight, a special friend of his, whose son was appointed to be one of the burgesses of that Parliament, of whom he obtained his room, and by that means put his foot into the Parliament House: then within two or three days after his entry he came unto my Lord

spirit and argumentative power, as to prove that it is not absolutely true, that "a favourite has no friend." The object was to deprive the cardinal of his wealth, his great offence in the public eye, as his supposed double-dealing in the matter of the divorce was his crime against the King, who was not insensible that confiscation is generally popular with the many, and the spoils of the mighty always acceptable to the mightier. But the forty-four articles * were either so weak in themselves, or so

(Wolsey), at Esher, with a much pleasanter countenance than he had at his departure, and meeting with me before he came to my Lord, said unto me, 'that he had once adventured to put his foot where he expected shortly to be better regarded, or all were done.' " — *Cavendish's Wolsey*, p. 273.

So the friendly traffic in parliamentary seats, at which "our ancestors would have started with indignation," was not unknown in the reign of Henry VIII. True there is no mention of money given or received, but it is plain that no constituents were consulted on the occasion.

* The character of Wolsey has been hardly dealt with ; not too hardly, if we compare what he was with what a minister and ruler of Christ's people ought to be ; but comparing him with the class of clerical statesmen to which he belonged, he had so many virtues, and has been even accused of so few and trivial offences, that surely his memory might plead for less rigorous justice. He was a very bad clergyman, he was not a good man, but he was not by any means a wicked politician. The atrocities which blacken the reign of Henry VIII. did not begin till after, and did begin almost immediately after, his disgrace and dismissal. He appears to have truly loved his king ; he was a kind, an affectionate master to his dependants, and was much beloved by some who knew him well. The narrative of his life by his servant Cavendish, is one of the most delightfully affecting pieces of biography that we ever read. For the gentleness with which it shadows, not conceals defects, and the warm light

ably rebutted, that the Commons, perhaps the King himself, were ashamed to proceed upon them.

of affection in which it brings out every semblance of goodness, it vies with Johnson's *Life of Savage*; but over all, and through all, there is a deep gratitude, a veneration, a religious loyalty, and a holy mourning for the departed, which is peculiarly its own. Cavendish was a zealous Catholic, but not as such had he any cause to consecrate the ashes of Wolsey, who certainly hurried the downfall of his church, by rendering its wealth and power the objects of universal envy, and set the example of diverting the monastic revenues to other purposes than those for which they were bequeathed. As Fuller felicitously expresses it, "having of his own such a stock of preferment, nothing but the poor man's *Ewe Lamb* would please him, so that being to found two colleges, he seized on no fewer than forty small monasteries, turning their inhabitants out of house and home, and converting their means principally to a college in Oxford. This alienation was confirmed by the present Pope Clement VII., so that in some sort his Holiness may thank himself for the demolishing of Religious Houses in England. For the first breach is greatest in effect; and Abbies having now lost their virginity, diverted by the Pope to other purposes, soon after lost their chastity, perverted by the King to ordinary uses." If, in addition to this, Wolsey really did instigate the divorce to bring about a French alliance, he did as much as the folly of man could do, towards bringing about the Reformation. But this his devoted servant would not believe. Cavendish's account of the prosecution of his master, and of Wolsey's defence, is so clear and interesting, that we may be allowed to extract it, if it were only because Wolsey was an Archbishop of York.

"Then was there brought in a Bill of Articles into the Parliament House to have my Lord condemned of treason; against which bill Master Cromwell inveighed so discreetly, with such witty persuasions and deep reasons, that the same bill could there take no effect. Then were his enemies compelled to indite him in a *præmunire*, and all was done only to the intent to entitle the King to all his goods and

However there was a *rusty sword*, (to recur to a favourite expression of Bentley's, who was a Henry

possessions, the which he had gathered together and purchased for his colleges in Oxford and Ipswich, and for the maintenance of the same, which was then a building in most sumptuous wise. Wherein, when he was demanded by the judges which were sent to him purposely to examine him, what answer he would make to the same, he said, 'The King's Highness knoweth right well whether I have offended his Majesty and his laws or no, in using of my prerogative legatine, for the which ye have me indited. Notwithstanding I have the King's license in my coffers, under his broad seal, for exercising and using the authority thereof, in the largest wise, within his Highness's dominions, the which remaineth now in the hands of my enemies. Therefore, because I will not stand in trial or question with the King in his own cause, I am content here of mine own frank will and mind in your presence, to confess the offence in the inditement, and put myself wholly in the mercy and grace of the King, having no doubt in his godly disposition and charitable conscience, whom I know hath an high discretion to consider the truth, and my humble submission and obedience. And although I might justly stand on the trial with him therein, yet am I content to submit myself to his clemency, and thus much ye may say unto him in my behalf, that I am intirely in his obedience, and do intend, God willing, to obey and fulfil all his princely pleasure in every thing that he will command me to do; whose will and pleasure I never yet disobeyed or repugned, but was always contented and glad to accomplish his desire and command before God, whom I ought most rather to have obeyed; the which negligence greatly reproveth me. Notwithstanding, I most heartily require you to have me most humbly to his royal Majesty commended, for whom I do and will pray for the preservation of his royal person, long to reign in honour, prosperity, and quietness, and to have the victory over his mortal and cankered enemies.' And they took their leave of him and departed."—*Cavendish*, 274, 275, 276, 277.

If Wolsey was not the best of Chancellors, he well under-

the Eighth in his way,) which served the purpose, and a deeper purpose too. This was the *statute of provisors*, which made it criminal to procure any bull, or the appointment to any benefice, from the Pope, under the penalty of a *præmunire*,* which was (the

stood the duties of his office, as will appear from his speech made to the King's emissaries, who came to demand of him to surrender to the crown York Place, now Whitehall, an ancient appanage of his diocese :—

“Master Shelley, I know the King of his own nature is of a royal stomach, and yet not willing more than justice shall lead him unto by the law. And therefore I counsel you and all other fathers of the law, and learned men of his council, to put no more into his head than the law may stand with good conscience ; for when ye tell him, this is the law, it were well done ye should tell him also, that although *this* be the law, yet *this* is conscience ; for law without conscience is not good to be given unto a King in counsel to use for a lawful right, but always to have a respect to conscience before the rigour of the law, for *laus est facere quod decet, non quod licet*. The King ought of his royal dignity and prerogative to mitigate the rigour of the law where conscience hath the most force ; therefore in the royal place of equal justice he hath constituted a Chancellor, an officer to execute justice with clemency, where conscience is opposed by the rigour of the law. And therefore the Court of Chancery hath been heretofore commonly called the Court of Conscience ; because it hath jurisdiction to command the high ministers of law to spare execution and judgment where conscience hath most effect. Therefore I say to you in this case, although you and other of your profession perceive by your learning that the King may, by an order of your laws, lawfully do that thing which ye demand of me ; how say you, Master Shelley, may I do it with justice and conscience, to give that away from me and my successors which is none of mine ? If this be law with conscience, show me your opinion I pray you.”

* A critic would certainly reckon this barbarous Latin word among those *quæ versu dicere non est*, which are inca-

very thing wanted) a forfeiture of all effects, real and personal to the King, and an outlawry, or exclusion from the King's protection. In a *præmunire* therefore he was indicted, chiefly on the ground that his obtaining and exercising the office of legate by virtue of a bull from Rome, came within the compass of the statute. It would have been no avail for Wolsey to plead, that he had the King's express and written permission to accept and exercise that office, and indeed, he had reason to be thankful that instead of an old law of *præmunire*, he was not included in a new law of treason. The *statute of provisors* was indeed a production of the age of Richard II., but it had grown almost obsolete. Its enforcement was therefore an ill omen for the papal power in England, for its provisions gave the King all the supremacy which any king ought to claim, the supremacy over all property, and all temporal power, however sanctified, in his own dominions. It forbade any subject to withdraw his person or property from the common operation of the land's law. It was a good act, and King Henry did well and wisely in making it effective, for till his time it was little more

pable of naturalisation in the kingdom of Parnassus ; yet Shakspeare has introduced it into blank verse, a proof of the truly *historical* feeling in which historical plays were written and heard. He commits no such enormities in his *tragedies*.

“SUFFOLK—Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,
That therefore such a writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection.”—*Act iii., Scene 2.*

The same scene contains a tolerably ample enumeration of the principal charges against Wolsey.

The statute of *Præmunire* was passed A.D. 1393.

than the declaration of a right in abeyance. But since his predecessors had suffered it to sleep, and he himself had formerly dispensed with its violation, even to the extent of pleading before the legate, in his own person, in his own dominions, he should not have given it any retrospective or punitive effect. But Wolsey's destruction was determined, and with that the King was for the present content; but afterwards, his avarice increasing with his years, he included the whole clergy and laity of England in a *præmunire* for their compliance with the legatine authority. The clergy were fain to compromise the matter with one hundred and eighteen thousand eight hundred and forty pounds, a sum more than equal to half a million of present money. The laity were held in suspense awhile, and their supplications for indemnity haughtily answered; but at last they had a free pardon. All these were progressive steps towards the final breach with Rome, and consequent ecclesiastical revolution; but it does not appear that any of the superior clergy opposed the condemnation of Wolsey on such anti-papal grounds. They rejoiced in the fall of him who had outshone and overawed them, and reckoned not how soon they were themselves to be curtailed of their gettings,—not by the poor commons, against whom their invectives were levelled, but by that monarchy and aristocracy with which it was their pride to vie. Fisher had no affection for Wolsey, and was as short-sighted as the generality of narrow-minded honest men. Besides he had already made himself obnoxious both to king and people, and had no hopes of bettering the Church's prospects, or his own, by thrusting himself between "the lion and his wrath."

The year 1530 was one of the most eventful years in the history of the world, and a perilous year

for Bishop Fisher. Twice was his life attacked ; it is not very plain why. One Rouse, or Rose, who was acquainted with the bishop's cook, came into his kitchen, and while the cook was gone to fetch him some drink, made use of his opportunity to mingle poison in the gruel that was preparing for the bishop and his household. Probably it was a fast-day ; for the bishop, fasting altogether, escaped ; but of seventeen persons, who partook of the gruel, two died, and the rest were terribly disordered. We may suppose the crime of poisoning to have been frightfully common in England, since it was thought necessary, by an express act, to declare it high treason, and to punish it by boiling alive, which horrible death was inflicted upon the miserable Rouse. If he thought to please the King by removing a thorn out of his side, he found himself mistaken. But it is more likely that he was a fanatic, whom Fisher's severity in enforcing the laws against heresy had driven mad. Excessive cruelty in punishment rarely answers its purpose, for we find that the example of boiling Rouse did not deter a woman servant from poisoning three families. She suffered the same penalty, which was abolished along with the rest of Henry VIII.'s new-invented treasons. It is the chance of impunity, not the lenity of punishment, that encourages crime. The Spanish Inquisition was the only system of cruelty that perfectly answered its end ; but this succeeded rather by destroying all confidence and security than by the terror of its ghastly tortures.

The other danger which threatened the bishop proceeded from a cannon ball, which, being shot from the other side of the Thames, pierced through his house at Lambeth-marsh, and only just missed his study. This might possibly be accidental, but Fisher

suspected a design against his life, and retired to his see of Rochester.

The divorce cause, which, upon the Queen's appeal, had been *advoled* to Rome, still lingered on. The case had been divided into three and twenty heads, and a year was consumed in discussing the first, which had little relation to the main point, and was of a nature which had better not have been discussed at all. Perhaps the suit was wilfully protracted, in hopes that the death of Catherine would end it in the most convenient manner; for she had many infirmities, and a breaking heart; but this prospect suited not the impatience of Henry. That he endured so long a delay can only be ascribed to his reluctance to break with the see of Rome. But accident about this time introduced him to Cranmer, and all his scruples were quickly removed. In 1521 it was first proposed in Convocation to bestow on the King the title of Supreme Head of the Church. Fisher opposed the innovation, which to him appeared blasphemous, with all his might, and succeeded so far as to get a clause inserted to the effect that the King was acknowledged Head of the Church, IN SO FAR AS IT IS LAWFUL BY THE LAW OF CHRIST, which was almost taking away with the one hand what was given by the other. In this form, however, it passed the upper house of Convocation, nine bishops and fifty-two abbots and priors voting in its favour.

If we are to believe the author of the *Life of Bishop Fisher*, published under the name of Bailey, but really composed by Hall, a bigoted Romanist, and seminary priest at Cambray, King Henry was mightily enraged at the introduction of this neutralising ingredient into his title. He sent for those whom he had employed to manage the business in the Convocation, and rated them in the following kingly

strain :—" Mother of God ! you have played me a pretty prank : I thought to have made fools of them, and now you have so ordered the business that they are likely to make a fool of me, as they have done of you already. Go unto them again, and let me have the business passed without any *quantums* or *tantums*. I will have no *quantums* or *tantums* in the business, but let it be done." But in truth, there is nothing in eastern fiction more unfounded than the reports of princes' private conversations with which many so-called histories abound. The poet may well be allowed to overhear the whispers of lovers, and the soliloquies of captives in their dungeons, but the historian should not usurp the same privilege. This assumption of supremacy met with little opposition in the province of Canterbury, but York, encouraged by Archbishop Lee, held out long and honourably, and sent two letters to his Majesty, respectfully informing him of their reasons for denying the title he claimed. The King, the evil of whose violent nature was not yet ripened, answered the northern Convocation in a mild and argumentative letter, probably composed, however, by Cranmer, in which " he disclaimed all design by fraud to surprise, or by force to captivate, their judgments, but only to convince them of the truth and the equity of what he desired. He declared the sense of '*Supreme Head of the Church*,' (though offensive in the sound to ignorant ears) claiming nothing thereby more than what Christian princes in the primitive times assumed to themselves in their own dominions, so that it seems he wrought so far on their affections, that at last they consented thereunto."

So says that stout Church and King man, Tom Fuller ; * but we believe that the King's prerogative,

* An unreasonable Tom Brownism.—S. T. C.

after all, was more effective than his sophistry. If nothing more be meant by the King's supremacy than his right to govern the persons and properties of *all* his subjects, this had been asserted over and over again by almost every monarch in Europe. Even the royal right to the appointment of bishops, &c., to the summoning convocations and synods, and the passing of regulative ordinances for the Church, was not altogether a new claim, though it had been stoutly resisted by the more zealous churchmen. And, indeed, however expedient it may be in a secular point of view, that such power be vested in the crown, it is utterly without example in the primitive church, or even analogy in the Jewish theocracy. It is a moot point whether the bishops who purchased of Constantine an establishment for Christianity, and a secular rank for themselves, were not traitors to the Church.* The question should be argued on grounds of Christian expediency. If, however, it be deemed necessary that the Church possess a fixed property, and that property be the foundation of political privileges, it seems inconsistent with public safety that the civil government should suffer the disposal of such property to pass out of its own hands. But Henry, following the precedent of Constantinopolitan Emperors, doubtless, meant, by assuming the spiritual supremacy within his own dominions, to be lord of his subjects' faith as well as of their works, and to dispose of their creeds as well as of their properties; in fact, to be *Alterius*

* Why should Christianity be a greater objection to a man's being a member and functionary of the nationality, as a vicar, rector, dean or bishop, than to his being a judge—to the national *moralists* than to the national *legalists*? The rational *Church*, or Clerisy, included both.—*S. T. C.*

orbis Papa, the Pope of his own kingdom. Now of all possible tyrannies, this would have been the worst. No need to suppose a succession of Harry the Eighth. Such a power would have been fatal to all civil and intellectual freedom, even if possessed by princes mild, intelligent, and pious as Charles I. That no toleration would have been admitted or admissible; that every shade of opinion or mode of adoration that did not accord with the fancy of the reigning monarch would be subject to the penalties of treason; and, on the other hand, that every effort on behalf of civil liberty would be treated as schism or sacrilege, would not have been the worst consequence of the royal and national papacy. There would have been a new creed at least with every reign, perhaps with every year. The Church would have been impoverished and the clergy ruined by capricious changes in garments, which would be altered as frequently and as expensively as the uniforms of crack regiments. But worse than all, nobody who wished to be saved in the Church Royal would know what to believe, or how to pray. It is by no means impossible that the immortality of the soul might have been abolished, or purgatory established by royal proclamation; and royal proclamations would then have had the force of laws.

We think, therefore, that the clergy of Yorkshire and the other northern provinces acted commendably in delaying to transfer their spiritual allegiance; for as Henry still maintained the doctrines of the Church of Rome,—nay, even burned many for the disbelief of tenets grounded solely on the authority and tradition of that Church—tenets of which he could have no proof that did not rest on the infallibility of that Church, of which the papacy is the sealing stone—the mere act of separation from the Catholic body was

on Henry's part an act of schism, however justifiable in those real reformers, who held conscientiously that the Popes had been, and continued to be, corrupters of Christianity, and upholders of corruption.

But unfortunately for their own credit, the adherents of the ancient Church attempted to support their failing cause by means the most ill-judged and unjustifiable; and Bishop Fisher in his old age betrayed a degree of credulity,* or rather gullibility, which the darkness of the time can hardly excuse. At the same time, we entirely acquit him of any participation in, or connivance at, the fraud. He was one of those good men who think the excellence of faith consists in believing readily and much. He was weak and grey-headed. He saw that Church which he esteemed the kingdom of heaven upon earth, and the Israel of God, in peril of being led away captive; and thought that if ever power divine displayed itself in time of need, that time was come.

* Nothing almost sees miracles,
But miseries.

In the parish of Adlington, in Kent, there lived a young woman, named Elizabeth Barton, of mean birth and no education, who was subject to that sort of epileptic fits which the ignorance of mankind was wont to attribute either to possession or inspiration. When in these trances, she uttered wild incoherent speeches, which sometimes seemed to have relation to the passages of the times. Hereupon Masters, the priest of Adlington, hoping to draw much custom by means of this poor diseased creature, drew up an account of her ravings and prophesyings, and went to the Archbishop Warham, and wrought so successfully

* Query—*wilful* credulity?—*S. T. C.*

upon the aged prelate, that he received orders to attend the damsel carefully, and bring tidings of any new trances she might fall into. It is probable that the woman was not from the beginning an impostor; but rather affected with that sort of docile insanity which has proved in past times so serviceable to the cause of priestcraft. When she awoke out of her trances, she was utterly unconscious what she had been saying; but the crafty priest would not have the matter to stop so, but persuaded her to believe, or at least profess herself to be inspired by the Holy Ghost. He afterwards induced her to counterfeit, or perhaps wilfully to produce, renewed trances, and to deal in visions and revelations. The affair at length made a considerable noise, and many came to see her; and Masters, in order to raise the reputation of an image of the Virgin that was in a chapel within his parish, by which he might expect to profit largely from the offerings of devotees and the concourse of pilgrims, chose for an associate in his imposture one Dr. Bocking, a canon of Christ Church, in Canterbury. By these means, the Holy Maid of Kent was instructed to say, in her trances, that the Virgin Mary had appeared to her in a vision, and revealed that she never should be relieved of her infirmity till she visited the image in question. She accordingly went in pilgrimage to the chapel, where, in the midst of a great concourse of people that were there assembled, she fell into a trance, and poured forth ecstatic ejaculations, declaring that God had called her to a religious life, and appointed Bocking to be her ghostly father. She afterwards pretended to be recovered of all her distempers by the intercession of the Virgin, took the veil, saw visions, heard heavenly melodies, and passed with great numbers for a prophetess: in which belief it is probable that Arch-

bishop Warham died, luckily for himself, before the imposture was exposed.

It does not appear that either the poor crazy woman or her sacerdotal keepers had originally any political designs. But as the divorce of Queen Catherine, and its unforeseen consequence, the rupture with Rome, approximated to a crisis, the prophetic powers of the Holy Maid took a more public turn, and ventured to prophesy destruction to the king himself. It is by no means impossible that the persecutions of Catherine really made a deep impression on her disordered imagination: for all women who have *ever* had a spark of goodness, feel that their whole sex is injured when one individual woman is wronged. She might think herself inspired to denounce the wrath of heaven against a tyrant. She might very easily be persuaded that she had a special dispensation for any measure of pious fraud. But her prompters more probably foresaw that there was but one way to save *their* Church and *their* trade, and aimed at nothing less than a general revolt against the innovating king. It may be remarked, that the inspirations of the Holy Maid did not take a treasonable aspect till after the death of Warham, and the promotion of Cranmer to the primacy; nor were the Protestant inclinations of Anne Boleyn unsuspected.

Dealers in mock-miracle and false prophecy seldom display much imagination: for it is not to the imagination, or generous passions, but to the selfish hopes and fears of men, that they address themselves. But one of the Holy Maid's fabrications has at least the credit of bold invention. She asserted, that when the King was last at Calais, whilst he was at mass, she being invisibly present either in the body or out of the body, saw an angel snatch the consecrated

host out of his hand, and give it to herself, whereupon she was instantaneously conveyed back to her monastery, no person being aware of her presence, absence, or removal. The drift of the story of course was, that Henry, by plain and infallible tokens, was rejected of God, and ought to be deprived of his kingly dignity. As the tale found ready credence with Catherine's party, and perhaps with Catherine herself, the Nun or her directors grew yet bolder, and she ventured to announce, that if the King should persist in putting away his Queen, and take another wife, he would not be king seven months longer, but would die the death of a villain.

As Bocking and Masters appear to have been mere knaves, with little or no mixture of fanaticism, it did not suit their purpose that these denunciations should reach the King's ear till such time as matters were ripe for an explosion. Fisher, who had been at first attracted by the report of the woman's exceeding holiness, easily believed what he wished to be true, and was as easily persuaded to keep all secret. This is little to be wondered at; for his intellect, never of the first order, was impaired by superstition, increasing with his years and troubles; and not improbably, his excessive fastings, watchings, and meditations on the lives of saints and virgins, had prepared him for the contagion of religious madness. But it would be very difficult to account for Sir Thomas More's belief, not in the prophecies of the Maid of Kent, yet in her pretended sanctity. For More's eyes, naturally acute, had, in his youth, been purged and opened, and always continued open when he did not think it his duty to shut them. But though a lamentable, he was not a solitary, instance of a great man acquiescing in what he conceives salutary prejudices, till he loses the power of distin-

guishing between truth and falsehood. It is not certain, however, that the maiden ventured upon any express prophecies in the hearing of Sir Thomas; but we are afraid that Bishop Fisher gave into her grossest delusions, and even believed in the authenticity of a letter written in golden characters, and purporting to be the Blessed Virgin's autograph, though afterwards confessed to be the handy-work of a Canterbury monk, called Hankherst. Fisher, however, refrained from promulgating the treasonable prophecies; he only concealed them; but others of the believers were less prudent: in particular, one Peto, preaching at the palace of Greenwich, was so far emboldened by the maiden's revelations, as to denounce heavy judgments against the King, in his own royal presence, telling him, "that many lying prophets had deceived him, but he, as a true Micajah, warned him that the dogs should lick his blood as they had licked Ahab's." Extraordinary impudence sometimes passes with impunity where a less liberty would have been severely visited. No punishment was awarded to Peto; only a Doctor was appointed to answer him the next Sunday. Dr. Curwen, such was his name, began his discourse in defence of the King's proceedings in a style seldom now to be heard from the pulpit, calling Peto rebel, slanderer, dog, traitor, liar, and the like, till a friar, named Elston, arose and told him, that he was one of the lying prophets, who sought by adultery to establish the succession to the throne, and that he would justify all that Peto had said. And the friar spake many other things in a similar strain, and would not be silenced till the King himself commanded him to hold his peace. Neither Elston nor Peto suffered any other penalty than a reprimand before the Privy Council.

But the Holy Maid and her accomplices were not to escape so easily ; and, indeed, the obvious tendency of their proceedings to promote rebellion was what no monarch could have overlooked, with due regard to the security of the state. But it also suited Henry's present purposes to expose an imposture, the detection of which not only brought discredit on the opposers of his will, but cast suspicion upon the whole series of monastic miracles and trances, and, what was still more in point, seriously impeached monastic holiness, and reconciled the people to the confiscation of monastic property. Accordingly, Elizabeth Barton, together with Bocking, Masters, and others of their colleagues were summoned before the Star-chamber, and, without torture, but perhaps not without fear of torture, or hope of pardon, made a full confession of the plot, not forgetting to mention their success in imposing upon Fisher.

While the exposure of this affair was in progress, our bishop received a warning and counsel which he would have done prudently to follow. Thomas Cromwell, then Secretary of State, sent Fisher's brother to him, taking him severely to task for his credulity in believing, and yet more for his negligence in not disclosing, prophecies so absurd and dangerous ; but at the same time exhorting him to write to the King, acknowledging his offence, and begging forgiveness, which he knew the King would not refuse to one so old and infirm . It is not improbable that Cromwell sent this message at Henry's suggestion. However that might be, Fisher did not take his advice ; but declining to apply to the King, wrote back to Cromwell in his own justification, declaring that all he had done was only to prove whether the Nun's revelations were authentic or no. He confessed that he had conceived a high opinion of her holiness, both from

common fame, and from her devoting herself to a religious life; from the report of her *ghostly father*, (Bocking,) whom he esteemed a godly and learned divine, whose testimony was corroborated by that of many other learned and virtuous priests; from the high opinion the late Primate, Warham, entertained of her; but above all, from the words of the prophet Amos, "that God will do nothing without revealing it to his servants." That upon these grounds he did not think himself justified in rejecting her mission without examination, but had conversed with her himself, and sent his chaplains to converse with her, and neither of them had discovered any falsehood in her. And as to his concealing what she had told him about the King, which was laid to his charge, he thought it needless for him to speak concerning it to the King, since she had said to him that she had told it to the King herself; and she had named no person who should kill the King, nor encouraged any to rise against him; but simply foretold the conditional judgments of heaven. These arguments, it must be confessed, are none of the soundest, nor was he likely to better himself by declaring, in a communication, sure to pass under Henry's eye, that the harshness with which the King had spoken to him on former occasions made him fearful of offending by imparting the Nun's denunciations.

To this ill-judged letter Cromwell replied at large, urging the bishop not to rely on such insufficient reasons for his justification, but to seek forgiveness of the King while it was yet to be obtained, seeing that if brought to trial he would certainly be found guilty. But Fisher would make no submissions. Sir Thomas More, who had been involved in the same charge, succeeded in exculpating himself by a long explanatory epistle to the Secretary, a

sufficient proof that his destruction was not yet determined on.

In 1534 a bill of attainder was introduced into Parliament, which imposed the penalties of treason on Elizabeth Barton, Bocking, Masters, Deering (author of a book of the Holy Maid's Revelations), Rich, Risby, and Gold, her associates, who all suffered at Tyburn; not receiving, or deserving, much compassion even from the most zealous members of the Catholic Church. The female, however, was most to be pitied, and, in her last confessions, laid the weight of her offences on her male associates, who had availed themselves of her ignorance and infirmity to debauch her soul and body.

In the same act of attainder, Fisher, with five others, among whom was Abel, Queen Catherine's confessor, was adjudged guilty of misprision of treason, in concealing those speeches of the Nun that related to the King; and he was condemned to forfeit all his goods and chattels, and to be imprisoned during his Majesty's pleasure. While the proceedings were pending, he addressed a letter* to the House of

* "It may please you to consider that I sought not for this woman's coming unto me, nor thought in her any manner of deceit. She was a person that, by many probable and likely conjectures, I then reputed to be right honest, religious, and very good and virtuous. I verily supposed that such feigning and craft, compassing any guile or fraud, had been far from her; and what default was it in me so to think, when I had so many probable testimonies of her virtue? 1. The report of the country, which generally called her the HOLY MAID. 2. Her entrance into religion upon certain visions, which was commonly said she had. 3. For the good religion and learning that was thought to be in her ghostly father (Dr. Bocking), and in other virtuous and well-learned priests, that then testified of her business, as it was *commonly* reported. Finally, my Lord of Canter-

Lords, reiterating the reasons for his conduct which he had formerly given to Cromwell, a singular instance of infatuation. But what is remarkable in the letter is, that he still seems to have retained some faith in the Holy Maid after the imposture was confessed and proved. Such is the final perseverance of superstition. Fisher was treated with what, in that age, must have been great lenity, even by the most unfavourable accounts; for, according to his Catholic biographer, Hall, he was discharged with a fine to the King of 300*l.*; but Bishop Burnet, who,

bury (Warham), that then was both her ordinary, and a man reputed of high wisdom and learning, told me that she had many great visions. And of him I learned greater things than ever I heard of the Nun herself. But here 'twill be said she told me such words as were to the peril of the Prince and of the realm. The words that she told me concerning the peril of the King's Highness were these: That she had her revelation from God that if the King went forth with the purpose that he intended, he should not be King seven months longer; and she told me also, that she had been with the King, and showed unto his Grace the same Revelation. But whereas I never gave her any counsel to this matter, nor knew of any forging or feigning thereof, I trust in your great wisdoms that you will not think any default in me touching this point. It will be said that I should have showed the words to the King's Highness. Verily if I had not thought undoubtedly that she had showed the same words unto his Grace, my duty had been so to have done. But when she herself, which pretended to have had this revelation from God, had showed the same, I saw no necessity why I should renew it again to his Grace. And not only her own saying thus persuaded me, but her Prioress's words confirmed the same, and their servants also reported unto my servants that she had been with the King. And yet, besides all this, I knew it not long after by some others, that so it was indeed."

though less a lover of kings than most of his order, is an industrious vindicator of Henry VIII., says that he does "not find that the King proceeded against him upon this act, till by new provocations he drew a heavier storm of indignation upon himself."

But the provocation was certain to occur; for in the same session of Parliament that attainted the Holy Maid, the secession of England from the Catholic communion was completed, and, while Fisher was condemned of one misprision of treason, another species of the same offence was invented as it were purposely to entrap his conscience. Henry's marriage with Catherine of Arragon had already been dissolved by Cranmer, and he was privately united to Anne Boleyn; but now the Parliament solemnly declared the former marriage null and void, confirmed the latter, and entailed the crown upon the issue of Henry and Anne Boleyn. It was also adjudged misprision of treason to slander or do anything to the derogation of the King's last marriage, and all persons whatsoever were enjoined to maintain and keep the provisions of the act so ordaining. And in pursuance of it, on the day of the prorogation, March 30, 1534, an oath was taken by both houses, wherein they swore "to bear faith, truth, and obedience alone to the King's Majesty, and to the heirs of his body, of his most dear and entirely beloved lawful wife Queen Anne, begotten and to be begotten. And further, to the heirs of the same Sovereign Lord, according to the limitation in the statute made for surety of his succession in the crown of this realm, mentioned and contained, and not to any other within this realm, nor foreign authority, nor potentate, &c." To this oath Fisher would never consent, yet he did not venture to oppose it in the House of Lords, but retired to his episcopal palace at Rochester.

But he was not allowed to remain there long. Not above four days were past when he received an instant summons to appear at Lambeth before Cranmer, now Archbishop of Canterbury, who, with other commissioners, were appointed to tender the oath of succession. He obeyed. The oath, in all its plenitude of verbiage, was presented to him; he perused and meditated over it awhile, then requested time to consider of it. Five days were granted, which having elapsed, he again appeared before the commissioners, and told them that "He had perused the oath with as good deliberation as he could; but, as they had framed it, he could not, with any safety to his own conscience, subscribe thereto, except they would give him leave to alter it in some particulars; whereby his own conscience might be satisfied as well as the King." To this the commissioners, with one consent, made answer, "That the King would allow no alterations, exceptions, or reservations, in the oaths;" and Cranmer added, "You must answer directly, whether you will or will not subscribe." Then Fisher, seeing the worst, said decisively, "If you will needs have me answer directly, my answer is, that for as much as my own conscience cannot be satisfied, I absolutely refuse the oaths." The commissioners had now but one course; for the act adjudged that whosoever should decline to swear to all its provisions, was, *ipso facto*, guilty of misprision of treason, and to be punished accordingly. On the 26th of April, 1534, the aged bishop was incarcerated in the Tower, from whence he never came forth again but to trial and execution. Whatever might be the case with the King, the most eminent persons, both in the Church and in the State, were evidently reluctant to proceed to extremities against a white-headed man with one foot in the grave, the fame of whose learning and

piety was spread over Europe, whose very offence was calculated to procure him a worthy remembrance with the good of his own time, and of succeeding ages, especially as Sir Thomas More was involved in the same conscientious delinquency. As there was no hope of persuading Henry to abate any article of the oath, great efforts were used to induce Fisher to take it unreservedly. Secretary Cromwell, who seems to have been his sincere well-wisher, urged him once more to write to the King, and at least explain the perfect loyalty of his sentiments, and his readiness to make any submission which his conscience did not prohibit. But Fisher could not bring himself to this measure, and declined any direct solicitation of his sovereign, whose temper was such, he said, that it was impossible to address him without giving fresh umbrage. Several prelates visited him in his confinement, if possible to argue away his scruples; and the Lord Chancellor Audley,* a subtle and complying politician, as honest as most politicians think neces-

* If Audley deserved the character given of him by Lloyd, (who is often accused of sacrificing truth to anti-thesis,) there can have been too little sympathy between him and Fisher to enable them to understand one another.

"The King might very well trust him with his conscience when he trusted the King with his; owning no doctrine but what was established, ever judging the Church and State wiser than himself; rather escaping than refusing dangerous employments in which he must either displease his master or himself. He was tender, but not wilful, waving such employments dexterously, wherein he must offend his master dangerously." Such a conscience as this would be more serviceable than even no conscience at all. Audley was the founder of Magdalen College, Cambridge, and the second lay Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, whom he succeeded, being the first.

sary, with others of the Privy Council, tried their rhetoric and influence to the same end, but all without effect.

The main point at which the bishop stuck was that clause of the succession act which declared the marriage between Henry and Catherine null and void from the commencement, as being contrary to the Levitical laws, and therefore unlawful, notwithstanding any dispensation whatever. This was indeed a virtual denial of the infallibility of the Church; it was setting Scripture above the Church, and therein renouncing the great and peculiar tenet upon which rests the whole fabric of that Church which he held to be the Catholic and sole saving Church. Cromwell, who laboured in a manner creditable to his heart, to induce the bishop to save himself, sent Lee, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, to argue this question with him; and at length he agreed to a compromise, which might have satisfied any but a despot: "that he would swear to the succession, and never dispute more about the marriage, and he promised allegiance to the King, but his conscience could not be convinced that the marriage was against the laws of God;" and to the same modified acceptance of the oath, Sir Thomas More also agreed.

Cranmer was very desirous that this partial concession should be admitted, and foreseeing, as Burnet says, "the ill effects that would follow on contending so much with persons so highly esteemed over the world, and of such a temper that severity could bend them to nothing, did by an earnest letter to Cromwell, dated the 27th of April, move that what they offered might be accepted: for if they once swore to the succession it would quiet the kingdom, for they once acknowledging it, all other persons would acquiesce and submit to their judgments." Cromwell

probably did his best, but Henry had now “abandoned all remorse,” and would have his own will to be law, conscience, and religion, to all his subjects, as he had made it to himself. He replied to the representations of Cromwell, and his fellow counsellors, with more than usual fury: “Mother of God! both More and Fisher shall take the oath, or I will know why they should not; and ye” (Cromwell and the counsellors,) “shall make them do it, or I will see better reasons why ye cannot.” Such at least are the words recorded, and they are such as Henry was likely to have used. It is certain that he refused to accept any thing less of More or Fisher than an unconditional surrender of their scruples.

The Parliament, since we must give that name to the slavish assembly, whose shameless haste to legalise every issue of their master’s passions, perhaps made him worse than he would have proved, had he formally possessed an absolute crown, met on the 3rd of November, 1534, and one of its first acts was to attain Bishop Fisher for refusing the oath of succession, and to declare his bishopric void from the 2nd of January following.

When all hopes of accommodation were lost, he was suffered to remain in his miserable durance, possibly in expectation that death would obsequiously come to spare his enemies the trouble and disgrace of murdering him. To his other calamities was now added the lowest poverty, for all his property was confiscated, and he was so infamously neglected by those who ought at least to have revered his age and his order, that it is only charity to think his brethren of the clergy were *forbidden* to relieve him. Dr. Lee did venture to represent to Cromwell that “his body could not bear the clothes on his back; that he was well nigh going, and that he

could not continue, unless the King were merciful to him." Yet more feelingly are his necessities expressed in a letter of his own to Cromwell, which we hope at least obtained him an enlarged allowance of food and raiment :—

“ Furthermore I beseech you be good master unto me in my necessity. For I have neither shirt nor suit, nor yet other clothes that are necessary for me to wear, but that be ragged and rent too shamefully ; notwithstanding I might easily suffer that, if they would keep my body warm. But my diet also, God knows how slender it is at many times. And now in my age, my stomach will not away but with a few kind of meats, which if I want, I decay forthwith, and fall into crases and diseases of my body, and cannot keep myself in health. And as our Lord knoweth, I have nothing left unto me for to provide any better, but as my brother of his own purse layeth out for me, to his own great hindrance. Wherefore, good master Secretary, eftsoons I beseech you to have some pity upon me, and let me have such things as are necessary for me in mine age, and especially for my health. And also that it may please you, by your high wisdom, to move the King's Highness to take me unto his gracious favour again, and to restore me to my liberty, out of this cold and painful imprisonment. Whereby ye shall bind me to be your poor bedesman for ever unto Almighty God, who ever have you in his protection and custody. Other twain things I must desire of you. That I may take some priest with me in the Tower, by the assignment of Master Lieutenant, against this holy time. That I may borrow some books, to say my devotions more effectually these holy days, for the comfort of my soul. This I beseech you to grant me of your charity. And for this our Lord God send you a merry

Christmas, and a comfortable to your heart's desire. At the Tower, the 22d day of December, your poor bedesman,
 "JOHN ROFF."

Thus, to borrow the quaint yet affecting language of Fuller, he "lived in durance, and so was likely to continue, till, in all probability, his soul should be freed from two prisons,—I mean that of his body and of the Tower. For his life could do the King no hurt, whose death might procure him hatred, as of one generally pitied for his age, honoured for his learning, admired for his holy conversation. Besides, it was not worth the while to take away his life, who was not only *mortalis*, as all men, and *mortificatus*, as all good men, but also *moriturus*, as all old men, being past seventy-six years of age."

But the fame of his fidelity and sufferings in the cause of his church had reached Rome, where Cardinal Farnese, a very different sort of Pope from the either-sided hesitating Clement, was recently elevated to the Tiara by the title of Paul III. Had Paul determined of malice prepense to procure for the papal cause the honour of Fisher's martyrdom as a set-off against the Protestant martyrs, he could scarcely have taken a more effectual method than by bestowing upon him an unseasonable honour, the acceptance of which might be construed into a defiance to a King whose anger was death. But as we are not among those who hold that every Pope becomes, *ex-officio*, an incarnation of the evil principle, we rather believe that Paul, in ignorance of the true state of things in England, imagined that a Cardinal's hat would procure for the aged Prelate reverence, liberty, and security. Be it as it might, Fisher was created, on the 21st of May, 1535, Cardinal Priest of St. Vitalis; most likely without his own knowledge or wish: though it is highly improbable that

he ever said, as Fuller reports,—“If the Cardinal’s hat were lying at my feet, I would not stoop to pick it up.” He revered—nay, adored—*his* Church too much to speak lightly of her dignities, and was above the hypocrisy of pretending to despise what, if he did not covet, he religiously esteemed.

No sooner did Henry hear of this promotion, than he gave orders that the hat should be stopped at Calais; and sent Cromwell to sift out how far the bishop was a privy or consenting party to his own elevation. After some general conference, no doubt upon religious topics, the artful secretary entered upon his real business. “My Lord of Rochester,” says he, “what would you say if the Pope were to send you a Cardinal’s hat, would you accept of it?” Fisher replied, “Sir, I know myself to be so far unworthy of any such dignity, that I think of nothing less; but if any such thing should happen, assure yourself that I should improve that favour to the best advantage I could in assisting the Holy Catholic Church of Christ, and in that respect I should receive it on my knees.” When Cromwell reported this manly avowal to his master, Harry exclaimed, in “right royal rage,”—“Ha! is he yet so lusty? Then let the Pope send him a hat when he will; but by God’s mother, he shall wear it on his shoulders then, for I will leave him never a head to set it on!” And thenceforth it was determined to cut off the poor remainder of the old man’s days.

He must, however, be butchered according to law, and no act of his had hitherto subjected him to capital punishment. What then? The Solicitor-General, Rich, was either commissioned, or, which is just as likely, volunteered, to trepan him into *treason*. A convenient statute had not long before passed the two Houses of Parliament, and of course

received the royal assent, by which it was made high treason "maliciously to wish or desire by words or writing, or to imagine, attempt, or invent, any bodily harm to be done to the King, the Queen, or their heirs apparent; or to deprive any of them of the DIGNITY, STYLE, OR NAME OF THEIR ROYAL ESTATES." Now among the dignities and names of the royal estates was that of SUPREME HEAD OF THE CHURCH, and "upon this hint" the man of law proceeded. He came with a great face of importance and mystery, as if secretly dispatched by the King, for the quieting of the royal *conscience*, to consult upon the question of the supremacy. Well had it been for Fisher had he remembered the words of the Psalmist, "I will keep my tongue as it were with a bridle while the ungodly is in my sight:" but he was a man of infinite simplicity, and perhaps thought that even silence on this head was a denial of his Saviour, or at all events a treason against his Saviour's Church. He therefore answered to this effect:—"As to the business of the supremacy, I must needs tell his Majesty, as I have often told him heretofore, and would so tell him if I were to die this present hour, that it is utterly unlawful: and therefore I would not wish his Majesty to take any such title or power upon him as he loves his own soul."

It was enough. A commission was issued to the Lord Chancellor Audley, Brandon Duke of Suffolk, Clifford Earl of Cumberland, Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire, Mr. Secretary Cromwell, and eight of the Judges, to try John Fisher, *late* Bishop of Rochester, for high treason, upon the statute of 26th Henry VIII. The charge against him ran,—“That, in the twenty-seventh year of King Henry's reign, he, the said John Fisher, *late* Bishop of Rochester, had, in the Tower of London, falsely, maliciously, and traitorously

spoken and divulged against his due allegiance, before several of the King's true subjects, the following words in English:—*That the King our Sovereign Lord is not Supreme Head, on earth, of the Church of England.*"

As Fisher had been already deprived of his episcopal functions for misprision of treason, he was not allowed a trial by his peers, but was tried by a common Middlesex jury* of twelve. The indictment was found on the 11th of June, but the poor old man was so sick and infirm, that even the inhumanity of that age shrunk from the shame of dragging him before the court. All his books and papers were seized, no doubt with a view to extract evidence from them. On the 17th he was so far recovered as to render it possible to carry him before the bar of the King's Bench. He wore a plain black cloth gown, without any episcopal vestment. Part of the way he proceeded through the streets on horseback, but, his strength failing, he was put into a boat, and conveyed to Westminster by water.

The trial of a doomed man is generally soon over. The jury knew that they were to find him guilty, and they condemned the Bishop chiefly on the evidence of Rich, which they might very justly, though certainly not safely, have rejected: for the man who would treacherously obtain such evidence, may well be supposed capable of fabricating it. The Bishop, though he could not expect his objections to be

* It had been called in question whether *any* bishop was entitled to a trial by his peers: first, because his peerage is not of blood, but official merely,—a weak argument, for the nobility is inherent in the see: secondly, because bishops not being allowed to sit as judges in cases of life and death, he has no proper peers by whom he can be tried.

allowed any weight, did protest against the villainy of Rich * in bold terms :—" I cannot but marvel to hear *you* come in and bear witness against me, knowing in what a secret manner you came to me." Then turning to the court—" He told me that the King, for the better satisfaction of his own *conscience*, had sent unto me, in this secret manner, to know my full opinion in the matter, for the great affiance he had in me more than in any other: he told me that the King willed him to assure me, on his *honour*, and on the *word* of a *King*! that whatever I should say unto him, by this his secret messenger, I should abide no peril or danger for it, neither that any advantage should be taken against me for the same. Now, therefore, my Lords, seeing it pleased the King's Majesty to send to me thus secretly, under the pretence of plain and true meaning, to know my poor advice and opinion in these his great affairs, which I most gladly was, and ever will be, willing to send him: methinks it is very hard injustice to hear the messenger's accusation, and to allow the same as a sufficient testimony against me in matter of treason.

" I pray you, my Lords, consider moreover, that, by all equity, justice, worldly honesty, and courteous dealing, I cannot, as the case standeth, be directly charged with treason, though I had spoken the words indeed, the same being not spoken *maliciously*, but in the way of advice and counsel, when it was requested of me by the King himself: and that favour

* This Rich rose from small beginnings to be Lord Chancellor and a Baron under Edward VI. He was the founder of a *noble* family, from which sprung Robert, Earl of Warwick, and Henry, Earl of Holland, his brother, distinguished for their frequent change of sides in the civil wars under Charles I. The direct line became extinct in 1759.

the very words of the statute do give me, being made only against such as do *maliciously* gainsay the King's supremacy, and none other; wherefore, although by rigour of law you may take occasion thus to condemn me, yet I hope you cannot find law, except you add rigour to that law, to cast me down, which herein I hope I have not deserved."

The jury found him guilty, and the court sentenced him to die the death of a traitor in all its horrid particulars. The trial over, he was carried back to the Tower, haply with a lighter heart than when he was brought forth from thence; for the hopeless possibility of an acquittal could have administered no comfort, while the certainty of undeserved death gave resignation and repose, and a self-fulfilling hope on high. When arrived at the Tower, he turned to the officers who had attended him on his passage thence and back, and said cheerfully and courteously, "My masters, I thank you for all the great labour and pains ye have taken with me this day. I am not able to give you anything in recompense, for I have nothing left; and therefore, I pray you, accept in good part my hearty thanks."

Four days elapsed between the sentence and the execution, during which the King mitigated the mode of death into simple beheading. He employed the interval in fervent devotion, doubtless not omitting any rite approved by his creed, the use of which he could procure. The account of his last day on earth is given by Fuller from a Catholic writer, with so much simplicity, and such an air of reality, that we cannot alter it but for the worse, and shall therefore extract it entire.*

* Fuller. Church History of Britain, book v. section iii. Copied from "*Hall's* (then) *MS. Life of Bishop Fisher*," afterwards published by Dr. Bailey.

“After the Lieutenant of the Tower had received the writ for his execution, because it was then very late, and the prisoner asleep, he was loth to disease him from his rest. But in the morning, before five of the clock, he came to him in his chamber, in the bell tower, finding him yet asleep in his bed, and waking him, told him, ‘He was come to him on a message from the King, to signify unto him that his pleasure was, that he should suffer death that forenoon.’ ‘Well! (quoth the Bishop) if this be your errand, you bring me no great news, for I have looked long for this message, and I most humbly thank his Majesty that it pleaseth him to rid me of all this worldly business. Yet let me by your patience sleep an hour or two, for I have slept very ill this night, not for any fear of death, I thank God, but by reason of my great infirmity and weakness.’

“‘The King’s pleasure is farther,’ (said the Lieutenant) ‘that you shall use as little speech as may be, especially of any thing touching his Majesty, whereby the people should have any cause to think of him or his proceedings otherwise than well.’ ‘For that,’ (said he) ‘you shall see me order myself as, by God’s grace, neither the King nor any man else shall have occasion to mislike of my words.’ With which answer the Lieutenant departed from him, and so the prisoner, falling again to rest, slept soundly two hours and more; and after he was awaked, called to his man to help him up. But first commanded him to take away his shirt of hair (which customably he wore) and to convey it privily out of the house; and instead thereof, to lay him forth a clean white shirt, and all the best apparel he had, as cleanly brushed as might be. And, as he was arraying himself, his man, seeing in him more curiosity and care for the fine and cleanly

wearing of his apparel that day than was wont, demanded of him, what this sudden change meant? saying, 'That his Lordship knew well enough that he must put off all again within two hours, and lose it. 'What of that?' said he, 'dost not thou mark that this is our marriage-day, and that it behoveth us therefore to use more cleanliness for solemnity thereof?' About nine o'clock the Lieutenant came again, and finding him almost ready, said, 'He was now come for him.' Then said he to his man, 'Reach me my furred tippet to put about my neck.' 'Oh, my Lord!' said the Lieutenant, 'what need ye be so careful for your health for this little time, being, as yourself knows, not much above an hour?' 'I think no otherwise,' said he, 'but yet in the mean time I will keep myself as well as I can. For I tell you truth, though I have, I thank our Lord, a very good desire and willing mind to die at this present, and so trust of his infinite goodness and mercy He will continue it, yet will I not willingly hinder my health in the mean time one minute of an hour, but still prolong the same, as long as I can, by such reasonable ways and means as Almighty God hath provided for me.' And with that, taking a little book in his hand, which was a New Testament lying by him, he made a cross on his forehead, and went out of his prison door with the Lieutenant, being so weak that he was scant able to go down stairs; whereupon, at the stairs foot, he was taken up in a chair between two of the Lieutenant's men, and carried to the Tower gate, with a great number of weapons about him, to be delivered to the Sheriff of London for execution.

"And as they were come to the uttermost precinct of the liberties of the Tower, they rested there with him a space, till such time as one was sent

before to know in what readiness the Sheriffs were to receive him. During which space he rose out of his chair, and standing on his feet, leaned his shoulder to the wall, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, he opened a little book in his hand, and said, ‘O Lord! this is the last time that ever I shall open this little book; let some comfortable place now chance unto me, whereby I, thy poor servant, may glorify thee in this my last hour.’ And with that, looking into the book, the first thing that came to his sight were these words:—*Hæc est autem vita æterna ut cognoscant te solum verum Deum, et quem misisti Jesum Christum. Ego te glorificavi super terram, opus consummavi quod dedisti mihi, &c.,** and with that he shut the book together, and said, ‘Here is even learning enough for me to my life’s end.’ And so the Sheriff being ready for him, he was taken up again among certain of the Sheriff’s men, with a new and much greater company of weapons than was before, and carried to the scaffold on the *Tower-hill*, otherwise called *East Smithfield*, himself praying all the way, and recording upon the words which he before had read.

“When he was come to the foot of the scaffold, they that carried him offered to help him up the stairs, but said he, ‘Nay, masters, seeing I am come so far, let me alone and ye shall see me shift for myself well enough;’ and so went up stairs without any help, so lively, that it was a marvel to them that before knew his debility and weakness. But as he

* St. John xvii. 3, 4.—And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. I have glorified thee on the earth. I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.

The Catholics generally quote Scripture in Latin, from the Vulgate.

was mounting the stairs, the south-east sun shone very brightly in his face, whereupon he said to himself these words, lifting up his hands : ‘ *Accedite ad eum, et illuminamini, et facies vestrae non confundentur.*’* By that time he was upon the scaffold, it was about ten o’clock; where the executioner, being ready to do his office, kneeled down to him (as the fashion is,) and asked his forgiveness. ‘ I forgive thee,’ said he, ‘ with all my heart, and I trust thou shalt see me overcome this storm lustily.’ Then were his gown and tippet taken from him, and he stood in his doublet and hose in sight of all the people, whereof there was no small number assembled to see the execution.

“ Being upon the scaffold, he spoke to the people in effect as follows :—‘ Christian people. I am come hither to die for the faith of Christ’s holy Catholic Church, and I thank God, hitherto my stomach hath served me very well thereunto, so that yet I have not feared death; wherefore I desire you all to help and assist with your prayers, that at the very point and instant of death’s stroke, I may in that very moment stand steadfast, without fainting in any one point of the Catholic faith, free from any fear. And I beseech Almighty God, of his infinite goodness, to save the King and this realm, and that it may please him to hold his holy hand over it, and send the King a good Council.’

“ These words he spake with such a cheerful countenance, such a stout and constant courage, and such a reverend gravity, that he appeared to all men, not only void of fear, but also glad of death.

“ After these few words by him uttered, he kneeled

* “ Draw nigh unto him and be enlightened, and your faces shall not be cast down.”

down on both his knees, and said certain prayers. Among which (as some reported), one was the hymn of *Te Deum laudamus*, to the end ; and the psalm *In te Domine speravi*. Then came the executioner and bound a handkerchief about his eyes ; and so the Bishop, lifting up his hands and heart to heaven, said a few prayers, which were not long, but fervent and devout. Which being ended, he laid his head down over the midst of a little block, where the executioner, being ready with a sharp and heavy axe, cut asunder his slender neck at one blow, which bled so abundantly, that many (saith my author) wondered to see so much blood issue from so lean and slender a body ; though, in my judgment, they might rather have translated the *wonder* from his *leanness* to his *age*, it being otherwise a received tradition, that lean folks have the most blood in them.

“ Thus died John Fisher, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, on the 22nd of June, being St. Alban’s day, the proto-martyr of England, and therefore with my author most remarkable. But surely no day in the Romish calendar is such a skeleton, or so bare of sanctity, but (had his death happened thereon) a priest would pick a mystery out of it. He had a lank, long body, full six feet high, toward the end of his life very infirm, insomuch that he used to sit in a chair when he taught the people in his diocese.

“ His corpse (if our author speaketh truth) was barbarously abused, no winding sheet being allowed it, which will hardly enter into my belief. For, suppose his *friends* durst not, his *foes* would not afford him a shroud, yet some *neuters*, betwixt both (no doubt), would have done it out of common civility. Besides, seeing the King vouchsafed him the Tower, a noble prison, and beheading, an honourable death, it is improbable he would deny him a necessary

equipage for a plain and private burial. Wherefore, when Hall tells us, that the 'soldiers attending his execution could not get spades to make his grave therewith, but were fain with halberds (in the north side of the church of All Hallows, Barking,) to dig a hole wherein they cast his naked corpse;' I listen to the relation as inflamed by the reporter's passion. Be it here remembered, that Fisher, in his life-time, made himself a tomb on the north side of the chapel in St. John's College, intending there to be buried, but was therein disappointed. This Fisher was he who had a Cardinal's hat sent him, which (stopped at Calais) never came on his head; and a monument made for him, wherein his body was never deposited.

"Our author reporteth also, how Queen Anne Boleyn gave order that his head should be brought unto her (before it was set up on London bridge) that she might please herself at the sight thereof, and like another Herodias,* insult over the head of this John, her professed enemy. Nor was she content alone to revile his ghost with taunting terms, but out

* The tale is sufficiently confuted by its servile imitation of that of Herodias; though, as he that steals a sheep, even if he forgot to obliterate the true master's mark, makes a new nick in the ear, that he may claim it for his own; so the perverters and copiers of truth generally add some little circumstance, more or less cleverly imagined, for a *difference*, as the heralds say,—for instance, the tooth-mark in Anne Boleyn's hand. The wrath of the Catholic writers against poor Anne breaks out in still more improbable accusations than this. Not content to charge her with cruelty, treachery, and incontinence, they make her positively ugly,—blear-eyed, wry-necked, sallow-complexioned, like Envy personified. Yet these descriptions were printed and published at a time when many persons living must have

of spite, or sport, or both, struck her hand against the mouth of this dead head brought unto her; and it happened that one of Fisher's teeth, more prominent than the rest, struck into her hand, and not only pained her for the present, but made so deep an impression therein, that she carried the mark thereof to the grave. It seems this was contrary to the proverb, *Mortui non mordent*; but enough, yea, too much, of such damnable falsehoods."

Thus was a faithful shepherd of Christ's flock destroyed. But he would not have lived many years longer. His work was done. He neither flung away his life madly, nor preserved it basely. He was a martyr, if not to the truth that is recorded in the authentic Book of Heaven, yet to that copy of it which he thought authentic, which was written on his heart in the antique characters of authoritative age. Those who think him right, justly hold him a martyr to the Faith; and we, who think him mistaken, must still allow him to have been the martyr of Honesty.

Bishop Fisher was a tall and robust man in his youth, but excessively emaciated in his later years. He practised fasting and watching even to supererogation, and was too prone to the opinion that the reason requires to be mortified as well as the body. Most unjustly has he been accused of avarice, whereas he was a wise and liberal economist, desiring his brother Robert, who was his steward, that the revenues of his bishopric might be regularly expended every year, but not exceeded; and whatever was beyond the frugal provision of his household

seen and remembered Anne Boleyn. But writers who intend their works solely for the perusal of some particular sect or party, are never deterred from falsehood by the fear of contradiction.

went in alms. After his own slender meal (he took but one in the four and twenty hours), he would stand at a window, to see the poor fed at his gate, with a sort of vicarious voluptuousness. He was a man of more acquired learning than natural genius, and is said to have had the best library in England. His works are pretty numerous, but consist entirely of sermons and controversial treatises, mostly against the doctrines of Luther. One of them bears a very uncharitable title, "*Pro Damnatione Lutheri.*"

The following may be regarded as a tolerably complete list of the Bishop's writings :—

1. A Sermon on Psalm 116, at the funeral of King Henry VII.

2. A Funeral Sermon on the *moneth mind** of Margaret, Countess of Richmond. Printed by Wynkin de Worde, and republished in 1708, by Thomas Baker, D.D., with a learned preface.

3. A Commentary on the seven penitential Psalms. Written at the desire of the Countess of Richmond. Printed at London, 1509, 4to. ; 1555, 8vo.

4. A Sermon on the Passion of our Saviour.

5. A Sermon concerning the Righteousness of the Pharisees.

6. The Method of arriving at the highest Perfection in Religion. These four last were translated into Latin by John Fenne.

7. A Sermon preached at London on the day in which

* *i.e.* Month's mind. The funeral obsequies of the Countess were not performed till a month after her death. Here we see the origin of a proverbial saying, "to have a month's mind to a thing;" but how the phrase came to be transferred from the *monthly anniversary* (Hibernicè) of a person's death, to signify a strong desire, we are unable to explain.

the writings of Martin Luther were publicly burnt, on John xv. 26. Cambridge, 1521. Translated into Latin by John Pace.

8. Assertionum Martini Lutheri Confutatio. *A confutation of Luther's assertions, in forty-one articles.*

9. Defensio Assertionis Henrici VIII. de septem Sacramentis contra Lutheri "Captivitatem Babylonicam." *A Defence of Henry VIII. his Apology for the seven Sacraments against Luther's "Babylonish Captivity."*

10. Epistola reponsoria, Epistolæ Lutheri. *An Epistle in Answer to Luther.*

11. Sacerdotii Defensio contra Lutherum. *Defence of the Priesthood against Luther.*

12. Pro Damnatione Lutheri. *For the condemnation of Luther.*

13. De Veritate Corporis et Sanguinis Christi in Eucharistiâ. *Of the real presence of Christ's Body and Blood in the Eucharist.* Against Oecolampadius.

14. De Unicâ Magdalen: contra Clichtoveum et Jac. Fabrum Scapulensem. *That there was only one Mary Magdalen.* Did you ever hear of more?

15. Sanctum Petrum Romæ fuisse, contra Ulricum Veleum. *That St. Peter was at Rome,* against Ulric Veleno.

16. Several other small tracts:—On the Benefits of Prayer. The Necessity of Prayer. The Lord's Prayer. A Letter on Christian Charity, to Hermolaus Lectatius, Dean of Utrecht. A Treatise on Purgatory, &c.

Most of the forementioned pieces were published separately in England, and were printed collectively at Wurtzburg, in one volume folio, 1595.

Of his book on the King's marriage, printed at Alcala, we have already spoken. There is another tract of Fisher's on the same subject, in the collection of records at the end of Collier's Ecclesiastical History.

No doubt these works were many of them composed with intense thought, labour, and learning, after preparation of fervent prayer; and yet, who is there living that has read a page of any of them, excepting the Lady Margaret's funeral sermon? It is to the cruelty of his Sovereign that Fisher owes his ransom from oblivion.

THE REVEREND WILLIAM MASON.

So happy a life as Mason's, though exceedingly agreeable to think of, is neither easy to write, nor very interesting when written. Even when such favoured mortals have chosen, like the excellent Lindley Murray, to be their own biographers, though their reflections and observations are most valuable, their actions exemplary, and their tranquillity and thankfulness truly edifying, more good people will be found to recommend their work than to peruse it. Yet Mason was not a man to be forgotten. He was the friend and biographer of Gray, and he was the most considerable poet that Yorkshire has produced since Marvel.

As a man, as a poet, as a politician, and as a divine, he was highly *respectable*, and he that is thoroughly respectable, and nothing more, has the best possible chance of earthly happiness. A few squabbles with managers and critics, were all that he had to convince him that "man is born to mourn." He had the good fortune too to be born in one of those "vacant inter-lunar" periods of literature, when a little poetic talent goes a great way, and in an age when a clergyman, if not negligent of his professional duties, was allowed to cultivate his talents in any innocent way he thought proper. His character was deservedly esteemed by many who were themselves estimable,

and his genius is praised by some who themselves possessed more.

William Mason was born in 1725. His father, who was Vicar of St. Trinity-Hall, in the East Riding, superintended his early education himself, and instead of checking, kindly fostered his poetical tastes, for which judicious indulgence he made grateful acknowledgment in a poetical epistle, written in his twenty-first year. Unlike too many poets, he never had occasion to regret his early devotion to the Muses : but then,

He left no calling for the idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.

However little parents may approve of their offspring being bad poets, or however barren they may think the bays of the good ones, they will always do wisely to imitate the worthy father of Mason, and let instinct have its course. To oppose is certain to add the curse of disobedience to the calamities of poetry.

In 1742, young Mason was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge. His tutor was Dr. Powell, a man of the same liberal sentiments as his father, who, while he directed his pupil to the classic models of antiquity, did not dissuade him from cultivating English verse. Mason's scholarship, though elegant and diffusive, was not of that accurate and technical kind, which may be strictly termed academical ; but he passed his time happily at Cambridge, with good books and good company, studying rather for delight and public fame, than for college honours and emoluments. It is too much the habit of tutors, and of those who should give the tone to our Universities, to consider all study which has not a direct reference to the tripos and class-paper, as mere mental dissipa-

tion: a prejudice which not only turns the young academician into a school-boy, but converts the full-grown academicians, who should form the learned class, into common-place schoolmasters. The constant routine of tuition leaves the senior neither time nor spirits for fresh acquisitions of knowledge, and in consequence many men of high attainments, whose continued residence in their colleges would be highly beneficial both to themselves and to the community, are driven away from absolute want of genial society and conversation. Few now choose a college life, but such as are either tutors for subsistence, or decorous loungers and temperate bonvivans; consequently the Universities have lost a part of their salutary influence on the public mind, and are too sharply opposed to current opinion to modify and moderate it as they ought to do. Such, we fear, is the general case; but the exceptions are many, honourable, and yearly on the increase: and there is great hope that, ere long, specimens of every cast and size of intellect may grow and flourish on the peaceful borders of Cam and Isis—

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.

The youthful character of Mason, as drawn by his early and constant friend Gray, is at once amiable and amusing. He says that "he was one of much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty; a good well-meaning creature, but in simplicity a perfect child; he reads little or nothing, writes abundance, and that with a design to make a fortune by it; a little vain, but in so harmless a way that it does not offend; a little ambitious, but withal so ignorant of the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in one's opinion; so sincere and undisguised, that no one with a spark of generosity would ever

think of hurting him, he lies so open to injury ; but so indolent, that if he cannot overcome this habit, all his good qualities will signify nothing at all." Very few of these traits outlasted Mason's youth, and perhaps some of them never existed but in Gray's good-natured interpretation. To have more fancy than judgment, to be very modest, and a little (which means not a little) vain, are qualities common to every young man that is, or is to be, or sincerely wishes to be, a poet : * and a stripling, who came to college direct from his father's parsonage, might well be ignorant of the world. But his simplicity and unsuspicion, like his extravagant expectations, seem to have arisen solely from his ignorance of the world, and his indolence was probably more than half affected out of vanity : for vain clever men cannot bear to be suspected of fagging.

Mason took his Bachelor's degree in 1745. Probably it was about this time that he composed, or at least began to compose, his *Monody on the Death of Pope*, who died in the preceding year ; but it did not appear before 1747, when it was published by advice of Dr. Powell. As the work of an author of two and twenty, it is greatly commendable, and contains some really fine lines. But grief, if we may judge by the practice of poets, has a privilege above all other passions, love itself not excepted ; a plenary indulgence for all sins of nonsense. *Elegies*, *Monodies*, and *Epicedia* have generally less meaning than

* An ingenuous youth will always be modest in proportion as he is vain. For modesty and vanity are only different phenomena of one and the same disposition, viz. an extreme consciousness and apprehensiveness of being observed. In the well-constituted young mind, there is a perpetual struggle between the fear to offend, which is modesty, and the desire to please, which is vanity.

any other compositions. Mr. Mason begins thus, in complicated imitation of the whole tribe of poetic mourners :—

Sorrowing I catch the reed, and call the Muse ;
 If yet a muse on Britain's plain abide,
 Since rapt Musæus tuned his parting strain :
 With him they lived, with him perchance they died.
 For who e'er since their virgin charms espied,
 Or on the banks of Thames, or met their train,
 Where Isis sparkles to the sunny ray ?
 Or have they deign'd to play,
 Where Camus winds along his broidered vale,
 Feeding each blue-bell pale, and daisy pied,
 That fling their fragrance round his rushy side ?

Yet ah ! ye are not dead, Celestial Maids,
 Immortal as ye are, ye may not die :
 Nor is it meet ye fly these pensive glades,
 Ere round his laureate herse ye heave the sigh.
 Stay then awhile, O stay, ye fleeting fair ;
 Revisit yet, nor hallow'd Hippocrene,
 Nor Thespia's grove ; till with harmonious teen
 Ye sooth his shade, and slowly dittied air.
 Such tribute pour'd, again ye may repair
 To what loved haunt ye whilom did elect ;
 Whether Lycæus, or that mountain fair
*Trim** Mænalus with piny verdure deck't.
 But now it boots ye not in these to stray,
 Or yet Cyllene's hoary shade to choose,
 Or where mild Ladon's welling waters play.
 Forego each vain excuse,
 And haste to Thames's shores ; for Thames shall join
 Our sad society, and passing mourn,
 The tears fast trickling o'er his silver urn.

* Is not *trim* a strange epithet for a mountain ? We have *trim* gardens in Milton, properly ; but was the *piny* verdure of Mænalus wrought into topiary works, or regularly clipped by “ old Adam's likeness ? ”

And when the Poet's widow'd grot he laves,
 His reed-crown'd locks shall shake, his head shall bow,
 His tide no more in eddies blithe shall rove,
 But creep soft by with long-drawn murmurs slow.
 For oft the mighty Master rous'd his waves
 With martial notes, or lull'd with strain of love :
 He must not now in brisk meanders flow
 Gamesome, and kiss the sadly-silent shore,
 Without the loan of some poetic woe.

Say first, Sicilian Muse,
 For, with thy sisters, thou didst weeping stand
 In silent circle at the solemn scene,
 When Death approach'd, and wav'd his ebon wand,
 Say how each laurel droopt its with'ring green ?
 How in yon grot, each silver trickling spring
 Wander'd the shelly channels all among ;
 While as the coral roof did softly ring
 Responsive to their sweetly-doleful song.
 Meanwhile all pale th' expiring Poet laid,
 And sunk his awful head,
 While vocal shadows pleasing dreams prolong ;
 For so, his sick'ning spirits to release,
 They pour'd the balm of visionary peace.

Considered as a specimen of versification, these lines have great merit, and prove that Mason had read and studied the elder English poets diligently and profitably. It was by no means so easy to compose such a copy of verses in 1744 as it would be at present, for the tunes of ancient song had "left the echo ;" so completely had the Popean couplet (itself, deny it who will, an admirable measure for many and excellent purposes,) taken possession of the general ear, that it was not without effort, and a certain confusion of ideas, that ordinary readers could admit any other system of syllabic arrangement to be verse at all. At present the turns and phrases of the Italian school are rather more familiar than

those of the French, and a man might compose a very tolerable cento, without ever looking at a poet at all, out of magazine articles and familiar letters.

There is some little originality in the plan of Mason's *Musæus*. Instead of heathen gods, or rivers, or abstract qualities in masquerade, Pope, or *Musæus*, in the trance preceding his departure, is visited by the "vocal shadows" of Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, each of whom confesses his own inferiority to the dying Swan, with no small extravagance. Vocal shadows ought not to flatter.

It would seem that these spirits of poets past, came to convince Mr. Pope that he would have as little occasion for plain speaking in the world he was going to, as in that he was leaving. Spenser is not happily characterised as "the blithest lad that ever piped on plain," for the prevailing hue of his poesy is melancholy tenderness. His "*Faerie Queen*" is the requiem of chivalry; a cenotaph of stainless marble, into which he invokes the shades of virtues that never lived

"But in the vision of intense desire."

Spenser, in Mr. Mason's allegorical procession, is Colin Clout; Chaucer is Tityrus, and is masked "as a Palmer old," no very appropriate habit for a writer who satirised the religious orders with so much severity, and who had no high opinion of the moral effect of pilgrimages. The style and obsolete language of these two poets are skilfully taken off, though, after all, their speeches are more like Pope's burlesque imitations, than their own original strains. It is rather too bad to state that Una and Florimel are drooping before the superior charms of Belinda. No two poems on earth can be more unlike than the "*Faerie Queen*" and "*The Rape of the Lock*."

Una with her "milk white lamb" is the most unearthly efflux of pure imagination. Compared to her, Milton's Eve is a substantial woman. Belinda, on the other hand, is the exactest transcript of a drawing-room beauty, and every image with which she is attended is drawn from double-refined high life. "The Rape of the Lock" is to St. James's, what the "Beggar's Opera" is to Newgate, with the merit of more perfect consistency; for there are certain strokes of true nature in Polly Peachum, which make you feel for her as a being out of her place. Belinda is altogether the fine lady: you find and wish for no more nature in her, than perspective in a china vase. But we are criticising Pope instead of Mason.

The most remarkable thing in the "Musæus" is that Pope is made to disclaim all praise but that of being the poet of virtue, and Virtue appears, *propria personâ*, to thank him in heroic couplets for his mighty services.

We have said more, perhaps, than necessary about this tuneful trifle, both because it was Mason's maiden poem, and therefore a mark whereby the progress of his mind may be computed, and because it really shows how nearly a young man may come to be a poet by mere dint of loving poetry, and indefatigably striving to attain it.

Such was the fashion of celebrating departed excellence in the early part of the eighteenth century. A great spirit is just departed from among us,* and when the seemingly silence of a recent grief may fitly be broken, some sad and solemn strains, not unmingled with deep and joyful hope, will haply break from the poets that survive; but let there be no pastoral, no allegory, no heathenism: let us at least talk sense beside the grave. There is no man of

* Sir Walter Scott, died on the 21st of September, 1832.—D. C.

twenty now living who *could* write half so well as Mason, that *would* not write much better on such an occasion. So much has been done in the last fifty years to reconcile poetry with reason. Mason did something himself, and even his Musæus is an improvement on the then established models.*

In 1747, Mason was chosen Fellow of Pembroke College, chiefly by the recommendation of Gray, who had removed thither from Peterhouse, whence he was driven by the noise and practical jokes of a set of young bloods, who thought his timidity and old-maidenly preciseness fair game. We wonder at such irreverend treatment of the author of the *Elegy*, yet it is not unlikely that Shakspeare was sometimes

* The “melodious tears” of our “Augustan age” are pleasantly ridiculed by Steele in that number of the *Guardian* which led to the quarrel between Pope and Phillips.

“In looking over some English pastorals a few days ago, I perused at least fifty lean flocks, and reckoned up a hundred left-handed ravens, besides blasted oaks, withering meadows, and weeping deities. Indeed, most of the occasional pastorals we have are built upon one and the same plan. A shepherd asks his fellow ‘Why he is so pale? if his favourite sheep hath strayed? if his pipe be broken? or Phyllis unkind?’ He answers, ‘None of these misfortunes have befallen him, but one much greater, for Damon (or perhaps the god Pan) is dead.’ This immediately causes the other to make complaints, and call upon the lofty pines and silver streams to join in the lamentation. While he goes on, his friend interrupts him, and tells him that Damon lives, and shows him a track of light in the skies to confirm it; then invites him to chestnuts and cheese. Upon this scheme most of the noble families in Great Britain have been comforted, nor can I meet with any right honourable shepherd that doth not die and live again, after the manner of the aforesaid Damon.”—*Guardian*, No. 30. 1713.

hissed and pelted on the stage. Mason, however, was not allowed to take possession of his fellowship without some difficulty, of which he himself spoke thus:—"I have had the honour, since I came here last, to be elected by the Fellows of Pembroke into their society; but the Master, who has the power of a negative, has made use of it on this occasion, because he will not have an *extraneus* when they have fit persons in their own college. The Fellows say they have a power from their statutes, *indifferenter eligere ex utraque academiâ*, and are going to try it with him at common law, or else get the King to appoint a visitor. If this turns out well, it will be a very lucky thing for me, and much better than a Platt, which I came hither with an intention to sit for; for they are reckoned the best Fellowships in the University." Whether the Master and Fellows of Pembroke did proceed to extremities or no, is matter of little consequence; but Mason was declared duly elected, after two years' suspense, in 1749, in which year also he took his Master's degree. It is possible that the Master of Pembroke might dislike Mason both for his poetry and for his politics. As to the former, sage gentlemen in office generally regard it as coldly as the great Lord Burleigh, and the philosophical Locke, who, in his tract on education, warns all young men against associating with poets, as being commonly found in company with gamesters. In politics, Mason was a Whig, perhaps more from a scholastic admiration of the antique republics, than from any experimental knowledge of the wants and capacities of English society. Of this he gave proof in his "Isis," a metrical attack upon the Jacobitism of Oxford, which had the honour of rousing Tom Warton to a reply, properly named the "Triumph of Isis," since Mason himself confessed it to be the

better poem of the two. Neither of them won much glory in the contest; but the heart certainly goes along with Warton, who loved his *Alma Mater* for her venerable cloisters, her ancient trees, her shady walks, her cloudy traditions, her precious libraries, her potent loyalty, and mighty ale; and wrote in her defence with a generous anger too sincere to be thoroughly poetical.

Why do the Universities ever meddle with factious politics? In their corporate capacity they should never allude to any event later than the Restoration. That was their triumph—the reward of their loyal sufferings, the resuscitation of the Church.* They ought to take it for granted, that all has gone on well since; as the happy couple of the fifth act, or third volume, are conceived to be still living happily—keeping their honey-moon to the end of time.

Warton and Mason never liked one another, which has been attributed by some to their poetical rivalry, and by others to the difference of their politics. But may it not more rationally and less discredibly be ascribed to the contrariety of their habits, and the antipathy of their tempers? Mason was a correct, precise, clerical gentleman, as much

* *Faction* politics can be good for nobody—individual or corporate, — but the Universities have an important stake in the realm, which they are bound to maintain by all lawful means. They may have to defend the freedom of their course of study and discipline,—to say nothing of yet nearer interests. The Restoration is by no means the last political event in which, for good or for evil, they have been vitally concerned. Besides, how can they keep pace with the present, or provide for the future, if they are only to dream of the past? But perhaps the sentiment in the text is to be taken rather as an hasty pleasantry than a serious expression of opinion.—*D. C.*

attached to the decorums of life, as to those of the drama! by no means incapable of quiet sarcasm, but much above the vulgarity of a joke;—the vanity which Gray could smile at in his boyhood, sobered down into a prudent self-appreciation, that taught him to furbelow a good deal of true dignity and self-possession with a little of what, in the other sex, would be called prudery. Warton was a good-natured sloven, somewhat given to ale and tobacco, and not very select either as to the company he drank and smoked with, or the jests with which he set the table in a roar. It is recorded (and the tale would not have been invented if it had not been characteristic) that Tom Warton was once missing, when in his capacity of public orator, or poetry professor, we are not sure which, he had to compose a Latin speech for some public occasion. To save the trouble of going the round of his haunts, a happy thought occurred, that he never could, whatever he was engaged in, forbear following a drum and fife. A drum and fife therefore were directed to proceed with their spirit-stirring music along the streets of Oxford, and ere long, from a low-browed hostel, distinguished by a swinging board, the Professor issued, with cutty pipe in mouth, greasy gown, and dirty band, and began strutting after the martial music, to the tune of “Give the King his own again.”

The anecdote is probably fabulous, but it would never have been told of Mason. The difference of the men appears in the fact that Warton was always Tom, while Mason was never Billy. The natural consequence of this discrepancy of manners would be that neither could feel himself at ease in the other's society. Mason would suspect that his dignity was violated by the very negligence of Warton's dress,

and Warton would be annoyed with the propriety of Mason's behaviour. He used to describe him as a "buckram man."

The "Isis" appeared in 1748, and does not seem to have offended the Cantabs in general, for in the next year our author was requested to compose an ode for the installation of the Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Gray thought the ode "uncommonly well for such an occasion," a praise not to be acceded to his own ode on the installation of the Duke of Grafton, which is a great deal too good for the occasion. But Mason was so little pleased either with his subject, or his treatment of it, that he had no pleasure in the recollection of the task, and omitted it in his works.*

* If this omission was meant to cast a slight upon the Duke or his memory, it was a littleness unworthy of a poet, and at all events, it was disrespectful to the University which had approved, and to the many noble lords and learned doctors (not to mention ladies) who had listened to it with patience, and rewarded it with applause. But the Duke of Newcastle was not the Chancellor which Cambridge would have freely chosen. He was neither remarkable for literary attainment in himself, nor for patronage of literature. His only claim, besides his rank, was his ministerial office, and his Hanoverian zeal; and Cambridge, in fixing upon him to support her highest honorary dignity, only meant to prove her readiness to oblige the administration in everything, and to testify her abhorrence of the imputed disaffection of Oxford, whose loyalty was supposed to be "far over sea." Oxford had been very severely treated lately; for two or three freshmen who had drunk the Pretender's health when they had better have drunk no more, instead of being left to the college discipline, had been taken into custody by a messenger of state, "and two of them being tried in the Court of King's Bench, and being found guilty, were condemned to walk through the courts of Westminster with a specifi-

Though so little eager to record his academical distinctions, he ever retained a grateful and affectionate

cation of their crime fixed to their foreheads; to pay a fine of five nobles each; to be imprisoned for two years, and find security for their good behaviour for the term of seven years after their enlargement." The cry of Jacobitism was loudly trumpeted against the whole community of Oxford. The address of the University to congratulate his Majesty upon the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was contemptuously rejected; and a proposal similar to that made some two and thirty years before (*vide* Life of Bentley), to subject their statutes to the inspection of the King's Council, was unwillingly relinquished, in deference to the opinions of the Court of King's Bench. Cambridge, meanwhile, had crept into favour with the ministry, and to make the most of that inestimable advantage, resolved to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the "proud Duke," (whose political conduct was such as gave him a right to be proud) in the most prudential manner. "The nation, in general," says Smollett, "seemed to think it would naturally devolve upon the Prince of Wales, as a compliment at all times due to that rank; but more especially to the then heir apparent, who had eminently distinguished himself by the virtues of a patriot and a prince. He had even pleased himself with the hope of receiving this mark of attachment from a seminary for which he entertained a particular regard. But the ruling members seeing no immediate prospect of advantage in glorifying even a Prince, who was at variance with the ministry, wisely turned their eyes upon the illustrious character of the Duke of Newcastle, whom they elected without opposition, and installed with great magnificence; learning, poetry, and eloquence joining their efforts in celebrating the shining virtues and extraordinary talents of their new patron."

The conduct of the University on this occasion deserves no breath of censure. Where no interest but one's own is concerned, to be disinterested is a crying absurdity. As a body, the academicians were in duty bound to elect the

remembrance of Cambridge, which he testified in an ode addressed to his liberal tutor, Dr. Powell.

The two or three years ensuing his admission to his Fellowship he spent between town and college, frequenting such society in each as were distinguished for their devotion to the fine arts and fine literature, continually exercising himself in composition, but so far from expecting to make a fortune by his poetry, that, according to his own assertion, he would have been happy if the profits of his pen procured him the purchase of an opera or concert ticket. Yet he had his ambition,—an ambition to reconcile the college and the town—to be at once the poet of the common-room and the green-room ; in short, to mediate between John Bull and Aristotle ; to produce an acting play on the ancient plan ; such a play as Sophocles or Euripides would produce if they were now in being. The result was his *Elfrida*, published in 1752.

Elfrida is very, very far from a contemptible piece of workmanship : it is manifestly the production of a scholar and a gentleman, of an ardent lover of poetry, and platonic innamorato of abstract virtue : but impossible as it is to approve our conjecture by experiment, we do shrewdly suspect that it is nothing like what

most efficient protector : as individuals, they did right in choosing the most powerful patron.*

* But surely it is everybody's interest that high honours should be bestowed worthily ; and if *Detur digniori* be not the rule of university-patronage, where else can we hope that it will be assumed as a motto ? The chancellorship of an University is, emphatically, an *honorary* office ; it will only be regarded as an honorable appointment, in so far as it is held to be a stamp of personal character and a witness of principle.—*D. C.*

Sophocles or Euripides would have written had they risen from the dead in the plenitude, or, if you will, with only a tithe of their powers, and an inspired mastery of the English language,* to exhibit to the eighteenth century the marvel of a modern ancient drama. For this deviation from the exact model of the Athenian stage, he thus apologises in a *letter to a friend*, prefixed to the first edition of his *Elfrida*.† “Had I intended to give an exact copy of the ancient drama, your objections to the present poem would be unanswerable.” (What objections does not appear, but may easily be guessed.) “I only meant to

* It would not have taken Euripides many months to acquire a style quite as English as Mason’s. Mason cautiously avoided everything like English idioms in his serious works, and for the most part uses words, where he uses them correctly, in the most definable meaning. He has none of those *chromatic* shades and associations of sense which render a writer untranslatable. His *Caractacus* has been translated both into Greek and Italian, and I dare say lost not a drop in the transfusion.

† We do not exactly know who first introduced the practice of poets criticising their own works, and anticipating objections in prologues, prefaces, letters to friends, &c. It does not appear to have been familiar to the Greeks, unless the *Parabasis* of the old comedy, wherein the poet addressed the audience through the chorus, may be supposed to have set the example. Terence, in his prologues, sometimes deprecates the anger of critics; and Martial occasionally apologises for his epigrams, and tells you what you have to expect,—a practice followed, if not imitated, by Chaucer, in the prologue to his “Miller’s Tale.” But the earliest example we remember in English (we by no means assert that it is the first) of an author formally pleading his own case in prose, is in the epistle dedicatory to Davenant’s *Gondibert*. Dryden followed the fashion obliquely or directly in his various delightful prefaces. Sir Walter Scott

pursue the ancient method so far as it is probable a Greek poet, were he alive, would now do, in order to adapt himself to the genius of our times, and the character of our tragedy. According to this notion, every thing was to be allowed to the present taste which nature and Aristotle could possibly dispense with; and nothing of intrigue or refinement admitted at which ancient judgment could reasonably take offence. Good sense, as well as antiquity, prescribed an adherence to the three great unities; these, therefore, were strictly observed. But, on the other hand, to follow the modern masters in those respects in which they had not so faultily deviated from their predecessors, a story was chosen in which the tender rather than the noble passions were predominant, and in which even love had the principal share. Characters, too, were drawn as nearly approaching to private ones as tragic dignity would permit, and affections raised more from the impulse of common humanity, than the distresses of royalty and the fate of kingdoms. Besides this, for the sake of natural embellishment, and to reconcile mere modern readers to that simplicity of fable in which I thought it necessary to copy the ancients, I contrived to lay the scene in an old romantic forest. For by this means I was enabled to enliven the poem by various touches of pastoral description; not affectedly brought in from the storehouse of a picturesque imagination, but necessarily resulting from the scenery of the place itself,—a

(eheu !) has very ingeniously contradicted whatever cavils his tales might seem exposed to, in his introductory dialogues, epistles, and narratives. But Mr. Moore has in this sort outdone all competition; for what can be said against "*Lalla Rookh*," which Fadladeen has not uttered with the keenness and brilliance of a diamond!

beauty so extremely striking in the 'Comus' of Milton, and the 'As you like it' of Shakspeare; and of which the Greek Muse (though fond of rural imagery) has afforded few examples besides that admirable one in the Philoctetes of Sophocles. By this idea I could wish you to regulate your criticism. I need not, I think, observe to you, that these deviations from the practice of the ancients may be reasonably defended. For we are long since agreed, that where love does not degenerate into episodical * gallantry, but makes the foundation of the distress, it is, from the universality of its influence, a passion very proper for tragedy. And I have seen you too much moved at the representation of some of our best tragedies of private story, to believe you will condemn me for making the other deviation."

We cannot forbear thinking that Mason had formed his idea of the Greek stage, more from the French critics and imitators, than from the Greek originals. That his acquaintance with Aristotle was drawn through the Gallic filter, may be regarded as certain. He talks of Sophocles, but he is thinking of Racine.

* I once thought that Lord Byron's

"Man's love is of his life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence,"—

might have been suggested by this expression of Mason, but I am told the noble author was indebted to Madame de Stael.

Though "episodical gallantry" be not an unexceptionable phrase, the observation and the distinction is more just than any thing else in the letter. Love, at least in the drama, should never be introduced as an accessory. It should be the leading passion and source of interest, or it should be excluded as carefully from a tragedy as from a boarding school. What can be more miserably out of keeping than the love scenes in Addison's "Cato," unless it be the under-hand courtship of Edgar and Cordelia, foisted by Nahum Tate into King Lear?

He refers to Aristotle, but he relies on Boileau, Bossu, and Dacier. How thoroughly his taste had been gallicised, is proved by his eagerness, in his second autocritical epistle, to quote the censure of Voltaire upon Shakspeare, and to dwell delighted upon the sobriety and chastity of Racine's Melpomene. Speaking of the common objections to the ancient form of drama, he says:—"The universal veneration which we pay to the name of Shakspeare, at the same time that it has improved our relish for the higher beauties of poetry, has undoubtedly been the ground-work of all this false criticism. That disregard which, in compliance merely with the taste of the times, he showed of all the necessary rules of the drama, hath since been considered as a characteristic of his vast and original genius: and consequently set up as a model for succeeding writers. Hence M. Voltaire remarks very *justly*, 'Que le merite de cet auteur a perdu le theatre Anglois. Le tems, qui seul fait la reputation des hommes, rend à la fin leurs défauts respectables.' *

* "The merit of this author has ruined the English theatre. Time, which solely raises the reputation of men, at last makes their defects venerable."

Voltaire had too great an intellect not to perceive the mightiness of Shakspeare,—too much sense to deny it,—and not heart enough to acknowledge it. Vanity was his ruling principle, but not that happy vanity which makes a man's own imaginary merit his horizon, beyond which he can see nor conceive nothing. He was keenly alive to superior excellence: he both saw and hated. His aversion to Christianity arose from wounded pride: he could not brook a truth and a power above him which he had nothing to do in discovering. If he had really thought Christ an impostor, he would have praised him as he has done Mahomet. In just the same spirit he sets Ariosto above Homer, and animadverts on the perverseness of the English, who

“Yet notwithstanding the absurdity of this low superstition, the notion is so popular among Englishmen, that I fear it will never be entirely discredited, till a poet rises up among us with a genius as daring and elevated as Shakspeare’s, and a judgment as chastised and sober as Racine’s.”

If Mason had simply asserted his right to introduce a new form of drama, occupying a middle point between Shakspeare and Euripides, and protested against the “low superstition” (if any such existed) of condemning all plays in which the unities were observed, because Shakspeare has succeeded gloriously without them, he would have done well. The more shapes and moulds poetry is cast into, the better; and the more these moulds are varied, provided that each contain a principle of unity, a law of proportion in itself, the greater the gain. And it is certain that no dramatist will ever win a place, we say not at the side, but at the feet of either Shakspeare or of the Athenian trio, who does not differ widely from each and all of those his great predecessors. Sweet is Shakspeare’s praise to all that know and love him; but we would rather never hear his name mentioned, for good or evil, than have it muttered like a malignant spell, to stop the current of another’s fame, or seal up the springs of hope and enterprise. We hate to hear Shakspeare praised by odious comparisons with Racine, or Schiller, or Goethe. Who blames the lily for not being a rose?

But Mason has fallen into an error in which far

continued to worship Shakspeare when their language could boast of a Cato. He knew well enough that he could make a better tragedy than Cato at a week’s notice: while to move in the orb of Shakspeare, he must have undergone a change in the inner man.

greater men than he have both preceded and followed him. Milton was not content to write blank verse, but he must decry rhyme; and Mason could not invite the public to be pleased with his endeavours, without trying to convince that unconvincible aggregate, that it ought not to have been pleased with its old favourites, and thus created an unnecessary prejudice against his own experiment. Even supposing a popular taste to be vicious, it can only be cured by calling into action a higher power, and exciting a sense of purer pleasure. This a writer may do by his works, but he will never do it by his arguments. You may argue a man or a people out of their admiration, out of their respect, out of their fear, out of their creed, but never out of their pleasure, faith, or love. "To count all former gain as loss," is a sacrifice which only Religion has a right to demand: for in poetry, if not in politics, it is easy to innovate without destroying. There is ground enough on Parnassus "to let upon a building lease," without razing either the ancient castles or the new crescents: no occasion even to disturb the temporary booths and bazaars till the fair is over.

There was nothing very new in Mason's attempt, either as regarded the unity, or more properly speaking, the unbroken continuity of action, or the introduction of the chorus. The plays of Robert Garnier, and other early French dramatists, make at least a pretence of adhering to the ancient models; and the dramas of Lord Brooke, of the Earl of Stirling, and of Daniel, had moralising choruses. Yet he speaks as if Milton's *Samson Agonistes* was the only English poem constructed according to antique regularity; and this, he contends, runs to an extreme of austerity, arising from the author's *just* contempt of his contemporaries, whom he would not condescend to amuse

or instruct. (Milton would never have condescended to *amuse* any age, and to instruct was not his vocation : his office was to exalt and purify : but this was no rule for Mr. Mason.) “ He had before given to his *unworthy* countrymen the noblest poem that genius, conducted by ancient art, could produce, and he had seen them receive it with disregard, perhaps with dislike. Conscious therefore of his own dignity, and of their demerit, he looked to posterity only for his reward, and to posterity only directed his future labours. Hence, it was, perhaps, that he formed his SAMSON AGONISTES on a model more severe and simple than Athens herself would have demanded : and took Æschylus for his master rather than Sophocles or Euripides ; intending by this conduct to put as great a distance as possible between himself and his contemporary writers ; and to make his work (as he himself said) *much different from what passed amongst them for the best*. The success of the poem was accordingly what one would have expected. The age it appeared in treated it with total neglect ; neither hath that posterity to which he appealed, and which has done justice to most of his other writings, as yet given to this excellent piece its full measure of popular and universal fame. Perhaps in *your* closet, and that of a few more, who unaffectedly admire genuine nature, and ancient simplicity, the Agonistes may hold a distinguished rank. Yet surely we cannot say (in Hamlet’s phrase) ‘ that it pleases the million ; it is still caviar to the general.’ *

* Hamlet’s phrase would have served Mr. Mason’s purpose better if he had quoted correctly. It is, in *our* Shakespeare, “ The play, I remember, pleased *not* the million, it was Caviare to the General.” Whence we may deduce the important fact, that the immortal bard was himself fond of Caviare.

“Hence, I think, we may conclude, that unless one would be content with a very late and very learned posterity, Milton’s conduct in this point should not be followed. A writer of Tragedy must certainly adapt himself more to the public taste; because the dramatic, of all poems, ought to be most generally relished and understood. The lyric Muse addresses herself to the imagination of a reader: the didactic to his judgment; but the tragic strikes directly on his passions. Few men have a strength of imagination capable of pursuing the flights of Pindar; many have not a clearness of apprehension suited to the reasonings of Lucretius and Pope. But every man has passions to be excited; and every man feels them excited by Shakspeare.

“But though Tragedy be thus chiefly directed to the heart, it must be observed that it will seldom attain its end, without the concurrent approbation of the judgment. And to procure this, the artificial construction of the fable goes a great way. In France, the excellence of their several poets is chiefly measured by this standard. And amongst our own writers, if you except Shakspeare, (who, indeed, ought, for his other virtues, to be exempt from common rules,) you will find that the most regular of their compositions are generally reckoned their *chefs d’œuvre*: witness the *All for Love* of Dryden, the *Venice Preserved* of Otway, and the *Jane Shore* of Rowe.”

In all this there is little more than a glimmering of truth; but some of the remarks on Milton require examination. We are to suppose, then, according to Mr. Mason, that Milton, being quite disgusted with the public for its neglect of *Paradise Lost*, wrote *Samson Agonistes* to convince the said public how little he cared for it. That he made his drama as

severe and unattractive as he possibly could, with an express and conscious design of differing, *toto cælo*, from his contemporaries, as Jack, in the Tale of a Tub, tears his jacket to tatters, that he may differ from Peter's laced coat. Now, though Milton must have been aware that his work *did* differ from those of his contemporaries, he doubtless fashioned it according to his own sense of fitness, neither following nor flying the path of the time. If Samson Agonistes be of a sterner character, and less accommodated to popular liking, than any of his earlier works, (and, indeed, its almost wintry bareness makes a singular contrast to the full blossom of Comus and Lycidas,) the change is to be attributed to his advancing years, and to that blindness which, cutting him off from all visual beauty, would make him more and more a dweller with abstract forms. The sympathy of blindness directed him to Samson as a subject. We cannot think the choice very happy, but having made it, and determined upon the most regular mould of drama, (which Mason thoroughly approves,) what greater variety of incident, or interest, could he have admitted without gross impropriety? It is needless to say that Samson Agonistes would not have been any more popular in Greece than in England, or that it is formed on a model more simple than Athens herself would have *demandèd*. Athens did not *demand* severe and simple models. The Athenians, in the infancy of their stage, were *satisfied* with bald and naked representations of mythological stories, which carried the weight of religious association along with them; but it was only till they were accustomed to livelier excitements, more intricate plots, more complicated and contrasted passions, and more splendid decorations.

To suppose that Milton was annoyed or disap-

pointed at the reception of *Paradise Lost*, is to do him gross injustice. He never expected that it would have a *great run*, or be bought up like a satire or a love song. He knew that it had to swim against the tide, against the associations of the many, and against the more inveterate prejudices of the critics. An epic in blank verse, produced at a time when the favourites of the town were adopting heroic rhyme for tragedy; in which there was no epigram, no point, and next to no wit; which was far too solemn for the men of wit and pleasure, and as much too poetical for the severe religionists; a religious poem, which embodied the tenets of no sect; written, moreover, by a man abhorred by the ruling party, and little beloved by the nonconformists, at once a republican and an Arminian; was likely to attract few purchasers; the only wonder is, that it found so many.

Two large editions, comprising at least 2800 *

* It should be recollected that in Milton's time there were but three, or at most four classes of readers; the Religious, the Learned, and the Town; to which we may perhaps add such of the nobility and country gentlemen as bought books to furnish their libraries, who would, of course, be guided either by their chaplains, by their booksellers, or by the fashion. The religious, including the clergy of all denominations, the discreet part of the female sex, with the respectable heads of families, and substantial citizens, confined their reading pretty much to religious publications, admitting little poetry but what was purely didactic and devotional. and moreover, proceeded from their own church or sect. Fathers of families looked very jealously, (and who that knows the character of the current poetry of that day will blame them,) at every work with a capital at the beginning of each line. The pious lady would consult her spiritual adviser upon the propriety of buying a new poem, and he would tell her, truly enough, that she might spend the money in a way more conducive to the glory of God. The clergy and the

copies, were sold in little more than two years ; no ordinary sale for a poem of such bulk at any time,

learned liked poetry of any sort in Greek or Latin ; still it was rather heathenish, and besides they thought that all the good poetry that could be written, had been written ; a new epic was as heretical as a new creed. The Town, comprising the "mob of gentlemen that wrote with ease," with all actors, booksellers, writers by trade, young genius's, and ladies gay, took their tone from the court, or bowed to the despotism of the French critics. And as for the country gentlemen, if religious, they were good customers to the sellers of polemical divinity ; if otherwise, they carried down with them the new plays, pamphlets, and lampoons, to sleep beside the worthier inmates of their shelves, the old romances and chronicles ; where perhaps a folio Shakspeare was treasured in honour of King Charles. Now to which of these classes could Milton look for a purchaser ? Not to the religious, for he belonged to no church. The royalist clergy held him in conscientious abhorrence. Who could willingly believe that a good poem, and that too a Christian poem, could be written by a wicked man ? By a murderer, a parricide, a blasphemer ! Would it not prove, if such a thing were possible, that poetry was an accursed art, *vinum Dæmonum* (as a holy father called it), the *Devil's dram*, execrable in proportion as it was excellent ? Yet it is certain that the orthodox clergy did consider Milton as an exceeding wicked man, worse than a parricide, yea, a deicide ; inasmuch as he justified regicide, and he who justifies an act, to all intents and purposes makes it his own, and regicide was, in the apprehension of many and sound divines, not only parricide, but the nearest approximation man could make to deicide ; for if a prince may be insulted in his ambassador, so might the Supreme Prince be murdered in his vicegerent. And the Catholics never more completely identified Christ and the Pope, than the royalist clergy identified Christ and King Charles, even to the extent of paralleling the sufferings of the one with the mysterious agonies of the other. (There is some little difference between plain beheading and crucifying, but let that pass.) It would

and under any circumstances ; but when the circumstances of that time are considered, we hesitate not

not be difficult to prove, from the 30th of January sermons, and other like productions, that we are guilty of no exaggeration ; but the authorised service for "King Charles's Martyrdom" is quite enough. Had *Paradise Lost* been published as a posthumous work of Judas Iscariot, it would have met as kind a reception from the zealous Episcopalians, as it could hope for with the name of John Milton on the title page.

"But (says a great authority, from whom it is almost presumptuous to differ), if Milton's political opinions, and the way in which he expressed them, had made him many enemies, they must have also made him many friends." This is not necessary, nor is it according to the common course of things. Rancour and bitterness make no friends, "they love not poison that do poison need," and of the high abstract principles, the soaring speculations upon the possibilities of human nature, that justified Milton to himself, how few were apprehensive or participant ! The party to which he belonged (if he could be said to belong to any party at all) were the very smallest fragment into which society was broken. A few classical republicans there might be, like Marvell, that understood and revered him, but they never were, and never can be many. The great mass of the non-conformists, both in religion and politics, were either too ignorant to appreciate a learned poem, or of too rigid minds to yield to imaginative impulses, or too constantly whirling in the vortex of faction, to give ear to a strain, which, above all uninspired works, demands a Sabbath mind. The Learned are never a very large class. They might be free from the superstitions and prejudices of the vulgar and of the unlearned religionists ; but they have little curiosity about the works of their contemporaries. If they read a modern book at all, it is for mere amusement, or to discover imitations, or to speculate on the decline of genius. No doubt there are exceptions, and among them many of the first purchasers of *Paradise Lost* were to be found. As to the

to declare that it was nothing less than extraordinary. That amid so much political confusion, so much and manifold fanaticism, such general poverty of the

town and the country gentlemen, it would be waste of words to show how little they could see in such a poem, and how glad they would be of any critical opinion which assured them it was not worth reading. Who, then, it may be asked, were the readers or the buyers of *Paradise Lost*? They were the small number of Milton's friends, and the liberal lovers of true poetry, who are *many*, though not *the* many: young men, eager to admire, who found a new power created within them by the influences of that "mighty orb of song," and old men, that felt their youth restored in all its energy, but with none of its turbulence, by that divinest harmony,

Of man, and angels, and the awful choir
Of angels fallen, that yet remember Heaven,
And the low bellowings of the nether void
Melting at last to penitential peace
And holy silence.

We are told how many editions Cowley went through. No wonder. Cowley was the cavalier poet, just as much as Tom Moore is the Whig poet. Every loyal man, that bought books at all, bought Cowley. Then he was the best writer of his school, which was the fashionable school, and in spite of all his conceits, there is a vein of good-hearted common sense and shrewd observation, which must have endeared him to those (a very numerous class) who like to see their own thoughts cleverly expressed and curiously illustrated. In this respect he was the forerunner of Pope; but his morality was much better than Pope's, and there was not a spark of ill nature about him. He is among the most amiable of poets. We stare indeed to hear him called sublime; but it was by those who thought sublimity to consist in novel juxtaposition of thoughts, and feats of intellectual agility. Southey says, the metaphysical school spoiled a great poet in Cowley. This we doubt. We do not think he could have been greater than he is, and as he is we are very well content with him. But what an inordinate note!

nation, and such dissoluteness of the literary class, there should yet have remained so many strong, pure, and powerful minds to approve a *Paradise Lost*, is an honourable recollection for England and for human nature. There is no instance of merit of so high an order making so great a way, not only without adventitious aid, but against every conceivable obstacle. "Fit audience may I find, though few," was the aspiration of the blind bard; and can it be dreamed that, having obtained all that he asked, and more, he indulged a vain chagrin, and debased his noble thoughts with the pettish pride of mortified vanity? Impossible! Neither did he think of appealing to posterity from contemporary injustice. He wrote no more for posterity than for his own age; but for the wisest and best of all generations, present and to come:—for men whose imagination is an active power, to whom profound and prolonged thought is a "labour of love;" who can find strength and freedom in a rigid self-control, a beauty in all truth, and a moral truth in all beauty.

From the latter part of this epistle, it is obvious that Mason, though he affects to disclaim it, did write his *Elfrida* with a wish, at least, that it might be represented; for there is no possible reason why a poem in dialogue, interspersed with lyrics, having a beginning, middle, and end, if written for the closet, should be more obsequious to public taste than any other species of poetic composition. A dramatist, if he has no eye to the *éclat* and the profits of the play-house, may form his plot according to his own fancy, and say, "Fit audience let me find, *though few*." Albeit, no manager will ever respond *Amen*. Tragedy, considered as a poem, does not strike more directly at the passions than ode, or elegy, or poetic narrative. Like all other poetry that is worthy of the

name, it addresses the passions chiefly through the medium of the imagination; seldom, if ever, without calling either the imagination or the thinking faculty into play. To address the passions directly and merely, is to decline farther and worse from the just measures of ancient art, than to annihilate time and space—overleap years, mountains, and seas—twist half-a-dozen plots together like the piles of a cable, and keep them all agoing like the Indian juggler's balls—blend comedy, tragedy, farce, pastoral, and ballet together—fill the stage with horses, elephants, and dromedaries—kill off your *dramatis personæ* till the scene is choked with carcasses, and the living are not enough to shove aside the dead—or commit any other modern enormity against the Unities, the legitimate drama, Aristotle, and common sense.

There are three more of these letters, but we have quoted enough to show the critical calibre of Mason's mind. The other letters are taken up with a defence of the chorus, in which he displays neither learning nor philosophy. He does not seem to remember (for he could scarcely be ignorant) that the chorus was not introduced into the drama by Greek judgment, but that the drama, *i. e.* the dialogue and action, was *superinduced* upon the chorus, which kept its place more by prescription than reason, becoming of less and less importance in the hands of every successive dramatist, till at length the choral odes came to have little or no connection with the subject of the play, and were even transferred, like the songs of our operas, from one play to another. The idea of making the chorus a running commentary on the piece, was of late origin. In the earliest and best tragedians, the chorus is always an active character, and its presence as well accounted for as circumstances admit. To employ it simply to fill up the intervals of

time, to relieve attention without withdrawing it, to afford the actors an opportunity of loosening their buskins, shifting their robes, changing their masques,* and clearing their voices, was an afterthought.† A

* On the Athenian stage, one actor had frequently to represent several parts in the same piece, as we see done in scanty itinerant companies, where an exchange of wigs often effects a change of characters. Not more than four actors were generally engaged exclusive of the chorus.

† "The chorus should be considered as one of the persons in the drama, should be a part of the whole, and a sharer in the action: not as in Euripides, but as in Sophocles. As for other poets, their choral songs have no more connection with their subject than with that of any other tragedy; and hence they are now become detached pieces, inserted at pleasure; a practice first introduced by Agatho."—TWINING'S *Aristotle's Poetics*, part ii., sect. 21, p. 158.

"It is curious to trace the gradual extinction of the chorus. At first, it was all; then relieved by the intermixture of dialogue, but still *principal*; then subordinate to the dialogue; then digressive, and ill-connected with the piece; then borrowed from *other pieces* at pleasure; and so on to the fiddles and act-tunes, at which Dacier is so angry. The performers in the orchestra of a modern theatre are little, I believe, aware, that they occupy the place, and may consider themselves as the lineal descendants of the ancient chorus. Orchestra was the name of that part of the ancient theatre which was appropriated to the chorus." (*Twining's note on the passage.*)

We know not any prose translation of any classic worthy to be compared with Twining's "Poetics," for elegance, correctness, and pure Anglicism. The notes are a treasure of classical information; and the two preliminary dissertations ("*On Poetry, considered as an imitative art,*" and "*On the word Imitative, as applied to Music,*") are among the earliest specimens of philosophical criticism. Twining understood his author well, and has shown clearly how grossly, if not wilfully, the French interpreters have mis-

noble use the great Athenians doubtless made of the chorus ; yet it cannot be denied, that the drama is more completely dramatic, and so far, more simple and perfect without it. Of the difficulty of amalgamating the lyric and dramatic portions of a play, we need look for no further proof than appears in the gradual disconnection of the chorus and dialogue among the Greeks themselves. Mason's partiality for this portion of the antique arose from a secret consciousness of his own strength and his own weakness. For dramatic composition, he had neither genius nor skill : his conceptions of character were vague, he had little pathos, nor could he even distribute his speeches in such a manner as to bear the

understood him. It is to be regretted that he is not as bold in advancing his own clear view of Aristotle's purport, as in demolishing the flimsy comments of Bossu and Dacier. It was much that he dared to use his common sense and common eyes ; but he might have discovered much more had he used the telescope of an imaginative philosophy ; not that he wanted imagination or philosophy either, but he was afraid to trust them together.

About one third of Aristotle's treatise of Poetics is worthless,—so corrupt that it cannot be restored, and so trifling, that the loss is little to be lamented. But the rest is so admirable, that a commentator is always justified, whenever the meaning is doubtful, in supplying the highest sense which the connection authorises, without being over delicate of the present text, which was patched together by ignorant transcribers from a mutilated copy. In the time of Sylla there was only one copy of the works of Aristotle known to exist, and that impaired by damp and worms. How near was a treasure lost to the world !

Twining was a great admirer, perhaps a personal friend, of Mason. Had his translation and commentary existed when the *Elfrida* was published, Mason would have altered many things in his epistles.

smallest resemblance to actual conversation. But he had considerable powers of description, personification, and amplification, and he delighted in moral common places, which he certainly utters with much dignity, and an air of great earnestness. The model which he would have best succeeded in imitating was "Comus." He had the good sense to perceive that no excellence of individual parts can atone for a want of unity in the whole: but he was not able to see of himself (and there was nobody then to show him) that a perfect unity may be attained, though the technical unities (which have no use or beauty except in so far as they produce *unity*) be disregarded. But Mason could not have done this, and therefore he was right in preserving a simplicity of plot, and a *bonâ-fide* continuity of action. He was right, also, in adopting that appendage of the ancient stage, which gave him an opportunity of shining in his own way, without too much encumbering the dialogue with description and reflection. To exemplify his plan for reconciling the ancients and moderns, he published, at a considerable interval of time, two serious dramatic poems, of very unequal merit, and it is pleasant to remark a decided improvement in the latter production. "Elfrida" appeared in 1751, "Caractacus" in 1759, and Mason's genius grew wonderfully in those eight years.

His "Elfrida" labours under the disadvantage of an ill-chosen story: a story scarcely familiar or important enough for the foundation of a tragedy of an austere simple construction, in the treatment of which he has departed so far from what at least passes for authentic history, as to produce an unpleasant jumble of fact and fiction. Elfrida is recorded only as an adultress and a murderess. Mason, in direct opposition to a sound precept of

Aristotle, makes her a pattern of conjugal love and devoted widowhood. Nor are the manners of the time better preserved. But the sentiments of the poetry are pretty, and the tale is certainly a good deal prettier than it is in the History of England. The real Elfrida would have been a tempting subject for Euripides, who delighted to contemplate woman under the influence of strong and dark passions ; but we like Mason the better for his inability to pourtray such a character, and approve his judgment in not attempting it.

Among the peculiar difficulties of dramatic composition, what is called the *opening of the plot* is one of the most formidable, and we know very few plays in which it has been skilfully surmounted. But this difficulty is materially augmented if the unities of place and of time are to be kept inviolate ; for in that case, it is impossible to represent a series of actions from their commencement : the play must begin just before the crisis, and the auditor must be put in possession of the previous occurrences as soon as possible ; for if they be left in obscurity till they are naturally developed by the incidents and passions of the action itself, half the play will pass over before any one knows what is going forward, or where is the scene, or who are the *dramatis personæ*. In written or printed plays, to be sure, we may be informed of these particulars by lists of characters, stage directions, &c. ; but no play can be regarded as a legitimate work of art, which would not be intelligible in representation. The ancient dramas, so long as the genuine Greek tragedy flourished, were, with few exceptions, taken from the store-house of mythology, which was familiar to every Greek from his childhood, consequently the Athenian audiences were never at a loss to understand the subject of a new production.

But this, though it was a great convenience, did not exonerate the poet from his duty : he was not to take it for granted that his story was known, but was to make his plot unfold itself. The chorus was of great use in this business, their odes consisting for the most part of references to the past, and forebodings of the future. Prophecies and oracles to be fulfilled, old crimes to be expiated, mysterious circumstances to be cleared up, a fearful future involved in a fearful past, were the main ingredients of the choral strains, in which nothing is *told* ; everything is assumed or hinted at, in accordance with the religious nature of Greek tragedy. But as some more straightforward exposition was deemed necessary in many instances, Euripides, in particular, had recourse to the very inartificial expedient of a retrospective soliloquy, sometimes spoken by a ghost, in which the history was brought down to the point at which it was convenient that the scene should open. This is but a clumsy device, but perhaps it is better than occupying the first act with tedious narrative, in which *Prologue plays dialogue with Dummy* ; and it avoids the worst of all *critical* faults, that of tediousness. Such as it is, Mason has adopted it in his *Elfrida*, without an attempt to disguise its manifest absurdity. Orgar, the father of the heroine, appears on the lawn before Athelwold's castle in Harewood Forest, and after a few lines, very prettily descriptive of the venerable wood, the orient sun, and the flower-besprinkled lawn, which give you to understand, like the Gun in Sheridan's *Critic*, that the time is early morning, begins to explain his own business to himself, setting forth as how his daughter has been three months married to Earl Athelwold, who has persuaded him, for some undiscovered reasons, to let the match remain a secret for " some little space ; "

that Earl Athelwold has conveyed his bride by stealth to Harewood Castle, "enjoyed and left her," gone to court, and occasionally visited his wife in disguise, and in such a mysterious fashion, that the old man cannot tell what to think of it; begins to suspect that Athelwold has another wife, and intends to lurk about in disguise of a pilgrim, in order to find out the real state of the case, vowing vengeance if his suspicions should turn out to be true. His soliloquy is interrupted (just when it has said all that it has to say) by singing behind the scenes, which he rightly supposes to proceed from Elfrida's waiting-maids, the companions of her solitude; whereupon, not to interrupt their harmony, he gets behind a tree, resolving to address them "with some feigned tale," as soon as they have done their song. The chorus of waiting-maids enter singing a hymn to the Morning. A hymn to the Virgin, or to St. Nicholas, or any saint, would certainly have been more appropriate, but the lines are not amiss. Mason had a fine ear, and considerable knowledge of music, which enabled him to give the true lyric air to his choral odes:

Hail to thy living light,
Ambrosial Morn ! all hail thy roseate ray,
That bids young Nature all her charms display
In varied beauty bright.
Away ! ye goblins all,
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt ;
Whose vagrant feet have traced your secret haunt
Beside some lonely wall,
Or shattered ruin of a moss-grown tower,
Where, at pale midnight's stillest hour,
*Through each rough chink the solemn orb of night
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.*
Away, ye elves, away !
Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray ;

That living ray, whose power benign
Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,
Where, throned in artless majesty,
The cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine.

Sweet verses, truly, and at least one beautiful image, though even this is falsified by the epithets. Moonshine is not momentary, except in a high wind, when the clouds are driven rapidly across the "solemn orb;" nor is it trembling, except when reflected on water, or bright leaves. But what a jumble of religions! The Saxon damsels are first of all ancient Persians, then superstitious Scandinavians; but when they talk of the "cherub Beauty sitting on Nature's rustic shrine," they are Christians, Platonists, modern Deists, and good Catholics all in a single verse. This is the consequence of a determination to bring as many pretty things together into a given space as possible. At the end of the song Orgar comes forward. The chorus are offended at him for listening. He makes a flattering apology: tells the ladies that he never passes "the night bird's favourite spray" without stopping to listen, and that they had voices as sweet as nightingales, with a great deal more science. The ladies are mollified: a long dialogue ensues, in which Orgar pretends to be a man of quality from the north, whose property has been laid waste by an invasion of the border Scots. With some difficulty he prevails on the virgins so far to deviate from their master's orders as to afford him a place of shelter and concealment. He withdraws, and Elfrida enters, bitterly complaining of her husband's want of punctuality (after all, he is not more than an hour after his time), and appears not over well pleased with her secluded state. The chorus moralises, and gives advice in a strain which

few ladies would endure in their waiting-women, and sings another ode, which begins very ornithologically about the turtle (dove), and the lark, and the linnet, and then goes on about the Goddess of Content. At the end of this ditty Athelwold enters, and the chorus, if they had any sense of delicacy or propriety, would have withdrawn. As it is, they stand still, very much in the way. So much for the rationality of a Drama on the ancient plan, founded upon the tender passions. But even if this absurdity had been avoided, matrimonial caresses and reproaches can rarely be exhibited without making both parties rather ridiculous. It is very well that such folly should exist, but the less display is made of it the better: it is peculiarly annoying to the hopeless celibate,* a large and increasing class, which, if the times do not improve, or rather, if the habits of society are not reformed, and the money price of respectability is not lowered, will go near to include the whole middle class of gentry. We have long thought it rather creditable to poets, or their wives, that there are so few poetical addresses to Hymen; †

* It is fearful to think how many rash and unhappy marriages are contracted in sheer despair of ever being able to marry with prudence! How many men, and, in the humbler classes, how many women, plunge into vice and dissipation from the same cause! No political change can remedy this evil, unless, along with free institutions, it introduces republican habits of thinking and feeling. But something would be done, if all hopes of patronage were cut off, and every man without patrimony saw plainly that he had no dependence but upon his own industry and frugality. The manner in which the revenue of England has been spent, has been ten times more grievous, and a thousand times more mischievous, than the taxation by which it is raised.

† To this observation there is one exception; that is,

for the happiness of the married pair neither requires nor admits of public sympathy. There must always be something defective in the moral feelings, or very unfortunate in the circumstances of a man who makes the public his confidante.

Elfrida has a natural longing for the court, which Athelwold endeavours to flatter her out of:—

Elfrida. Blame me not, my Lord,
If prying womanhood should prompt a wish
To learn the cause of this your strange commotion,
Which ever wakes, if I but drop one thought
Of quitting Harewood.

Athel. Go to the clear surface
Of yon unruffled lake, and bending o'er it,
There read my answer.

Elfrida. These are riddles, sir.

Athel. No; for its glassy and reflecting surface
Will smile with charms too tempting for a palace.

Elfrida. Does Athelwold distrust Elfrida's faith?

Athel. No: but he much distrusts Elfrida's beauty.

Elfrida. Away! you trifle.

Athel. Never more in earnest;
I would not, for the throne that Edgar sits on,
That Edgar should behold it.

Here the plot begins to open. Athelwold, commissioned to woo Elfrida for the King, has taken her

when poets have addressed their wives in the decline of life, or after long marriage. Nothing can be more beautiful than some of Wordsworth's pieces of this kind. There is a pretty lively copy of verses by Samuel Bishop, master of Merchant Taylors' School, on presenting his wife with a knife after fourteen years' marriage, beginning,—

A knife, my dear, cuts love they say;
Mere modish love perhaps it may.

These are pleasant reading. But let all married poets beware of deluging the public with *treacle*.

himself, and represented her to Edgar as a dowdy. Now, alarmed at the idea of his treachery being discovered, he cautions her earnestly against the amorous disposition of the young Monarch, and is proceeding with his monitory harangue when a messenger arrives with the unwelcome news that the King is on the way to Harewood. Athelwold is dumbfounded. The ensuing scene, in which he gives way to his horror and despair, is written with more dramatic power than Mason generally displays. Naturally enough, he requests the chorus to retire ; but as the rules to which the author had bound himself cannot dispense with their presence,* he calls them back again, saying, that "concealment would be vain," and reminds them of their obligations to him, which they very prettily acknowledge. He then confesses the whole truth to Elfrida, and tells her that to his love she owes the loss of a crown :—

But where's the tie, Elfrida, that may bind
Thy faith and love ?

Elfrida. The strongest, sure, my Lord,
The golden, nuptial tie. Try but its strength.

Athel. I must, perforce, this instant ; know, Elfrida,

* The rules of the Greek stage did not absolutely forbid the temporary absence of the chorus, for there was an express word (*Metanastasis*) to designate their retirement. Dr. Blomfield thinks that the stage was occasionally left altogether vacant, and intervals of time similar to our between-acts interposed ; but this is so awkward an expedient, that we cannot suspect the Athenians of having recourse to it.

We forgot to mention that gentlemen (we hope there are no such ladies) who dislike poetry had better skip this article, for it is only for his poetry that Mason's life is worth writing.

Once, on a day of high festivity,
 The youthful King, encircled with his nobles,
 Crown'd high the sparkling bowl; and much of love,
 Of beauty much, the sprightly converse ran :
 When, as it well might chance, the brisk Lord Ardulph
 Made gallant note of Orgar's peerless daughter,
 And in such phrase as might inflame a breast
 More cool than Edgar's. Early on the morrow
 The impatient monarch gave me swift commission
 To view those charms, of which Lord Ardulph's tongue
 Had given such warm description ; to whose words,
 If my impartial eye gave full assent,
 I had his royal mandate on the instant
 To hail you Queen of England.

So far the truth of history is followed. But now commences the deviation. The actual Elfrida, deeply resenting the fraud which had given her a simple Thane instead of a royal lover, put on all her charms to captivate Edgar, and rejoiced in the ruin of the too fond Athelwold. Such at least is the narrative of the monkish historians, who were never better pleased than when vilifying woman, whose society they had superstitiously foresworn. But the wickedness of Elfrida is too well authenticated to admit of rational doubt : the fame of her beauty has never raised her a vindicator, though the power of beauty oftentimes long outlasts its brief possession ; witness the enamoured defenders of Mary Stuart, and of Anne Boleyn. But Mason avails himself of a poet's liberty, and makes her reply—

' Stead of which,
 You came, and hail'd me wife of Athelwold.
 Was this the tale I was so taught to fear ?
 Was this the deed that known would make me fly
 Thy clasping arm, as 'twere the poisonous adder ?

No, let this tender fond embrace assure thee
That thy Elfrida's love can never die;
Or if it could, this animating touch,
Would soon awake it into life and rapture.

We are afraid that there are few, even of the best of women, who would not feel a momentary anger against the man whose passion had defrauded them of a diadem. The love of rank is the besetting temptation of womanhood. Elfrida, however, has not one misgiving, but first proposes to hide herself in her chamber, and robe Albina, (the principal of the chorus), in her bridal vestments, and when afraid that this stratagem would be unavailing, as Ardulph accompanied the King, she declares that she will stain her complexion with berries, hang her head,

Drawl out an idiot phrase, and do each act
With even a rude and peasant awkwardness.

Athelwold expresses a degree of shame and contrition at the prospect of meeting the King, which the occasion does not seem to warrant. Any man, King, or other, who chooses a wife by other's reports, and makes love by proxy, richly deserves to be cheated, and so Elfrida very sensibly thinks. This scene is, on the whole, very pleasing, but it is obvious how terribly the chorus hangs on, the little they say being quite superfluous. Athelwold goes off, and Elfrida, after receiving her attendant's compliments upon her virtue, which she declares is nothing but love, follows him. The chorus sing an ode to constancy, wherein, not content with turning that abstract quality into a goddess and a heaven-born Queen, the Anglo-Saxon maidens talk of "Cynthia riding on the brow of night." But Shakspeare was never more negligent of the properties of time and place than

Mason has shown himself in this drama, which affects the praise of consummate art.

The concluding stanza, though sadly encumbered with epithets, contains a just and noble sentiment :—

The soul, which she inspires has power to climb
To all the heights sublime
Of virtue's towering hill.

That hill, at whose low foot weak warbling strays
The scanty stream of human praise,
A shallow trickling rill.

While on the summits hov'ring Angels shed,
From their blest pinions, the nectarious dew
Of pure immortal fame: From these the Muse
Oft steals some precious drops, and skilful blends
With those the lower fountain lends :

Then showers it all on some high-favoured head.

The next scene introduces Elfrida, striving to escape the importunity of Orgar, whom she hardly recognises through his disguise. He discovers himself, sets no limits to his indignation against Athelwold, and flies into a passion with his daughter for calling him husband.

Husband—'Sdeath what husband ? •
Is Athelwold thy husband ? Sooner call
The impeached thief true master of the booty
He stole or murdered for. Disdain the villain ;
And help me to revenge thee.

The chorus moralises on the unlawfulness of revenge in good set terms, but this grave office sits very awkwardly upon young females. Moral truths, elicited by sudden feeling or conviction, even by virtuous scorn and anger, are never more effective than when uttered by female lips ; but to be watching for every occasion of giving advice, or reading a lecture, as it is an odious propensity in any age or sex, so it is an absolute

outrage in a young woman. Orgar, however, is not in a humour to be schooled. He drops more than a hint that Christian ethics are not for him, a secret adherent to the creed of the Bards and Druids. And he insists upon it that Elfrida, so far from hiding or disguising her beauty, shall call forth all her attractions :—

Hear me, daughter ;

You went to search for flowers, to blot your charms
With their dun hue. Yes, thou shalt search for flowers,
Yet shall they be the loveliest of the spring :
Flowers, that entangling in thine auburn hair,
Or blushing 'mid the whiteness of thy bosom,
May, to the power of every native grace,
Give double life and lustre. Haste, my child,
Array thyself in thy most gorgeous garb,
And see each jewel, which my love procured thee,
Dart its full radiance. More than all, put on
The nobler ornament of winning smiles
And kind inviting glances.

Surely no *man of honour*, no haughty British chieftain, however his better nature might be perverted by ambition or revenge, would or could give such advice to a daughter. It might fitly enough proceed from a Circassian merchant, anxious to sell a she-slave to the best advantage. But when Orgar, impatient at Elfrida's repugnance, charges her on her duty, and by what he calls "a father's just prerogative" to act the part of a wanton for the ruin of the man whom she has sworn to love and honour, we turn away disgusted from such a treasonable libel on paternal authority. The chorus, left alone, divide into semi-choruses, and sing some irregular lines, in imitation of the ancient monostrophes, in which the pen of fate, dipt in its deepest gall, is employed somewhat incongruously, to write mystic characters on

a wall. This shows that the young ladies had read the Pantheon and the book of Daniel. The King and Athelwold enter. The King commends his host's taste in architecture and the picturesque; the beautiful site of his castle, and its "goodly structure," its "turrets trim" "and taper spires," (is not this mention of Gothic ornaments premature?) and its "choicest masonry:"—

Each part

Doth boast a separate grace; but ornament,
Tho' here the richest that the eye can note,
Is used, not lavish'd: Art seems generous here,
Yet not a prodigal.

And then the King pays his respects to the ladies of the chorus. Athelwold is alarmed to see them in tears, and expresses his apprehensions in an *aside*. Edgar too is surprised and concerned at their mournful taciturnity, and courteously hopes that no "discourteous treatment" is the cause of their sorrow. They break silence to do justice to Athelwold, "the noblest, gentlest, best of masters," and are proceeding in his praises, when Orgar bursts in to make his complaints to Edgar, calls Athelwold traitor, and at last, after several interruptions, discloses how he has been tricked of his daughter, and the King of his bride. Edgar takes all very coolly, but is prevailed on to go and judge of Elfrida with his own eyes. Athelwold, forgetting the courtier, the host, and the husband, stands still, and asks the chorus twenty questions in a breath. "What said she when I left her? How came her father hither? How did she receive him? Did she marshal him to his deed of vengeance?" The chorus exculpate Elfrida from the suspicion of disclosing the secret, and confess their own disobedience in concealing the unknown stranger,

who proves to be Orgar, and who from his concealment has overheard all. There is loftiness in Athelwold's reply, by no means unfrequent in Mason's writings, which would excuse worse faults of construction and language than he is guilty of:—

Chorus. This our disobedience
We own—

Athel. Was my perdition. Yet 'tis well ;
I blame ye not ; it was Heaven's justice, Virgins ;
This brought him hither ; this annull'd your faith.
I do not think you purpos'd my destruction,
But yet you have destroy'd me. O, Elfrida !
And art thou faithful ? This my jealous eye
Thought it had mark'd some speck of change upon thee ;
Thought it had found, what might have made thy loss
Somewhat within endurance. 'Tis not so ;
And this thy purity but serves t' augment
The sum of my distractions. Meet me, Edgar.
With thy raised sword ; be merciful and sudden.

He departs ; and the chorus recite an Ode upon Truth, which may be found in Enfield's Speaker. No one who reads it there would suppose that it ever was intended to form part of a drama, much less that it was chaunted by a company of young ladies, at a crisis of the utmost distress, when their master and mistress were in the jaws of ruin, partly too by their fault. There is no authority or precedent for such an absurdity in the works of the Greeks ; nor can it be excused by that compliance with modern taste which is announced with so much ado, in the explanatory epistles. The verses must have been written for some other occasion, and were thrust in here because they were too good to be lost. They are, however, very indifferent, in a most tawdry style, and no way above the reach of any

school-boy, who had read Akenside, and learned to tag verses.

After the Ode is finished Athelwold rushes in, bent upon self-murder, for Edgar has seen Elfrida, and Athelwold is banished. The chorus make a tolerable speech against suicide. Athelwold wavers. Elfrida enters, and Edgar follows. Elfrida pleads for her husband with considerable earnestness and dignity. Athelwold is all despair and contrition, and talks of killing himself. Edgar is melted, and forgives him all freely, with a generosity very fine; but not at all to be expected from a despot who, a few minutes before, thought of falling foul on a woman, a wife, who, he perceives, has given the heart, upon which he never had the slightest claim, to another. He goes off to chase the "nimble roebuck," bidding Athelwold follow, who, after one farewell, obeys. The detestable Orgar (who has been standing by all the while without opening his mouth), now breaks out into a storm of reproaches, which are deprived of all verisimilitude by being clothed in pompous dignified language. Shakspeare understood human nature far better when he made old Capulet call poor little Juliet "tallow-face" and "green-sickness carrion;" nor are the vituperative passages in *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, or *Euripides*, a bit more polite. Rage is essentially vulgar, and never vulgarer than when it proceeds from mortified pride, or disappointed ambition, or thwarted wilfulness. A baffled despot is the vulgarest of dirty wretches, no matter whether he be the despot of a nation vindicating its rights, or of a donkey sinking under its load.

Mason makes a poor attempt to dignify the villany of Orgar. He, forsooth, is of ancient British line, and Athelwold's perfidy has prevented the British blood from being regalised. Accordingly, he resolves

to wait his return, and give him "fair combat." He retires. A pretty dialogue ensues between Elfrida and the chorus, who are, however, a sort of Job's comforters, tormenting the poor lady with likelihoods of her husband despatching himself. But he is destined to another end. Edwin, the representative of the *nuntius*, or messenger of the old drama, arrives to relate that Edgar, having drawn Athelwold into a retired part of the wood, and declared that, as a sovereign, he forgives his disloyalty, challenges him to combat, as man to man, and friend to friend, for Elfrida. Athelwold only makes a feint of defence, quickly falls, and dies smiling. Elfrida invokes all Heaven's vengeance upon Edgar, and gathers strength from intensity of sorrow. The dignity of *her* anger is true to the noblest nature. Orgar, hearing her lamentations, comes in. She falls at his feet, implores him to avenge her, and then suddenly recollects that he too was sworn against the life of Athelwold:—

Alas ! I had forgot : had Edgar spared him,
That sword, to which my madness called for vengeance,
Ere long was meant to do the bloody deed,
And make the murder parricide.

Orgar, not at all displeased at what has happened, tries to comfort her ; but she will not be comforted, and withdraws with the principal virgin, Albina, the *coryphæus* or spokeswoman of the chorus. Orgar goes to confer with the King, whom he now feels confident of getting for a son-in-law, charging the virgins, as soon as Elfrida's grief is a little quieted, to hint the King's praises till, "by practice won, she bear their fuller blazon." The semichorus resolve to say truth, and nothing but truth. Albina returns, and informs her companions that Elfrida has resolved

on perpetual widowhood ; and then Elfrida enters herself, and kneeling down, vows to build a convent on the spot where her husband fell, and to preserve “ for aye, austerity, and single life : ”

Hear next, that Athelwold's sad widow swears
Never to violate the holy vow
She to his truth first plighted ; swears to bear
The sober singleness of widowhood
To her cold grave.

The chorus pray that the vow may be enrolled “ mid the dread records of eternity,” and so the curtain drops.

An acute and elegant critic remarks, that this conclusion reminds the reader too much of the proverbial instability of widows' vows,

Vows made in pain as violent and void.

But does not this feeling arise chiefly, if not solely, from the confusion between the Elfrida of history, and the Elfrida of the play ?

As an accommodation of the ancient drama to modern habits and sympathies, “ Elfrida ” must be pronounced a decided failure. The unities are indeed preserved, but at the expense of probability and common sense. The chorus, instead of forming a necessary and integral part of the drama, is a mere incumbrance on the action, and at best a *divertissement* between the acts. But a worse, because a moral fault, is the unnecessary degradation of the parental character in the person of Orgar. His mock-mendicity, and lying, and skulking, and eaves-dropping, and tale-telling, effect no purpose that might not have been better brought about in other ways ; and after the discovery of Athelwold's treachery, he is of no use at all, but a dead weight upon the scene.

We cannot help thinking that Mason *began* his, "Elfrida" with an eye to the theatre; but finding the lyric parts, in which his strength lay, overgrew the dramatic, he abandoned that intention, and did not even offer it to a manager. When, however, he had acquired a name, which was likely to fill the house, the elder Colman most unjustifiably produced it at Covent Garden, with his own or somebody else's alterations. Mason was angry at this, no wonder; and Colman threatened him with a chorus of Grecian washerwomen. Mason prudently let the matter drop. He had an irritable anxiety about his reputation, which made him a very unequal match for managers of iron nerve and brazen face; and though he had undoubtedly the right on his side, Colman and the chorus of washerwomen would have had the laugh on theirs. In 1776, "Elfrida" appeared at Covent Garden, with the author's own alterations. It was probably heard once or twice with respectful attention, and then heard no more. "Elfrida" would have sunk in oblivion if Mason had never written "Caractacus."

Nearly eight years, "not idly nor unprofitably spent," intervened between the publication of "Elfrida" and that of "Caractacus;" but it is convenient at once to finish our notices of Mason's dramatic career. His talent was of the improving kind; and as he seems to have delighted in composition, he never let it rust for want of use. Accordingly, "Caractacus," compared to "Elfrida," is as the well-considered work of a man, to the rash adventure of a boy. Much of its superiority depends, however, upon the choice of the scene and of the story. The last of the Britons making his final stand in the hallowed seat of the Druidical religion, is an imposing and magnificent object, accordant to the spirit of that Grecian tragedy which Mason proposed

as his model. The Druids possess the sacerdotal and mysterious character which properly pertains to a chorus; and the awful scenery of Mona's Isle affords space for landscape painting, which, though sparingly indulged by the Greek tragedians, is by no means incompatible with the nature of the Attic drama.

The opening speech has been censured as too poetical—a very false and idle censure; for poetry cannot be too poetical. A sounder objection is, that it violates the moral probabilities of character. Aulus Didius is come on a wicked purpose, to be executed by the wickedest of means, by urging two British youths to betray, with blackest falsehood, the veteran defender of British liberty. We should be sorry for Nature if such a man, at such a time, could have any perception of her beauties. A superstitious shuddering at her wild and awful shapes he might feel; but coward superstition suggests only mean, and ugly, and loathsome images. A poet may—indeed he must—give voice to feelings that in real life are silent; he must develope the imperfect germs of thought, and give them form and outwardness. It is a senseless cavil to say, that such and such a character would not, in the given situation, speak the words that the poet attributes to him, or anything like them. But still the words should express some meaning of the supposed speaker's mind or heart, though it should be a meaning that in reality would not be summoned to consciousness. Tarquin must not stay his "ravishing strides" to praise the moon for her chastity.* Had Aulus come to worship the old divinities of Mona, or had he been making a *tour in search of the*

* What can be more beautiful than the scene between Lorenzo and Jessica, at the beginning of the fifth act of the

picturesque, the lines, which are quite Salvator Rosa, would have been perfectly appropriate :—

Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder
Gaze on the solemn scene ; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
Chills the *pale* * plain beneath him : mark yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round its rugged base,
These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone : they awe my soul
As if the very Genius of the place
Himself appeared, and with terrific tread
Stalk'd round his drear domain.

The following scene between Aulus Didius and the sons of Cartismandua, Elidurus, and Vellinus, supposed to be hostages, whose liberty is promised as the price of decoying Caractacus into the Roman power, is not deficient in dramatic vivacity. Ever since the *Babes* were led into the *Wood*, and perhaps long

“ Merchant of Venice ? ” but how utterly absurd would it have been, if that single line—

“ How sweet the moonshine sleeps upon this bank,”

had been put into the mouth of Shylock ! Yet an equal absurdity is perpetrated in Cibber's alteration of “ Richard the Third,” where the descriptive lines of the chorus of “ Henry the Fifth ” are put into the mouth of King Richard. Shakspeare, however, has himself neglected the propriety for which we are contending, in two instances. The beautifully-fanciful poetry uttered by Iachimo, in Imogen's chamber, could have no seed or root in the heart of such a ribald scoundrel. The other is a less glaring case, but still the flowery description of Cleopatra on the Cydnus does not proceed naturally from a rugged old soldier like Ænobarbus.

* *Pale* is one of Mason's *perpetual* epithets. The compound *pale-eyed* occurs some fifty times in the course of his lyrics ; and yet he never had the courtesy to pen a little note to explain what he means by it.

before, if ever two villains are set to one service, one of them turns out to be quite a good, honest, tender-hearted fellow; while the other is an obdurate scoffer at his scruples. So as soon as Aulus Didius quits the Druidical circle, Elidurus and Vellinus* fall to an altercation, the former determining to "proceed no further in this business," while Vellinus will have it

* From a letter of Gray's to Mason, it appears that these decoy-youths were not in the first sketch of the play, supposed to be the sons of Cartismandua, but nobodies, like the Nuntius of the ancient drama, or Shakspeare's still more anonymous "two gentlemen." This, with several others of Gray's letters, shows how long *Caractacus* was in writing, and how many alterations it underwent before it came before the public eye. Its date is Sept. 28, 1757. We shall transcribe the first paragraphs, together with a note of Mason's own; for the history and progress of Mason's works is the most important history of his life.

"I have (as I desired Mr. Stonehewer to tell you) read over *Caractacus* twice, not with pleasure only, but with emotion. You may say what you will; but the contrivance, the manners, the interests, the passions, and the expression, go beyond your *Elfrida* many, many leagues. I even say (though you will think me a bad judge of this), that the *world* will like it better. I am struck with the chorus, who are not there merely to sing and dance, but bear throughout a principal part in the action; and have (beside the costume, which is excellent) as much a character of their own as any other person. I am charmed with their priestly pride and obstinacy, when, after all is lost, they resolve to confront the Roman general, and spit in his face. But I am now going to tell you what touches me most from the beginning. The first opening is very greatly improved: the curiosity of Didius is now a very natural reason for dwelling on each particular of the scene before him; nor is the description at all too long. I am glad to find the two young men are Cartismandua's sons. They interest me far more. I love people of condition: they were men before that nobody

that honour, duty to their mother (who is the prime promoter of the treason), and religion, which will be undone if the Romans execute their threat of destroying the sacred groves, oblige them to fulfil their engagement. And so they go off without coming to any agreement. Then the chorus of Druids make their entrance, and divide into responsive semi-chori. There is something very antique and mystical about their opening incantation. The following lines read almost like a translation from the Welsh or Runic :—

But tell me yet,
From the grot of charms and spells,
Where our matron sister dwells,
Brennus! has thy holy hand
Safely brought the Druid wand?
And the potent adder-stone,
Gender'd fore the autumnal moon?
When in undulating twine
The foaming snakes prolific join;

knew: one could not make a bow to them if one had met them at a public place.”—*Letter 27, Mason's edition.*

To which Mr. Mason subjoins :—“In the manuscript now before him, Mr. Gray had only the first ode; the others were not then written; and although the dramatic part was then brought to a conclusion, yet it was afterwards in many places altered. He was mistaken with regard to the opinion the world would have about it. That world, which usually loves to be led in such matters, rather than form an opinion for itself, was taught a different sentiment; and one of its leaders went so far as to declare, that he never knew a second work fall so much below a first from the same hand. To oppose Mr. Gray's judgment to his, I must own, gives me some small satisfaction; and to enjoy it, I am willing to risk that imputation of vanity which will probably fall to my share for having published this letter.”

When they hiss, and when they bear
Their wondrous egg aloof in air;
Thence, before to earth it fall,
The Druid, in his hallowed pall,
 Receives the prize;
 And instant flies,
Follow'd by the envenom'd brood,
Till he cross the crystal flood.

Gray had courteously collected for his friend whatever records of the Druidical superstitions are to be found in the Greek and Roman writers, and Mason has made a skilful use of those scanty materials, with such additions from his own invention as seemed to harmonise with what was known of Celtic theology. He is also somewhat indebted to the Edda and other relics of Scandinavian fable. With the Druidical metaphysics, commemorated in the Welsh Triads, and songs of the bards, since brought to light by the industry of Cymrodorian scholars, he does not appear to have had much acquaintance. If these metaphysical doctrines were really couched in the Druids' mysteries, the Druids were very philosophical dreamers indeed.

The presence of the Druidical bards is well accounted for,—an important circumstance in the formation of a chorus. Caractacus is about to be admitted into the order, and initiated into their mystic rites. Abandoning all hope of successful resistance to the Roman invaders, he is resolved to lay aside his royalty, and

To end his days in secrecy and peace,
A Druid among Druids.

His approach is well described. He enters accompanied by his daughter Evelina, and apostrophises the oaks in some very spirited and well-versified

lines. The whole scene is good, but it is a question whether it would not be still better without *Evelina*. The delineation of female characters was not in Mason's province. He tries to make them tender, but he only makes them fond; and what is worse, he throws their expressions of fondness into the form of abstract propositions, clothed in language which not only *is* studied, but *appears* so. *Evelina*, in good sooth, talks more like a Roman *blue stocking* (a character that did exist) than like a British maiden. She is too sentimental for a heroine, and too sententious for a girl. There is a speech of Caractacus's which has been highly praised, and by a high authority, for its pathetic simplicity: perhaps *Evelina*'s reply, in the same judgment, is simple and pathetic likewise. The principal Druid bids the King bethink himself

If aught on this vain earth
Still holds too firm a union with thy soul,
Estranging it from peace.

Carac. I had a Queen:
Bear with my weakness, Druid! this tough breast
Must heave a sigh, for she is unrevenged.
And can I taste true peace, she unrevenged?
So chaste, so lov'd a Queen? Ah, *Evelina*!
Hang not thus weeping on the feeble arm
That could not save thy mother.

Evelina. To hang thus
Softens the pang of grief; and the sweet thought,
That a fond father still supports his child,
Sheds on my pensive mind such soothing balm,
As doth the blessing of these pious seers,
When most they wish our welfare. Would to Heaven,
A daughter's presence could as much avail
To ease her father's woes, as his doth mine.

The *meaning* of these lines is indeed pathetic, and it is probable that when the author first conceived the

situation, he really felt for Caractacus and his daughter. But it was his practice to write and re-write till his original conceptions were evaporated, and nothing but his own words remained upon his memory. He was like a painter who, having taken a hasty sketch of a landscape on the spot, goes into his study and touches and re-touches till the little recollection of the original, which he retains, only serves to puzzle him, and his work at last has neither the Catholic truth of art, nor the individual reality of nature.

Mason, as we have seen, was a great stickler for the *Unities*, yet he violated the most essential unity of all—the unity of interest. He attempted to combine interests which destroyed one another. Had “Caractacus” been composed according to the ideal of the ancient drama, Caractacus would have appeared simply as the impersonation of British liberty; and the predominant feeling should have been, that the fate of an individual involved the doom of a state. And had Mason written for *himself* he would have preserved his singleness of purpose, and produced a single satisfactory impression. But he thought it necessary to *condescend* to the popular weakness: to show Caractacus as the man, the husband, the father, and thereby he has introduced as great an inconsistency as could have been effected by the most tragi-comic alternation of mirth and tears.

There is something wild and grand in the address of the bards to Snowdon, and the spirits resident thereon. A locality has seldom been made better use of in the drama:—

Strike, ye Bards!

Strike all your strings symphonious; wake a strain
May penetrate, may purge, may purify,
His yet unhallowed bosom;

Call ye hither

The airy tribe, that on yon mountain dwell,
 Ev'n on majestic Snowdon; they, who never
 Deign visit mortal men, save on some cause
 Of highest import; but, sublimely shrined*
 On its hoar top in domes of crystalline ice,
 Hold converse with those spirits that possess
 The skies' pure sapphire, nearest heaven itself.

The ode which follows this invocation has been as highly praised as anything that Mason has written. The opening lines are certainly sounding and harmonious; but like most odes of your *correcting* writers, far from correct. The third is absolutely ludicrous. Mona must have *fretted herself to fiddle-strings*:—

Mona on Snowdon calls :
 Hear, thou king of mountains, hear ;
Hark she speaks from all her strings ;
 Hark, her loudest echo rings.
 King of mountains, bend thine ear :
 Send thy spirits, send them soon,
 Now, when midnight and the moon
 Meet upon thy front of snow :
 See ! their gold and ebon rod,
 Where the sober sisters nod,†
 And greet in whispers sage and slow.
 Snowdon ! mark, 'tis magic's hour ;
 Now the mutter'd spell has power ;

* "Above me are the Alps,
 The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity."—CHILDE HAROLD. Cant. I.

† Gray seems to have been much pleased with these lines. Speaking of the advantages and licences of subjects like Caractacus, drawn from a period of whose manners and opinions scarcely anything is known, he says, "They leave

Power to rend thy ribs of rock,
 And burst thy base with thunder's shock.
 But to thee no ruder spell
 Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
 In music's secret cells, and lie
 Steep'd in the stream of harmony.

Snowdon has heard the strain :
 Hark, amid the wondering grove
 Other harpings meet our ear,
 Other voices answer clear,
 Pinions flutter, shadows move,
 Busy murmurs hum around,
 Rustling vestments brush the ground ;
 Round and round, and round they go,
 Through the twilight, through the shade,
 Mount the oak's majestic head,
 And gild the tufted mistleto.

This last image, pretty as it is, is far too pretty for the occasion. It would be well in a sportive fairy-tale; but the Druids, while invoking mysterious powers, in whose existence they had a real, not a

an unbounded liberty to pure imagination and fiction, (our favourite provinces,) where no critic can molest, or antiquary gainsay us: and yet (to please me) these fictions must have some affinity, some seeming connexion, with that little we really know of the character and customs of the people. For example, I never heard in my life that midnight and the moon were sisters; that they carried rods of ebony and gold, or met to whisper on the top of a mountain; but now I could lay my life that it is all true, and do not doubt it will be found so in some pantheon of the Druids, that is to be discovered in the library at Herculaneum."—*Letter 27.*

I cannot think "sober sisters" by any means a happy epithet in the present state of the English language. Sober originally meant sound-minded, self-possessed; but at the one it only implies the absence of ebriety. retold the

poetical belief, could not be in a mood to observe such minute effects.

This choral ode, which, poor as our literature then was in good lyric poetry, might well pass for a *chef-d'œuvre*, is very skilfully broken off by the principal Druid announcing that "a sullen smoke involves the altar," that "the central oak doth quake," and that he hears the sound of profane steps. Vellinus and Elidurus have been detected in the "bottom of a shadowy dell holding earnest converse." They are dragged in by the attendant Druids. Their treacherous purpose, of course, could not be more than suspected; but the very presence of unconsecrated persons in the sacred island is a sacrilege. Elidurus is abashed, and on the point of stammering out a confession, when Vellinus snatches the words out of his mouth, and lies with tragic audacity. He pretends a commission from his mother, Cartismandua, Queen of the Brigantes, to invite Caractacus to her aid against the legions of Ostorius, the Roman general, who, though kept at bay "for three long moons," still hover round the frontiers:

Like falcons
They hang suspended, loth to quit their prey,
And yet afraid to seize it :

(a striking and appropriate image). The whole speech is well written, the author having skilfully adopted the sustained *rhetorical* style in which Shakspeare* clothes

* As examples of this management, see Macbeth's speech in justification of himself for killing the grooms; the speeches of the King in Hamlet; Antony's Oration, where however ^{spe} is a mixture of sincerity and fraud. An admirable ^{Caract.} of bold and eloquent pleading in a bad cause may ^{Webster's} opinions see "Vittoria Corombona," extracted in

the harangues of deceivers. Every period is evidently balanced and digested beforehand; nothing trusted to the impulse of the moment. Caractacus, hearing his name mentioned, steps from behind the altar, and declares his readiness to shed his "last purple drop" for Britain. The chorus, not liking the bold look and nimble tongue of the young orator, censure his rashness; but Vellinus, to make sure of him, touches his tenderest point by telling him that his Queen, Guideria, is safe in Cartismandua's court, having been rescued by his (Vellinus's) valour. Caractacus is entrapped. The speech with which he welcomes the intelligence is really affecting, though it shows that the British hero was no physiognomist:—

Let me clasp thee, youth,
And thou shalt be my son; I had one, stranger,
Just of thy years; he look'd, like thee, right honest;
And yet he fail'd me. Were it not for him,
Who, as thou seest, ev'n at this hour of joy,
Draws tears down mine old cheek, I were as blest
As the great Gods:

and so he calls for his spear, bow, target, &c. The chorus check his impetuosity, reminding him of the unfavourable omens. He, like Hector, despises auguries, exclaiming—

Now, by Heaven I feel,
Beyond all omens, that within my breast,
Which marshals me to conquest.

But the Druid asserts the superiority of the priesthood to the monarchy, with a boldness worthy of Pope

Lamb's specimens of early Dramatic Writers, a work to which one of my obligations are only less than those I owe to the retold the from Shakspeare."

Gregory or Pope Boniface. Mador is the model of what a High Churchman *ought* to be :—

Thou art a King, a Sov'reign o'er frail man ;
I am a Druid, servant of the Gods ;
Such service is above such Sovereignty.

At some times, and from some persons, such sentiments as these, though spoken in the character of a Druid, would have exposed an author to peril. But Mason was then a known Whig, and the violence of Whig jealousy was blown over. Yet in a note he has thought proper to prove, from Dion, Chrysostom, and Helmodus de Slavis, that this supreme authority of the priesthood over the civil power was an historical fact.

After some farther conversation about patriotism, death and destiny, and the fiend Oblivion,* the

* The time will come, when Destiny and Death,
Throned in a burning car, the thundering wheels
Arm'd with gigantic scythes of Adamant,
Shall scour the field of life : and in the rear,
The fiend Oblivion : kingdoms, empires, worlds
Melt in the general blaze : when lo ! from high
Andraste darting, catches from the wreck
The roll of fame, claps her ascending plumes,
And stamps on orient stars each patriot name,
Round her eternal dome.

Is not this "Hercles' vein?" Could Kidd or Marlowe, Mahound and Termagant, or "Bedlam Tamburlane" have out-heroded this? Go by, Jeronymo. Yet not unlikely Mason thought it the very finest passage in the whole drama. It was, however, written differently at first, and altered at Gray's suggestion. "The car of Destiny and Death" is a very noble invention of the same class, and as far as that goes, *Spoken* fine, that it makes me more delicate than perhaps I *Caract.*^{of} at the close of it. Andraste sailing on the wings of opinions *scatches* the wreaths to hang them on her loftiest

principal Druid, resolving to seek for the counsel of the Gods in sleep, desires the uninitiated to retire, and then addresses the bards in lines which have been much and justly admired for the vivid manner in which they picture sound, and describe the powers of music. Indeed, except the description of the nightingale's song, in the *Odyssey*, the lines on music in Milton's "L'Allegro," and Crashaw's "Music's Duel" (taken from Strada's *Prolusions*), we do not remember anything of the kind equal to these verses :—

Ye time-ennobled seers, whose reverend brows
Full eighty winters whiten ; you, ye bards,
Leoline, Cadwall, Hoel, Cantaber,
Attend upon our slumbers : wondrous men,
Ye whose skill'd fingers know how best to lead
Through all the maze of sound, the wayward step
Of Harmony, recalling oft, and oft
Permitting her unbridled course to rush
Through dissonance to concord, sweetest then,
Even when expected harshest.

The first strophe and antistrophe of the following chorus are so beautiful, that we cannot forbear them, though we have already exceeded in quotation :—

Hail, thou harp of Phrygian frame !
In years of yore that Camber bore
From Troy's sepulchral flame ;
With ancient Brute, to Britain's shore

amaranth, though a clear and beautiful piece of *unknown* mythology, has too *Greek* an air to give me perfect satisfaction.

Second thoughts, in poetry, are seldom best, especially when those thoughts are not the poet's own. The original image is more agreeable and less monstrous than the one substituted. Strabo informs us that the Druids first retold the final destruction of the world by fire.

The mighty minstrel came :
 Sublime upon the burnish'd prow
 He bade thy manly modes to flow.
 Britain heard the descant bold ;
 She flung her white arms o'er the sea,
 Proud in her bosom to enfold
 The freight of harmony.
 Mute till then was every plain,
 Save where the flood o'er mountains rude
 Tumbled his tide amain :
 And Echo, from the impending wood,
 Resounded the hoarse strain ;
 While from the north the sullen gale
 With hollow whistlings shook the vale ;
 Dismal notes, and answered soon
 By savage howl the heaths among,
 What time the wolf doth bay the trembling moon,
 And thin the bleating throng.

But Mason never long together keeps clear of personifications, which, if they were always striking, or beautiful, or singly appropriate, would be cumbersome, because there are too many of them for any but an expressly allegorical poem. But sometimes the personification is merely verbal—a stale device to exalt the style—and sometimes they produce an incongruity, being unsuited to the time, the speaker, or the occasion. The bard Mador talks far too like a modern poet, when he speaks of “Fancy the fairy,” and “Inspiration, bright-eyed dame.” The mention of these nonentities takes away from the credibility of the supernatural agencies, which the interest of the drama requires us *pro tempore* to admit to be real existences. Some verses in the sequel of this ode are quite *à la mode*, as

Lo ! the sound of distant plumes
 Pants through the pathless desert of the air.

Some villanous, as

'Tis not the flight of *her* ;
'Tis sleep, her dewy harbinger.

And worse, if possible :

I ring

A sevenfold chime, and sweep and *swing*,
To mix thy music with the spheres.

How could Gray suffer such enormities as these to pass? The description of Inspiration, when she comes “with a pencil in her hand,” is very indifferent.

While this chorus, which begins so well, is singing, the Druid seer goes to sleep, has very painful dreams, and at the end of it starts up in great terror, and utters an incoherent speech, which is timely interrupted by the entrance of Evelina, who, after pardon asked for her intrusion, declares her suspicions of the two Brigantine youths, and specially the elder, Vellinus. The Druids caution her to beware of rash judgment, with a just compliment to her sex :

Say'st thou, virgin?

Heed what thou say'st ; suspicion is a guest
That, in the breast of man, of wrathful man,
Too oft *his* * welcome finds ; *yet seldom sure*
In that submissive calm that smooths the mind
Of maiden innocence.

Evelina. I know it well,
Yet must I still distrust the elder stranger ;

* This is one, but not an only instance in which Mason has injured and overclouded his phrase by unnecessary and imperfect personification. How much clearer and more flowing were this passage, were it written “too oft *a* welcome finds.” As it is, we can hardly tell to what antecedent *his* refers,—whether to *suspicion* or to *man*.

For while he talks (and much the flatterer talks),
 His brother's silent carriage gives disproof
 Of all his boast ; indeed, I mark'd it well ;
 And, as my father with the elder held
 Bold speech and warlike, as is still his wont
 When fir'd with hope of conquest, oft I saw
 A sigh unbidden heave the younger's breast,
 Half check'd as it was rais'd ; sometimes methought
 His gentle eye would cast a glance on me,
 As if he pitied me ; and then again
 Would fasten on my father, gazing there
 To veneration ; then he'd sigh again,
 Look on the ground, and hang his modest head
 Most pensively.

This is beautifully true to nature.* Men are deceived in their judgments of others by a thousand causes ; by their hopes, their ambition, their vanity, their antipathies, their likes and dislikes, their party feelings, their nationality, but above all, by their presumptuous reliance on the ratiocative understanding, their disregard of presentiments and unaccountable impressions, and their vain attempts to reduce

* I trust I shall not be censured if I quote from an author whom it might not beseem *me* to praise ; but the passage occurs in a piece not so well known as some others, and illustrates the principles I have endeavoured to explain :

And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
 Could see him as he was, and often warned me ;
 Whence learnt she this ?—O, she was innocent !
 And to be innocent is Nature's wisdom !
 The fledg'd dove knows the prowlers of the air,
 Fear'd soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter ;
 And the young steed recoils upon its haunches
 The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
 O, surer than Suspicion's hundred eyes
 Is that fine sense, which, to the pure in heart,
 By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
 Reveals the approach of evil.

S. T. COLERIDGE'S "*Zapolya*," a Tragedy.

everything to rule and measure. Women, on the other hand, if they be very women, are seldom deceived, except by love, compassion, or religious sympathy—by the latter too often deplorably; but then it is not because their better angel neglects to give warning, but because they are persuaded to make a merit of disregarding his admonitions. The craftiest Iago cannot win the good opinion of a *true* woman, unless he approach her as a lover, an unfortunate, or a religious confidante. Be it, however, remembered, that this superior discernment in character is merely a female *instinct*, arising from a more delicate sensibility, a finer tact, a clearer intuition, and a natural abhorrence of every appearance of evil. It is a sense which only belongs to the innocent—quite distinct from the tact of experience. If, therefore, ladies without experience attempt to *judge*, to draw conclusions from premises, and give a reason for their sentiments, there is nothing in their sex to preserve them from error. But we must return to Caractacus, and show how thoroughly the notions of the Druids coincide with our own, though they have their way of accounting for it:

The Gods, my brethren,
Have waked these doubts in the untainted breast
Of this mild maiden; oft to female softness,
Oft to the purity of virgin souls
Doth Heaven its voluntary light dispense,
When victims bleed in vain.

On Evelina's entreaty, the chorus consent that she shall sift Elidurus, and, if possible, draw from him a disclosure of his brother's plots. But at this juncture Caractacus enters with the two Brigantian youths, eager to know the answer of the gods. The Druid informs him that it is unfavourable; describes his

horrible though undefined visions, and hints his suspicions. Vellinus interrupts him haughtily and rudely. The Druid sternly rebukes, and Caractacus apologises for him. Throughout the scene, indeed throughout the play, he behaves with that unfaltering boldness, and exhibits that readiness of reply, which the ignorant are so apt to mistake for an evidence of pure intent and innocence,—a mistake which has acquitted many a thief, and not seldom condemned the guiltless. At last it is decreed that one of the youths shall undergo the ordeal of the rocking stone, which will best be described in the Druids' own words : *

Behold yon huge
And unhewn sphere of solid adamant,
Which, poised by magic, rests its central weight
On yonder pointed rock ; firm as it seems,
Such is its strange and virtuous property,
It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
Of him whose breast is pure ; but to a traitor,
Though e'en a giant's prowess nerved his arm,
It stands as fixt as Snowdon.

The brothers draw lots ; the lot falls on Elidurus. He fears, yet does not shun the trial, as hardly secure of his own guilt or innocence.

Caractacus and Vellinus are commanded to retire. The chorus sing the “ custom'd hymn,” preparatory for the trial of the stone. It is too much out of character. Instead of invoking any real or accredited Power, it apostrophises *Truth*, and gives that ideal personage some very extraordinary properties ; at

* “ This is meant to describe the rocking stone, of which there are still several to be seen in Wales, Cornwall, and Derbyshire. They are universally supposed by antiquarians to be the Druid monuments ; and Mr. Toland thinks ‘ that

least if Truth is not the Spirit addressed, it is by no means clear what it is :—

Thou Spirit pure, that spread'st unseen
Thy pinions o'er this pondrous sphere,
And, breathing through each rigid vein,
Fill'st with stupendous life the marble mass,

(by the way, it was adamant a little while ago,)

And bid'st it bow upon its base,
When sovereign Truth is near.

Altogether, this “custom'd hymn” is not equal in merit to the generality of Mason's lyric effusions, and might well have been spared. Yet Elidurus says it came over his soul as doth the thunder :—

While distant yet, with unexpected burst,
It threatens the *trembling* * ear;

and desires to be led to the trial, though cautioned that death must be the penalty of the failure. Just as the Druid has pronounced “Thou must die,” Evelina enters and starts at the word, for she is very

the Druids made the people believe that they only could move them, and that by a miracle, by which they condemned or acquitted the accused, and often brought them to confess what could in no other way be extorted from them.' It was this conjecture which gave the hint for this piece of machinery. The reader may find a description of one of these rocking stones in Camden's *Britannia*, in his account of Pembrokeshire: and also several in Borlase's *History of Cornwall*.—*Note on the passage.*

Similar rocking stones have been discovered in America, and may serve to support the opinion of those who derive the aborigines of the western continent from British parentage.

* Would not this epithet apply better to ears more moveable and muscular, as well as more elongated, than the human usually are?

much interested in the tender-conscienced stripling. He is not less agitated, but cries out "Lead to the rock;" yet the Druid affords him what he seems to think cruel mercy—a private examination by the Princess. The scene which follows contains a good situation, and sets the characters of Elidurus and of Evelina in a very pleasing light; but Mason, in his passion for illustrations, purely Celtic, stumbles into the profoundest *bathos*, when he makes the young lady tell the young man that on his brow the liberal hand of Heaven has pourtrayed truth as visible and bold as were the pictured suns that decked the brows of her brave ancestors. What a simile!

The conference is prolonged through many speeches, in which however no business is done. Elidurus, though smitten at once with love and with conscience, will not speak to betray his unworthy brother.

Evelina adjures—weeps—kneels:—

Ah, see me kneel!

I am of royal blood, not wont to kneel:
Yet will I kneel to thee. O save my father!
Save a distressful maiden from the force
Of barbarous men! Be thou a brother to me,
For mine, alas! ah!

As she utters these words her real brother enters. There is certainly no physical impossibility in this. It is one of those coincidences which "amid the infinite doings of the world," must some time or other have occurred, as a pack of cards, if shuffled a billion times, would, according to the doctrine of chances, sometimes produce a perfect sequence. Still we should vehemently suspect the player in whose hand it occurred. Gray calls this situation *superlative*, but it seems too melo-dramatic for a regular and serious drama, and, in the closet, produces no effect powerful

enough to atone for its improbability. It is a proof, among many others, that Mason had always a hankering after the stage. But the dialogue that follows, the surprise and indignation of Arviragus at finding his sister on her knees before a stranger youth, the severe inquiries of the Druid, the confident yet modest tone in which the son of Caractacus explains his imputed flight and absence, and at once announces the arrival of the Romans, and the treasonable design of the young Brigantes, display an energy, a precipitation, an heroic pathos, of which the later English tragedy has few instances to boast. Not less excellent is the conduct of Elidurus, who, after asking for "death, sudden death," and being threatened with "lingering, piece-meal death," still refuses to disclose his brother's infamy :—

It is not fear,
 Druids, it is not fear that shakes me thus ;
 The great Gods know it is not. Ye can never—

This is true tragic language. But when the Druids threaten him with torture, and that, too, in terms which imply that it is to be inflicted by their own sanctified hands, we cannot but think that the *terrible* is purchased too dear. Such a proceeding, though not perhaps at variance with the traditional character of the Druids, who were as little tender or scrupulous as other sacerdotal *castes*, with regard to the means by which they maintained their authority, jars painfully with the almost Christian morality uttered by the bardic chorus and the coryphæus. It, however, serves its purpose : it elicits the stubborn honour and fraternal affection of Elidurus, who interests Arviragus and Evelina so much in his favour, and gains so much upon the good graces of the chorus, that at last it is agreed that he shall be free, and his brother hostage

for his fidelity. He wishes to rush forth and engage the Romans, but this the chorus will not permit till he shall be duly purified by priestly rites. The speech in which this declaration is made, is, though perhaps not meant to be, a master-piece of priestly sophistry:—

Hear us, Prince !

Mona permits not that he fight her battles
Till duly purified : For though his soul
Took up unwittingly this deed of baseness,
Yet is lustration meet. Learn, that in vice
There is a noisome rankness, unperceived
By gross corporeal sense, which so offends
Heaven's pure divinities, as us the stench
Of vapour wafted from sulphureous pool,
Or pois'nous weed obscene. Hence doth the man
Who even converses with a villain, need
As much purgation as the pallid wretch
'Scap'd from the walls, where frowning Pestilence
Spreads wide her livid banners. For this cause,
Ye priests, conduct the youth to yonder grove,
And do the needful rites.

These sixteen lines, though probably introduced for no other purpose than to get Elidurus out of the way, do in effect comprise the whole art and mystery of priestcraft, as far as it can be practised in a civilized society : of priestcraft, distinguished on the one hand from the mere necromancy of savages, and on the other, from the Christian ministry of an enlightened church. The great arcanum of the priest is to convince his subjects of the indispensable necessity of his own order and office. He is not content, by his instructions, to point out the way to righteousness,—by his example, to lead it,—by his admonition and discipline, to restrain those that would stray from it;—but he will have it that his passport is needful to gain admission at the end. He urges

great and momentous truths, even the exceeding sinfulness of sin, its deadly and infectious quality, its offensiveness to the pure Divinity, as a quack doctor describes, often with fearful eloquence (for knavery is more eloquent than honesty), the horrors of disease, and when the vivid picture is strongly stamped on the passive imagination, then he reckons upon a ready reception for his own panacea. Quacks in medicine, however, are generally content to sell their *nostrums*, and suffer their patients to take them in their own way, and at their own time; but quacks in divinity make the efficacy of the catholicon depend chiefly upon the hand that administers it;—the physic, according to them, is of no use without the physician. The Druid, in the play, speaks well and wisely of the rankness, the pollution of vice, and the contagion of evil communication; only, with another hieratical artifice, expressed in such metaphors as produce a confusion between fancy and conviction, a spiritualizing of the corporeal, and a corporealizing of the spiritual, which predisposes the mind to attribute spiritual effects to corporeal acts,—the very definition of superstition, and the condition of sacerdotal despotism. The power of rites and lustrations (whatever the Druidical lustrations consisted of) to remove the pollution spoken of, the Druid prudently leaves to be inferred.

The meeting of Caractacus and Arviragus follows. The first interview of a father with a son whom he has wrongfully suspected of flight and baseness, and of whose honour he is but now satisfied, is one of those *situations* in which no writer can help being pathetic. As little generally is said when such junctures take place in real life, at least till the first painful transport is passed, and as sighs, and tears suppressed, are not very easily printed, it is perhaps

better, in plays meant to be read only, that these meetings should be described than represented. The speech with which Caractacus receives his son is a great deal too long and declamatory; and it may be remarked, that the old warrior throughout is too fine a talker. Arviragus is brief,—so much the better. It transpires, that as soon as ever Evelina announced to her father the appearance of Arviragus, Vellinus fled to join the Romans. Some scenes follow, which, though well written, do not promote the catastrophe, and seem introduced only to present Evelina in the amiable light of a suppliant for Elidurus, whose life is forfeited by his brother's flight. She prevails. He is purified according to poetic rites:—

Thrice do we sprinkle thee with day-break dew,
Shook from the May-thorn blossom; twice and thrice
Touch we thy forehead with our holy wand;
Now thou art fully purged. Now rise, restored
To virtue and to us.

Caractacus and Arviragus re-enter. The Druids pronounce their benediction, and present Caractacus with the “sword of old Bellinus,” Trifingus, which sheds “portentous streams of scarlet light,” and has slept for many an age within a consecrated oak. Their charge and adjuration is almost literally rendered from an old Greek writer, quoted by Selden in the *Prolegomena* to his treatise on the Syrian Gods. Mason has studded it with unnecessary epithets, yet it has an imposing magical effect:—

By the *bright* circle of the *golden* sun,
By the brief courses of the errant moon,
By the dread potency of every star
That studs the mystic zodiac's burning girth,
By each and all of these supernal signs,
We do adjure thee with this trusty blade,
To guard yon central oak, whose holiest stem
Involves the spirit of high Taranis.

Then follow prayers and benedictions, and farewells.
The scene would be capital, were there not too much
of it. The words of the chorus—

Now rise all ;
And Heaven, that knows what most ye ought to ask,
Grant all ye ought to have,

are worthy of a better religion than theirs. Yet they
nearly resemble, if they were not suggested by, a
distich attributed to Homer.

The time, which commenced with the first glimpses
of the moon, has now advanced to black midnight ;
“the stars are faded.” At this “dreadful hour” it
is resolved to attack the invaders. The bards, for
the sign of onset, sound the ancientest of all their
rhymes :—

The force of that high air
Did Julius feel, when, fired by it, our fathers
First drove him recreant to his ships ; and ill
Had fared his second landing, but that Fate
Silenced the master bard, who led the song.

The brave youths are directed to march in silence
till they hear the blast of the sacred trumpet, then
to make the onset—a singular piece of tactics—the
moment of attack to be chosen by bards who had no
opportunity of seeing how or where the enemy was
posted. Evelina’s adieu is affecting :—

Brother,
Yet one embrace. Oh ! thou much-honoured stranger,
I charge thee fight by my dear brother’s side,
And shield him from the foe : for he is brave,
And will, with bold and well-directed arm,
Return thy succour.

Arviragus and Elidurus set forth for battle. Mador,

the principal bard, falls into a transport, snatches his harp, and strikes the famous strain :—

Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
That shook the earth with thundering tread ?
'Twas DEATH :—in haste
The warrior pass'd ;
High tower'd his helmed head :
I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,
I 'spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
I saw his giant arm the faulchion wield ;
Wide wav'd the bick'ring blade, and fired the angry air.

The idea of making death a martial and inspiring Deity, and putting into his mouth an exulting battle-hymn, is happy, novel, and in strict keeping with the recorded character of the northern nations, both Celtic and Teutonic, who thought natural dissolution, by disease or age, the worst disgrace, or cruelest calamity :

Fear not now the fever's fire,
Fear not now the death-bed groan,
Pangs that torture, pains that tire,
Bed-rid age with feeble moan :
These domestic terrors wait
Hourly at my palace gate :
And when o'er slothful realms my rod I wave,
These on the tyrant king and coward slave
Rush with vindictive rage, and drag them to their grave.
But ye, my sons, in this high hour,
Shall share the fulness of my power.

* * * *

Where creeps the nine-fold stream profound
Her black inexorable round,
And on the bank,
To willows dank,
The shiv'ring ghosts are bound.
Twelve thousand crescents all shall swell,
To full-orb'd pride, and fading die,

Ere they again in life's gay mansions dwell :
 Not such the meed that crowns the sons of liberty.

No, my Britons ! battle-slain,
 Rapture gilds your parting hour :
 I that all despotic reign,
 Claim but there a moment's power,
 Swiftly the soul of British flame
 Animates some kindred frame,
 Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
 Exults again in martial ecstacies,
 Again for freedom fights, again for freedom dies.

Caractacus, enraptured with the enthusiasm of the song, yearns after life renewed, longs to rush into the fray, that some "blessed shaft may rid him of the clog of cumbrous age." The Druid bids him observe the prosperous omen, the clear and amber-skirted clouds that rise from the altar. At the instant a Bard announces that the Romans are fled ! His account of the engagement is spirited, expressed with an epic pomp and elevation borrowed from the narrative orations of the heralds, and messengers of the Greek tragedy, with which Shakspeare, whether led by his own judgment, or by the custom of his contemporaries, has also coincided in adopting a diction unusually elaborate and ornate, when any thing is to be related.

There is one line of the Bard's tale which, if pronounced on the stage, would be very apt to disturb the gravity of a tragic scene, and "strain men's cheeks to idle merriment :"

No sound was heard,
 Step felt, or sight descry'd : for safely hid,
 Beneath the purple pall of sacrifice,
 Did sleep our holy fire, nor saw the air,
 Till to that pass we came, where whilom BRUTE
 Planted his five hoar altars.

This comes of the folly of clipping ancient or foreign names to make them look like English. Our language has no inflexions or analogies which require this practice, and indeed the general ruggedness of our orthoepey is agreeably relieved by the intermixture of the sounding appellatives of the southern nations. We are happy to see Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Raffaele, restored to their natural proportions, and hope they will be shortly followed by Ovidius, Horatius, Livius, and others. Pray let us hear no more of Cicero's being *le même que Marc Tulle*.

The sum of the Bard's information is, that the Romans, after a sharp and brief conflict, are driven to their ships, pursued by Arviragus and Elidurus, who,

Like Twin-Lions,
Did side by side engage.

Caractacus, like an old man, replies :—

Thus, my friend Ebrancus !
Ill-fated Prince ! didst thou and I in youth
Unite our valours.

Six Roman captives are led in, who afford the Rev. Mr. Mason an opportunity of paying a compliment to the cloth, rather, it must be confessed, at the expense of nature and probability. But throughout the play the Druids, though sufficiently Druidical in their costume, and their allusions, are very good Protestants in their moral principles, and, barring the occasional flashes of fierceness which belong to the martial crisis, utter sentiments that would do no discredit to the clergy of any arch-deaconry whatsoever. Generally speaking, this is unexceptionable. The real morals of a barbarous age, above all, of a barbarous priesthood, can never be exhibited, by authors of a more advanced period,

without producing loathing or shuddering ; because the morals and manners of civilization cannot be wholly excluded, nor can any power of writing bring the reader's imagination to the level of the time represented. Still, some regard should be had to consistency of character. We must not make an Indian warrior talk like a Quaker, nor the priest of an idolatrous worship discourse like a Paley or a Priestley. But Mason has made his hero disagreeable, in order to bestow upon his chorus a virtue which becomes them less than any one else. Caractacus, addressing the captives, tells them, with a bombast circumstance, about the native rights "man claims from man," that they are not to be slaves, nor to be dragged behind the "scythed cars in arrogance of triumph." Neither were they, till the Britons had learned avarice of the Romans, to be bartered for gold ; but, what he concludes will be perfectly satisfactory, they are to be lifted to the Gods in the "radiant cloud" of sacrifice. He comforts them with the assurance that the Gods will either advance them to a better world or give them fresh bodies in this, and asks :—

Does there breathe
A wretch so *pall'd* with the vain fear of death
Can call this cruelty ? 'tis love, 'tis mercy ;
And grant, ye Gods, if e'er I'm made a captive,
I meet the like fair treatment from the foe,
Whose stronger star quells mine.

Any child may see the impossibility of this tirade about "love and mercy" taking place in a land of human sacrifices. A cruel religion must engender a cruel morality. But this is not the worst. It would be naturally supposed that the captives would be lovingly and mercifully led off, to suffer combustion in a colossus of basket-work, unless Evelina or

Arviragus should interpose in their favour. But no. The Druids are made to forbid and execrate the holiest *sacrament* of their own religion:—

O think not, King,
That Mona shall be curst by these dire rites,
Even from the youth of time yon holy altar
Has held the place thou seest : ages on ages
Have there done sacrifice ; but never yet
Stream'd it with human gore, nor ever shall
While we hold office here : 'tis true, that Gaul,
True too, that Britain, by the Gauls mistaught,
Have done such deeds of horror; deeds that shock'd
Humanity, and call'd from angry Heaven
These curses on our country.

Carac. Can the Gods
Behold a sight more grateful than the flame
That blasts impiety?

Chorus. Admit, they cannot :
Need they the hand of man to light that flame ?
Have not those Gods their lightning? Taranis,
Doth he not wield the thunder !

Carac. Holy Druid,
I stand rebuked. Will ye then pardon them?

Chor. We say not that. Vengeance shall have
her course,
But vengeance in her own peculiar garb,
Not in the borrowed weeds of sage religion :
They suit not her.

This conclusion reminds one rather awkwardly of the inquisition delivering over its victim “to the secular arm.”

Altogether we think this scene intrusive and improper. It does not at all further the plot; it violates the truth of history; it represents Caractacus as a pitiful and superstitious sophist, and makes a *heathen* priesthood the opponents of bloody superstition.

The play now draws to a close. Evelina rushes

in, trembling and alarmed. She has heard hostile footsteps in the grove. Caractacus tries to laugh away her fears; but she is positive that she saw sacrilegious brands. The grove is on fire. Caractacus mistakes the flames for the rising sun. Not so the Druids. They see plainly what is the matter, call again to arms, Caractacus runs out to defend the altars. The chorus scamper to and fro in consternation. Arviragus enters, leaning on the arm of Elidurus, mortally wounded. Dying scenes, tediously protracted, are the most disagreeable of all tragic expedients. If there be one rule of the French stage, which we could wish to be adopted on ours, it is that which banishes murder from the stage. Mason, moreover, gives the agonies of death without the animation of a fight. The clash of swords always sounds well in a theatre; but dying groans and convulsions are dull to read, and either horrible or ridiculous to see acted.

It is difficult to guess our author's motive for keeping Arviragus so long in his misery; for all he has to say might be said in five lines, and just as well by Elidurus as by himself. It amounts to this;—that the flight of the Romans to the ships was a feint;—that only one-half of the invaders had been discovered and repulsed by the Britons, while the other moiety, guided by Vellinus, had pursued an unobserved track, gained the pass, and were even now surrounding the sacred recess. Arviragus, having dissuaded Elidurus from suicide by recommending Evelina to his guardianship, expires, with a request that his remains may rest within the hallowed circle:—

I fought to save these groves,
And, fruitless though I fought, some grateful oak,
I trust, will spread its reverential gloom
O'er my pale ashes.

Evelina first faints, and then talks wildly, in a way for which the Druids, had they resembled some *clerks* of the present day, would have read her a severe lecture :—

Yes,

Now he is dead. I felt his spirit go
In a cold sigh, and, as it pass'd, methought
It paused awhile, and trembled on my lips !
Take me not from him : breathless as he is,
He is my brother still, and if the Gods
Do please to grace *him with some happier being,*
They ne'er can give to him a fonder sister.

This sounds rather like a denial of Omnipotence. The chorus, however, are too much engaged to animadvert upon it. Pressed as they are on every side,—the sacred oaks crackling in irreligious flames,—their monarch slain or captive,—their brethren scattered or massacred,—the holy circle on the point of bloody desecration, they nevertheless stand firm to raise their last dirge for their dying champion. There is something grand in this stern determination to do their duty so long as there is ground free to do it in ; and the lines are noble in spirit, though rather rugged in their construction :—

While yet a moment Freedom stays,
That moment, which outweighs
Eternity's unmeasured hoards
Shall Mona's grateful bards employ
To hymn their godlike hero to the sky.
Ring out, ye mortal strings !
Answer, thou heavenly harp, instinct with spirit all,
That o'er the jasper arch self-warbling *swings*
Of blest Andraste's throne.

At this instant Aulus Didius and Romans enter. A fierce combat of words ensues between the Druids and the Roman general, who, having power and success on

his side, naturally keeps his temper much the best. The Druids curse lustily and honestly, and Aulus responds in the general common-place falsehoods of civilised liberticides, that “they fight not to enslave, but humanise;” and points out in a friendly manner the great danger and impropriety of “aiding the foes of Cæsar.” Mason excels in this sort of dialogue: he ennobles anger, and when, as in the present case, the anger is really noble, it glows and flashes magnificently through his gorgeous diction, like thunder bursting from cloudy masses,—

Their torn skirts gilded by the sunken sun.

A bard enters, and says that Caractacus is captive, but yet not basely, nor easily:—

Know, ere he yielded,
Thy bravest veterans bled. He, too, the spy,
The base Brigantian prince, hath seal'd his fraud
With death. Bursting through armed ranks that hemmed
The caitiff round, the brave Caractacus
Seiz'd his false throat, and, as he gave him death,
Indignant thundered, “*Thus is my last stroke—*
The stroke of Justice!”

Then enters Caractacus, as captive, and there are some good speeches taken from Tacitus, Suetonius, &c.; but though good, and well translated, they are as heavy as “more last thoughts” generally are. Caractacus, Evelina, and Elidurus are marched off the stage, ready and resigned for their march to Rome.

We are almost afraid that we have done Mason some injustice in this cursory review of his best known productions. But nothing could be further from our intention than to reduce that just estimation which his energetic and cultivated talents have gained him. So far from it, we think “Caractacus” better,

even as a tragedy, than anything that was produced in Mason's time. It aims at a high mark. It addresses itself to the moral imagination : it recognises a sympathy between the uneasy strivings of the soul of man, and the everlasting works of Nature : it proves its author to have been a true poet in desire and object ; and if, instead of a tragedy, he has given a serious poem in dialogue, let us not quarrel with a golden vase, if it should not exactly correspond with its description in the catalogue.

"Caractacus" was altered by the author, and produced at Covent Garden—with applause, as the "*Biographia Dramatica*" informs us—in 1776. We do not recollect what the alterations were, though we have seen the play, as performed, in Bell's "*British Theatre*," but we doubt not they were for the *worse*. Probably Mason would never have made them, had he not recollected the surreptitious mangling of "*Elfrida*." In the days of yore, when college halls were fitted up for theatres, and when the fairest ladies of the court of King Charles (the *First*, mind you,) did not disdain to take a part in the masques of Ben Jonson, Caractacus might have been acted as it should be ; but it is either too good, or not good enough, for an acting play on our common stages.

Besides "*Elfrida*" and "*Caractacus*," Mason produced two dramatic performances, of which the world and the critics have taken little notice, and which we can only slightly mention. The first, "*Argentile and Curan*," a legendary drama, taken from a story in Warner's "*Albion's England*," to be found in Percy's *Relics*, and in Campbell's *Selections*. It is truly a *Yorkshire tragedy*, the scene being "in and about the castle of Whitby, afterwards in the valley of Hake-ness." In this, Mason has relinquished his allegiance to the Greeks and French, and imitated pretty closely

the Elizabethan writers. Of the irregularity of the composition he seems to have been fully aware by his motto, from the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's "Captain :"

"This is nor comedy, nor tragedy, nor history."

No matter what it be if it be good of its kind, and that we really think it is. It does not contain many very fine *extractable* passages, but we have seldom read a play that carried us more pleasantly from beginning to end. It is interspersed with comic scenes in prose, wrought with considerable ingenuity into the texture of the piece, but too obviously imitated from Shakspeare. It is not comedy, but tragedy making herself quite at home. The story is briefly as follows:—Adelbright, King of Deira, (the southern division of what was afterwards the united and heptarchic kingdom of Northumberland,) on the point of death, retires into the monastery of Whitby, leaving the regency and the guardianship of his daughter Argentile to his brother Edel, King of Bernicia. The play commences with a dirge, sung by monks and nuns, and addressed to Hilda, the sainted patroness of the Abbey and Kingdom. Adelbright, according to the fashion of early Saxon Monarchs, preparing for death, divests himself of royalty, and becomes a monk; but ere he quits the world for ever, implores his brother to bring about the marriage already negotiated between his daughter Argentile, and the young heir of Denmark. Edel professes himself willing to rule over Bernicia and Deira, jointly with his niece and her young husband; but as soon as Adelbright is out of the way, like the common uncle of tale and plays, sets about to frustrate the match, and defraud his niece of her inheritance: he plots with the Prior of Whitby (whom he gains

over by promises of church preferment) to give out that Adelbright is already dead; and to cut off that aged monarch from all intelligence of what is going on without the convent. When the Danish ambassadors arrive, Edel breaks off the match abruptly, on a false pretence of Argentile's over-youth and repugnance to marriage. Curan, the Danish Prince, and intended spouse of Argentile, who has accompanied the ambassadors *incog.* with a design to obtain a sight of the lady to whom he is to be united, and a pretty strong-headed determination to break off the alliance himself, if the maiden prove homely, remains behind, in the disguise of a minstrel, gains admission to King Edel's court, attends him on a hawking party, and delighting the usurper alike with his music and his skill in field-sports, is at once advanced to the place of cup-bearer. Still farther pleased with his youthful beauty, and noble air, the tyrant resolves to make the supposed minstrel subservient to a vile purpose he has hatched of ridding himself of his niece Argentile by inveigling her into a low marriage. He therefore proposes to Curan that he shall act the Prince of Denmark, and be introduced to the Princess in that character. This idea of making a man *play* himself is very felicitous. Curan, of course, readily closes with the proposal, and assures the King that he had been the Prince's companion in childhood, that in sport they sometimes changed dresses, and that their resemblance in mien and features was so striking, that they were frequently mistaken for each other. This promising scheme is, however, disappointed by the disappearance of Argentile, who with Osward, an old faithful courtier, and her confidante Editha, has fled through the forest. This intelligence is communicated by the head falconer (who officiates in this play as clown) to the cup-bearer, who persuades him, instead

of carrying his information to the King, to set off himself, accompanied by the said cup-bearer, in pursuit of the fugitives. Off they go. But happening soon to part company, the falconer falls in with Oswald, rather inopportunately, for instead of arresting the revolted Lord, he gets his own hands tied behind his back, and so is turned loose. Curan, meanwhile, having lost his way, lies down on a bank and goes to sleep. Argentile, in search of Editha, who is disguised in male apparel, mistakes the slumbering youth for her friend, and speaks some fond words, at which he awakes, and falls in love at the instant. Argentile is not a little surprised, both at her own mistake and at his raptures. Several scenes of love-making follow, till at length Curan, yet ignorant of the quality of his flame, discovers his own; tells how he came with intent to woo the beauteous Princess Argentile, but is now ready to relinquish her and all her dower of kingdoms for his lovely shepherdess. Argentile no doubt is in heaven, but still she tries his love, telling him that she cannot wed a Prince while she remains a humble shepherdess, and winds him to that pitch, that he consents for her sake to be a shepherd:—

I here disclaim all royalty; I'll live
In this still valley, tend thy little flock,
Sleep with thee in yon cot, and with thee press
This perfumed bank.

This quite overcomes her coyness, and she consents to be his. Just at this happy moment, Oswald and Editha enter. Oswald is astonished to see Argentile “locked in a peasant’s embrace;” but all is quickly cleared up, for the Danes, headed by the son of Oswald, march in victorious, having vanquished and slain Edel. The Danish Lords recognise their Prince. Argentile appears in her own character. Adelbright

comes to life again, having never been dead, and all ends happily. There is an underplot of the loves of Editha and Oswald's son, who, of course, are to be married also. In point of style, we think this the best of all Mason's works ; but the comic part is very dull. The play was written in the year 1766.

Of "Sappho," a lyrical drama, meant to be set to music after the manner of Metastasio's operas ; and "Pygmalion," a dramatic scene, translated from Rousseau, no particular account is necessary. It is time, indeed, to return to the events of Mr. Mason's life, which have been too long interrupted.

Towards the end of 1753, he had the affliction to lose his father. From a letter of condolence, written by Gray* on this occasion, it appears that the old gentleman had given his son reason to be dissatisfied with the arrangement of his affairs ; but what the particular ground of dissatisfaction was, we have not been able to discover. At the same time, and by the same infectious fever, Mason was deprived of Dr.

* "I know what it is to lose persons that one's eyes and heart have long been used to ; and I never desire to part with the remembrance of that loss, nor would wish you should. It is something that you have had a little time to acquaint yourself with the idea before hand ; and that your father suffered little pain, the only thing that makes death terrible. After I have said this, I cannot help expressing my surprise at the disposition he has made of his affairs. I must (if you will suffer me to say so) call it great weakness : and yet perhaps your affliction for him is heightened by that very weakness ; for I know it is possible to feel an additional sorrow for the faults of those we have loved, even where the fault has been greatly injurious to ourselves."—*Letter 18.*

Was it quite right of Mason to publish this letter ? Certainly it is very provoking of him to publish it without informing the world what the weakness complained of was. It is dated December 26, 1753.

Marmaduke Pricket, a young physician, of his own age, with whom he had been brought up from infancy. Death of friends is a sorrow that must come to all who have any friends to love, saving that happy number who join the blessed band of innocents "ere sin can blight or sorrow fade," a sorrow which they feel most keenly whose lives are happiest. Mason, who lived long, must have had many to lament, nor was there anything in his existence to teach him that an early death is often the truest blessing.

In 1754 he took orders. It is said that Warburton, on this occasion, advised him to give up the study of poetry, as inconsistent with his sacred profession. Such counsel did not come with any great force from a divine whose own clerical vocations had left him time to write notes to the "Dunciad," and to conjure a meaning into the "Essay on Man," which he knew well enough was not the meaning of its author. Mason sensibly took this admonition as words of course, like the common dehortation from fiddling, fox-hunting, and Pitt-dinner-frequenting, which is one of the common-places of a Bishop's charge.

The *trade* of authorship should never be pursued by a clergyman. One object of a church establishment is to exempt the ministers of the altar from following any trade for subsistence. But Mason never had been, and never was, an author for bread. The aim of all his writings was to dignify the poetic art: his object was noble, and if there may be some difference of opinion with regard to the degree of success with which he accomplished it, there can be none with rational Christians, as to the perfect consistency of this design with the duties of a Christian minister.

Very soon after his entrance into the sacred profession, he was appointed chaplain to the Earl of Holderness, and by the Earl's influence, chaplain to

the King. As one of the Earl's domestic chaplains, he attended that nobleman in a foreign tour, in the course of which he met William Whitehead, then officiating as travelling tutor to Viscount Villiers, son of the Earl of Jersey, and Viscount Nureham, son of the Earl of Harcourt. They met at Hanover, in the course of the year 1755, and their friendship continued till death. Mason lived to be the biographer of Whitehead. Mason did not (why did he not?) publish an account of his travels; but soon after his return, in 1756, he received the living of Aston, in Yorkshire, in the vicarage of which he continued to reside, with short intermissions, till his death, and there he found an opportunity of realising those speculations on landscape gardening, which he *poetized* in his English Garden. In the same year, 1756, he published four odes, of which we need only notice two, for as to the ode on "Independency," (a misnomer for *independence*, for *independency* is what no parson of the Church of England ought to make an ode to,) it is generally agreed that Smollett's was better, and if so, no matter.

One of these odes "On the Fate of Tyranny," is, as Mr. Mason tells us, a free paraphrase of part of the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, where the Prophet, after he has foretold the destruction of Babylon, subjoins a song of triumph, which he supposes the Jews will sing when his prediction is fulfilled: "And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve, that thou shalt take up this parable against the Kings of Babylon, and say, How hath the oppression ceased," &c. If any one would know what the sublimest poetry is, and how immortal, nay, inspired poetry, may be spoiled by mortal mixtures, let him compare

the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah and Mason's ode. And yet that ode is one of the best, perhaps the best, paraphrases of Scripture that ever was made.

To confirm our sentence we will give a few words which certainly do prove the advantage of a few words over many :—

Isaiah: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" 12, 13, 14.

Mason :—

"Oh Lucifer! thou radiant star,
Son of the morn; whose rosy car
Flamed foremost in the van of day:
How art thou fall'n," &c.

Ohe, jam satis est. Milton himself, who produced the greatest, aye, far the greatest work of the mere human mind,* failed deplorably in the attempt to versify a psalm. In the ode to "an Æolus Harp," we look in vain for one line better or worse than another. It is a copy of verses, and that is all.

These odes were ludicrously parodied by Colman and Lloyd, who treated with equal disrespect the Bard and other lyric compositions of Gray. Gray took this as he took most things—very quietly, but Mason seems to have been considerably annoyed. His style had certain peculiarities, which made it easy to take off, and there was a buckram solemnity,

* At the time when these Lives were written there was a tendency among critics to undervalue the pre-eminent excellence of Milton's poetry, and in particular of the "Paradise Lost," as if the merit of this great poem lay principally in the diction. Against this heresy, which, in so far as it is critical, is mainly of German origin, but which has been fostered by the general turn of religious sentiment, affecting questions of taste, here and elsewhere, Hartley Coleridge, inheriting his father's high admiration for Milton, probably felt it his duty to protest.—*D. C.*

especially in his earlier works, and a degree of assumption, which is always sure to provoke ridicule. Gray's letter upon this publication of the travestied odes, and Mason's remarks thereon, show the character of the two poets in a strongly contrasted light:

"I have sent *Musæus* back as you desired me, scratched here and there. And with it also a bloody satire, written against no less persons than *you and I* by name. I concluded at first it was Mr. * * *, because he is your friend and my humble servant, but then I thought he knew the world too well to call us the favourite minions of taste and fashion, especially as to odes. For to them his ridicule is confined,—so it is not he, but Mr. Colman, nephew to Lady Bath, author of the *Connoisseur*, a member of one of the Inns of Court, and a particular acquaintance of Mr. Garrick. What have you done to him? for I never heard his name before: he makes very tolerable fun with me where I understand him (which is not everywhere); but seems more angry with you. Lest people should not understand the humour of the thing (which indeed to do they must have our lyricisms at their finger ends), letters come out in Lloyd's *Evening Post* to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and says it is like to produce a great combustion in the literary world. So if you have any mind to *combustle* about it well and good: for me, I am neither so literary nor so combustible. The *Monthly Review*, I see, just now has much stuff about us on this occasion. It says *one* of us, at least, has always *borne* his faculties meekly. I leave you to guess which of us that is."

To which Mason subjoins the following note:—
"Had Mr. Pope disregarded the sarcasms of the many writers that endeavoured to eclipse his poetical fame, as much as Mr. Gray here appears to have done, the

world would not have been possessed of a 'Dunciad,' but it would have been impressed with a more amiable idea of its author's temper." Mason afterwards proved that he wanted not abilities to have vindicated his muse by powerful satire, which is the only way for an aggrieved author to get the public to his side.

In the year 1757, the death of Cibber left the laureateship vacant, and it was offered to Gray, who politely declined it, though it was thought he would have been allowed to hold it as a sinecure. The Ministry apologised for not offering it to Mason, on the score that he was in orders; a false excuse, which he was willing enough to admit, having no ambition for the office. His politics, not his cloth, were the true ground of his ineligibility. A clergyman was surely as fit to write the praise of "sacred majesty" as a player; and in fact, Eusden, the predecessor of Cibber, was an honest vicar. It was well for Mason's peace that he was not invested with this ill-paid and invidious honour. Ever since the Restoration, every successive laureate has been the mark of scurrility. Davenant was the original hero of the "Rehearsal;" but when Dryden succeeded to the Bays, he also inherited the ridicule from which death had delivered its first object. Dryden was no sooner stripped of the laureateship himself, then he held it up to scorn in the person of Shadwell. The fatal example, shown by King William, or his ministry, of bestowing what ought to have been the highest poetical honour, upon mere party considerations, was more mischievous to the crown than superficial observers would readily conceive. It tended to bring all loyal poetry into disrepute. It stripped the kingly office of its poetic halo. Statesmen have perhaps yet to learn how much it is to have the imagination of the country on their side.

We may suppose that Mason was not displeased to see his friend Whitehead advanced to the honours of "the Butt and Bayes." In fact the appointment was very judicious. The character of Whitehead was highly respectable, and he was at least a *respectable* poet.

Of the publication of "Caractacus" in 1759 we have already spoken. Nothing remarkable appears to have befallen our author till 1762, when he was preferred to the Canoury of York, the Prebend of Driffild, and the Precentorship of York Minster. He still, however, made Aston his principal residence, —somewhat, it seems, to the dissatisfaction of Gray, who, in a letter from which we have extracted pretty largely, says, "I do not like your improvements at Aston; it looks so like settling; when I come I will set fire to it."

In 1764, Mason published a collection of his poems, with a dedicatory sonnet to the Earl of Holderness, including most of the poems he had hitherto produced, but omitting the "Isis." If, however, he was content to have that juvenile indiscretion forgotten, he did not quite forget it himself, and apprehended consequences from its in-dwelling in the memory of others, against which he might modestly have felt himself secure. It is reported that, passing through Oxford late in the evening, he observed to his travelling companion, that he was glad it was dark; and being interrogated why he was pleased at that circumstance, answered importantly, "Do not you remember my 'Isis?'"

In 1765, he married Miss Maria Sherman, of Hull, but few indeed were his days of nuptial happiness. Consumption, the bane of the young and beautiful, was lurking in Mrs. Mason's constitution, and began to show unequivocal symptoms almost immediately after her marriage. During the short

period of their union, her husband was incessantly employed in watching the vicissitudes of a malady which mocks despair with similitudes of hope ; and in less than twelve months from their nuptials, the lady expired at the Bristol hot-wells, whither she had been carried, not so much in real expectation of benefit, as that nothing for her recovery might be left undone. Mason bore his loss with the tenderness of a man and the resignation of a Christian.

Mrs. Mason lies buried in Bristol cathedral, and her husband has recorded her merits and his own loss, in an epitaph of four elegiac stanzas. He also alludes to his bereavement in the invocation of the first book of the "English Garden."

Nothing worthy of record took place in the few next succeeding years of Mason's existence. The death of Gray, in 1771, exhibited him in the new light of an editor and biographer. Gray had visited his friend, at Aston, in the summer of 1770, and even then his health was declined so much, that he expressed his determination to resign his professorship of modern history if he continued unable to execute its duties,—a sacrifice of income from which Mr. Mason, less scrupulous, endeavoured to dissuade him. But whatever might be his plans of exertion or retirement, they were rendered abortive by his death, which happened on the 31st of July, 1771. Mason did not receive the intelligence of this event (which, though not unexpected, was sudden at last) in time to see the remains of his friend interred. Gray died at Cambridge, yet he was buried beside his mother and aunt, in the church-yard of Stoke-Pogis, said to be the scene of his famous Elegy ; but there is little in the Elegy whereby its locality can be ascertained. A monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, for which Mason wrote a short

inscription, that does little honour either to Gray or to himself; for the praise it contains is both hackneyed and inappropriate, and the turn of the verses trivial :—

“No more the Grecian muse unrivall’d reigns;
To Britain let the nations homage pay,
She boasts a Homer’s fire in Milton’s strains,
A Pindar’s rapture in the lyre of Gray.”

Gray bequeathed to Mason 500*l.*, with his books, MSS., &c. In the volume entitled “Memoirs of Gray,” Mason has written no more than was just necessary to connect the letters of his subject. He had little to do, but that little is done judiciously: no letter is published which ought not to have been so; nothing is elucidated which had better been left in obscurity. Yet to Gray’s literary fame he is hardly just; for many of the “remains” which have since appeared, set his learning, taste, and talent in a higher point of view than either his poems or his correspondence.

The next important work of our author’s was his “English Garden,” of which the first book appeared in 1772; the second, 1777; the third, in 1779; the fourth and last, in 1782. As this poem was the production of a powerful mind in its maturest vigour, as it had every advantage of delay and revision, and treats of a topic apparently capable of much descriptive embellishment, and with which the author was familiarly and practically acquainted, it is hard to suppose it wholly destitute of beauties, especially as it consists of 2423 lines of blank verse. We will not, therefore say that it is the dullest poem we ever read, but it is assuredly one of the dullest we ever attempted to read. The most interesting passages are, the tribute to the memory of his wife, in the

first book, and the remembrance of Gray in the commencement of the third.

Mr. Mason's love of landscape gardening and of *simplicity* appeared in 1773, in a far more sprightly production, "*An heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers.*" Sir William Chambers, a Scot by descent, but born in Sweden, having come to England in his infancy, had risen by good fortune, enterprise, talent, and the patronage of Lord Bute, from the supercargo of a Swedish vessel (in which he visited China) to the posts of Royal Architect and Surveyor-General of the Board of Works to his Majesty. In this capacity he was engaged in laying out the royal gardens at Kew, in which he showed a striking disregard to Mr. Mason's ideas of the picturesque. In a work published about the same time, he expatiated on the wonders of Oriental gardening, as displayed in the imperial gardens of Yven Minn Yven, near Pekin, and more than implied a contempt for the simple Nature-imitating system, and no great respect for Nature herself. Mason, whose temper was by no means free from suspicion and jealousy, perhaps thought that his book was reflected upon in Sir William's, or he might think that to satirise the court architect was a good method of satirising the court, to which his politics were strongly opposed. The method he adopted to ridicule the orientalist was simple and effectual. He just versified the most glaring paragraphs, and subjoined the original prose as a running commentary. One or two specimens must suffice:—

Sir William Chambers:

"Nature affords us but a few materials to work with. Plants, water, and ground are her only productions; and though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet they have but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature

of changes rung upon bells, which, though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of gingling, the variation being too minute to be readily perceived. Art must therefore supply the scantiness of Nature. Our larger works are only a repetition of the smaller ones, like the honest bachelor's feast, which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; three legs of mutton and turnips, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple-pies."—*Preface, page 7.*

Mr. Mason :—

For what is Nature? Ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground :
Prolong the peal, yet, spite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water.
So, when some John his dull invention racks,
To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's,
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three buttered apple pies.

One passage is remarkable, as displaying the antipathy of Mason to the great Tory of the age, coupled with something bordering on disrespect to royalty itself. After designating the monarch

Patron supreme of learning, taste and wit,
he proceeds :—

Does Envy doubt? Witness, ye chosen train,
Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign ;
Witness ye Hills, ye *Johnsons*, Scots, Shebbeares,
Hark to my call, for *some* of you have ears.
Let David Hume, from the remotest north,
In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth ;
David, who there supinely deigns to lie,
The fattest hog of Epicurus' sty ;
Though drunk with Gallic wine and Gallic praise,
David shall bless old England's haleyon days :

The mighty Home, bemired in prose so long,
 Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song ;
 While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in ghosts to deal,
 Bids candid Smollett from his coffin steal ;
 Bids Malloch quit his sweet Elysian rest,
 Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,
 And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort
 To come from hell, and warble "Truth at court."

Surely the political prejudices of that man must have been pretty strong, who could mention Johnson along with Hill and Shebbeare.

This epistle, and several others published about the same time, appeared under the name of Malcolm Macgregor. By some they were attributed to Horace Walpole, and one writer says, "It is not improbable that Walpole furnished the venom, and that Mason spotted the snake." To Mason, however, they were confidently ascribed by his old rival Tom Warton, and his denial is a sort of *Waverley* confession.*

* This question is now set at rest by the publication of the "Correspondence of Walpole and Mason" (Edited with Notes by the Rev. J. Mitford, 2 vols. 8vo., 1850). The Heroic Epistle, it now appears, was *certainly* written by Mason, *probably* with the help, if not at the suggestion, of Walpole, who was on a visit to Mason at Aston, when this piece was on the stocks. Walpole's assistance is admitted by Mason, with respect to some of the later political satires and squibs, which proceeded from his pen. "The idlest cook-maids in the kingdom," so he writes to his friend, "may make a pudding, if any of her fellow-*sarvants* will pick the *plums*, and make them ready to mix with the batter." Much precaution was observed in carrying these anonymous pieces through the press.

From the same source we derive some further particulars respecting the life of Mason, not, it may be feared, altogether favourable to his character. His letters, though sufficiently well written, do not appear to advantage by the side of

Politics, in the latter part of his life, took up a very large portion of Mason's attention. He con-

Walpole's, which with all their spleen and prejudice, their flattery and egotism, keep you in good-humour with the writer, not only from their wit and pleasantry, but from the evidence they afford of good sense, and good feeling. Both the friends are bitter, not to say factious, politicians; but when Mason suggests "a civil and pacific resolution not to pay taxes," Walpole replies in a far better spirit. After pointing out what would happen to the "witless mob," he adds—"Oh! my dear sir, I can never approve of scenes so likely to produce such consequences! I am not so convinced of the infallibility of any principles, of any modes of religion or government, as to risk the life of a single being. Could I establish my system, whatever it were, should I be able to restore the lives lost in the pursuit of my doctrines? Has Heaven authorised me to make this man happy at the expence of another man's life? No, no; nor will I ever let you who are all virtue and humanity be less tender than I am who am not a quarter so good."

With his early patron, Lord Holderness, Mason got upon ill terms. He complains of "shabby" treatment, and was prevented from visiting Strawberry Hill by the fear of falling in with him, as he "never wished to see his face again." The *Quarterly* reviewer, perhaps a little uncharitably, conjectures that he expected further help from him in the way of professional advancements, as if he were "grown dissatisfied with remaining for some years *only* Rector of Aston and Driffield, Canon and Precentor of York, and King's Chaplain."

He expresses no friendly feeling to his diocesan, Dr. Markham, whose appointment to the Archbishopric of York appears to have displeased him; so much so, that he preached shortly after a sermon in the cathedral, in which he intimates that *he* would not accept a bishopric if it were offered him; that is, as he afterwards explains his meaning, at the price of political subserviency. This may have been intemperate and indecorous, but we have no right to attribute it to personal disappointment.

tinued a staunch Whig during the whole period of the American war, defended the resistance of the revolted colonies, and inveighed boldly against the measures of government. He was a decided advocate for parliamentary reform, and a stirring member of the county

With Walpole himself he had a quarrel, or rather Walpole with him, on account of a difference of opinion on the subject of Fox's India Bill, when Walpole taunts him with a desertion of his principles—or of his party—from interested motives. Here, however, the chief blame may fairly be laid to Walpole's account from his own showing. There is no proof that Mason was either insincere or inconsistent on this occasion, or afterwards, when he joined the banner of Mr. Pitt, for the sake, as Walpole believed, of "seeing his favourite scheme of parliamentary reform prosper in his hands."

Mason is said to have discharged the pastoral office with zeal and fidelity. He improved and adorned his church, and paid attention to his village school. The precentorship at York was not a sinecure in his hands. He was more than commonly well qualified for the appointment, and paid more than common attention to its duties; but the tone in which he speaks of his clerical obligations, more especially as connected with the cathedral, is not quite pleasant.

Frequent allusions occur in the letters to Mason's skill both in painting and music. He invented a musical instrument—a sort of violin-harpsichord, played with a bow, but fingered by means of keys. To the strange pair thus made one he gave the name of *Celestinettes*. In Southey's "Doctor" it is said, that he performed decently on the harpsichord, but in painting he never arrived even at mediocrity; and in music it was not possible to teach him the principles of composition; Millar and others having, at his own request, in vain attempted to instruct him. Mr. Jebb, however, speaks more respectfully of Mason's musical knowledge; and Dr. Burney's testimony, though not specifically to the point, should not be withheld. In his "Life of Metastasio," he says, "I communicated a few MS. sheets

reform associations. Being given to understand that his conduct was displeasing to the court, he resigned his chaplainship, and in 1788 composed a secular ode on the "glorious Revolution." But the word revolution almost immediately after acquired a new and more terrible signification. Whether Mason ever looked with satisfaction on the proceedings of the French Revolution is uncertain; but he very soon followed the course of Burke, and after writing, talking, perhaps sometimes preaching, for the better part of a long life, to promote freedom and circumscribe prerogative, he discovered, all at once, that mankind had all, along had quite as much liberty as was good for them, and that the so-called abuses, corruptions, and oppressions of society were so intrinsically wrought into its texture, that to attempt to pluck them out was to unravel the whole web of the community. In this new faith he composed a *Palinodia*, which, though written in 1794, was not printed till 1797, the last year of his life. It betrays no mark of senility. There is the same heat, earnestness, verbosity, and self-confidence that appear in his earliest compositions; the same redundancy of epithets, compound terms and personifications; much which every poetic boy can admire, and little or nothing which any one, without getting by heart, would remember. Two

of these *Memoirs* to my old and much honoured friend Mr. Mason, for whose learning, judgment, and genius I have always had the highest respect." Perhaps the best evidence which remains of Mason's musical taste and skill is furnished by the anthem, which he composed, and which is still popular, "Lord of all power and might."

On the whole there occurs no ground for altering, or greatly modifying, the character of Mason given in the text.—*D. C.*

stanzas will be a sufficient sample of this, the last published work of our author :—

And art thou mute ? or does the fiend that strides
Yon sulphurous tube, by tigers drawn,
While seas of blood roll their increasing tides
Beneath his wheels, while myriads groan,
Does he with voice of thunder make reply,
“ I am the Genius of stern Liberty ;
Adore me as thy genuine choice ;
Know, where I hang with wreaths my sacred tree,
Power undivided, just Equality,
Are born at my creative voice ! ”

Avaunt, abhorr'd Democracy !
O for Ithuriel's spear !
To show to Party's jaundiced eye
The fiend she most should fear ;
To turn her from the infernal sight,
To where, array'd in robes of light,
True Liberty, on seraph wing,
Descends to shed that blessing rare,
Of equal rights, an equal share
To people, peers, and king.

In abjuring democracy, Mason did not, like too many, become the enemy of humanity, or the advocate of men-stealers, but continued, as a good citizen, and a Christian minister, to urge the abolition of the slave-trade. The only sermon he ever published is in furtherance of this object.

Notwithstanding the disturbed state of the political world, the last days of Mason were spent in peace, and he enjoyed the reward of a life of temperance, healthful occupation, and calm piety. For some years before his death, he was in the habit of composing an anniversary sonnet on his birth-day (the 23rd of February). The following, perhaps the last lines he

ever wrote, commemorate the completion of his 72nd year, A.D. 1797:—

Again the year on easy wheels has roll'd,
To bear me to the term of seventy-two;
Yet still my eyes can seize the distant blue
Of yon wild Peak, and still my footsteps bold,
Unpropp'd by staff, support me to behold
How Nature, to her Maker's mandate true,
Calls Spring's impartial heralds to the view,
The snow-drop pale, the crocus spik'd with gold;
And still (thank Heaven) if I not falsely deem,
My lyre, yet vocal, freely can afford
Strains not discordant to each moral theme
Fair Truth inspires, and aid me to record
(Best of poetic pains !) my faith supreme
In thee, my God, my Saviour, and my Lord !

From this sonnet it might have been expected that the venerable poet had years in store ; and perhaps his life might have extended to fourscore, but for one of those accidents which show the peculiar insecurity of the tenure of an old man's life. In stepping out of a carriage, he stumbled and occasioned a contusion on his leg, which did not appear at first to be anything serious, but being neglected turned to a mortification, which proved fatal, in May, 1798. Previous to his death he had prepared a collection of his poems, in which the " Isis " was suffered to resume its place.

Besides his skill in poetry and in gardening, he was a considerable proficient in painting, and a respectable amateur in music. He translated Du Fresnoy's " Art of Painting " in early life, chiefly, as himself declares, for his own instruction. This version was laid aside in an unfinished state for many years, till being accidentally shown to Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was so much pleased with it, that he desired it might be completed, and enriched it with

his annotations, which undoubtedly are the most valuable part of the joint performance. Mason also wrote essays, historical and critical, on English church music.* As in gardening, so in music, he was the votary of simplicity; but the simplicity he demands is too severe to be generally adopted, even in congregational psalmody.

With the great poets in any department of poetry, Mason cannot be numbered, yet for many years of his life he was England's *greatest* living poet.

* Published at York in the year 1795. The simplicity which Mason advocates has reference to what he conceives to be the use of church music. He would reconcile church singing, whether cathedral or parochial, with the plain meaning and distinct hearing of the words sung, the sense of which he will not have obscured, however the sentiment may be developed. He is, therefore, the sworn enemy of fugues, canons, and in general of "figurate harmony;" but even as a musician he does not seem to have appreciated what is called the sublime style of church music.

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

So now, where Derwent guides his dusky floods,
Through vaulted mountains, and a night of woods,
The Nymph, *Gossypia*, treads the velvet sod,
And warms with rosy smiles the watery God,
His ponderous oars to slender spindles turns,
And pours o'er massy wheels his foamy urns ;
With playful charms her hoary lover wins,
And wields his trident, while the monarch spins.
First, with nice eye emerging Naiads cull.
From leathery pods the vegetable wool ;
With wiry teeth *revolving cards* release,
The tangled knots, and smooth the ravell'd fleece,
Next moves the *iron-hand* with fingers fine,
Combs the wide card, and forms the eternal line,
Slow, with soft lips, the *whirling can* acquires
The slender skeins, and wraps in rising spires,
With quickened pace, *successive rollers* move,
And these retain, and those extend the *rove* ;
Then fly the spoles, the rapid axles glow,
And slowly circumvolves the labouring wheel below.

Darwin's "Loves of the Plants." Canto, 11, 85, 104.

"*Gossypium, the Cotton Plant.* On the river Derwent, near Matlock, in Derbyshire, SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT has erected his curious and magnificent machinery for spinning cotton, which has been in vain attempted by many ingenious men before him. The cotton wool is first picked from the pods and seeds by women. It is then carded by *cylindrical cards* which move against each other with different velocities. It is taken from these by an *iron hand* or *comb*, which has a

motion similar to that of scratching, and takes the wool off the cards longitudinally in respect to the fibres or staple, producing a continued line loosely cohering, called the *Rove* or *Roving*. This Rove, yet very loosely twisted, is then received or drawn into a *whirling canister*, and is rolled by the centrifugal force in spiral lines within it, being yet too tender for the spindle. It is then passed between two *pairs* of *rollers*; the second pair, moving faster than the first, elongate the thread with greater rapidity than can be done by hand, and it is then twisted on spoles or bobbins.

“The great fertility of the cotton plant, in these fine flexible threads, whilst those from flax, hemp, or from the bark of the mulberry tree, require a previous putrefaction of the parenchymatous substance, and much mechanical labour, and afterwards bleaching, renders this plant of great importance to the world. And since SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT’S ingenious machine has not only greatly abbreviated and simplified the labour and art of carding and spinning the cotton-wool, but performs both these circumstances better than can be performed by hand; it is probable that the cloth of this small reed may become the principal clothing of mankind.”—*Darwin’s note on the passage.*

Now *Richard’s* talents for the world were fit,
He’d no small cunning, and he’d some small wit,

* * * *

Long lost to us, at length our man we trace,
Sir Richard Munday died at Munday place.—CRABBE.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness.

SHAKSPEARE.

It may seem somewhat paradoxical if we declare an opinion that Arkwright, the penny-barber, who came to be a Knight-bachelor, and died worth double the revenue of a German principality, belonged to the class of men *born* great, rather than of those who *achieve* greatness, and yet, if they be duly considered, there are good substantial reasons for that opinion. For he either did invent the machinery that made his fortune, or he did not,—therefore he

was either a great mechanician or a great knave, and no man can be either the one or the other without certain powers, capacities, and ideas, which are not acquirable, but must be intertwined by Nature herself with the thread of his destiny. It is no doubt easy, for any man that chooses, to be a *knave*; knave enough to ruin himself and his friends, knave enough to lose his character and his soul, but all this a man may do without being a *great* knave, without realising a fortune of half a million. The common run of small knaves, like small poets, are wretchedly poor, living from hand to mouth upon their shifts or their verses, because they are not the knaves or the poets of Nature, but of vanity or necessity. They play off their tricks and their sonnets on the spur of the moment, and are incapable of forming any scheme befitting "a creature of large discourse, looking before and after." But the *great* knave despises all the epigrams, and impromptus, and fugitive pieces of knavery. As the great poet speaks plain prose to his neighbours, writes a letter of business like a man of business, and can see a rose or a pretty milk-maid without committing rhyme or blank upon either, reserving and consolidating his powers for some great and permanent object, that will rather ennoble his genius, than be ennobled by it: so the truly great knave never throws knavery away; in all but the main point he is minutely honest, and only to be distinguished from the naturally honest man, by a greater anxiety about appearances. But in one thing the great knave differs from the great poet. The poet conceives great ideas of his own, and in the production and development of those ideas his delight consists; he does not readily adopt the ideas of others, far less does he make any use of them. Now the leading faculty of the knave, and it is a faculty which

none can acquire who is not born with it, is a quick apprehension of the *use* to be made of others' labours, others' thoughts, others' inventions. Not that this faculty compels a man to be a knave. We believe it to be possessed in a very great degree by many persons of the highest integrity. Still, if they had not been persons of *more* than average integrity, they would have run a hazard of being great knaves. Let us not be accused of Fatalism, as though we had said, that Nature forces men to be knaves. She only gives the capabilities of being a *great* knave.

But on the former, more probable, and more agreeable supposition, that Arkwright was a mechanical inventor, then we fearlessly assert that he gave a proof of congenital endowment as decisive as if he had produced an Iliad. We rest nothing upon Arkwright's want of education, for all the classical and mathematical education in the world, with the most accurate study of mechanical powers, and long and minute observation of their practical operations, would not have enabled him to advance a step in the art. Indeed we doubt if many persons really comprehend the principle of the most ordinary mechanical contrivances, (as a roasting jack, or a squirrel's cage). The great multitude of operatives work by mere imitation and blind rule, bit by bit, each executing his portion, more or less neatly, according to his care, manual dexterity, and length of practice, but without ever thinking or asking to what purpose their handiwork is to serve, and in fact knowing little more of mechanics than an organ pipe does of music. Yet you will find, in the shop or factory, some three or four, without an atom more scholarship, and, it may be, with rather less general intellect than their mates, who know perfectly what they are about, and want nothing but mental industry, or in other words, a

will, to be first-rate engineers. So too, in the classes that do not labour, you will perceive in some an invincible propensity to mechanical inventions, while others, not only cannot execute, but cannot be taught, how the simplest processes are executed. This constructiveness is a distinct function, or organ, we had almost said, a peculiar sense, but what it is, or how it operates, we confess our inability to explain, or to imagine. We are utterly destitute of the organ.

In this case, as in others, where the pursuits of the subjects of our memoirs lie out of the sphere of our own knowledge, we shall borrow freely from those sources of intelligence which lie open to us. The following notice of SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT is taken, verbatim, from that admirable work, the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, and from one of its most delightful departments—that which illustrates the “Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.”

We are glad of this opportunity to express our gratitude to the author of these pleasant and profitable little volumes, and think we do him both honour and justice by giving his facts, in his words, better than if we should attempt to appropriate what is not our own, by a paraphrase.

Arkwright was born on the 23rd of December 1732, at Preston, in Lancashire. His parents were very poor, and he was the youngest of a family of thirteen children; so that we may suppose the school education he received, if he was ever at school at all, was extremely limited. Indeed, but little learning would probably be deemed necessary for the profession to which he was bred,—that of a barber. This business he continued to follow till he was nearly thirty years of age; and this first period of his history is of course obscure enough. About the year 1760, however, or soon after, he gave up shaving, and

commenced business as an itinerant dealer in hair, collecting the commodity by travelling up and down the country, and then, after he had dressed it, selling it again to the wig-makers, with whom he very soon acquired the character of keeping a better article than any of his rivals in the same trade. He had obtained possession, too, we are told, of a secret method of dyeing the hair, by which he doubtless contrived to augment his profits; and perhaps, in his accidental acquaintance with this little piece of chemistry, we may find the germ of that sensibility he soon began to manifest to the value of new and unpublished inventions in the arts, and of his passion for patent-rights and the pleasures of monopoly.

It would appear that his first effort in mechanics, as has happened in the case of many other ingenious men, was an attempt to discover the perpetual motion. It was in inquiring after a person to make him some wheels for a project of this kind, that in the latter part of the year 1767, he got acquainted with a clockmaker of the name of Kay, then residing at Warrington, with whom it is certain that he remained for a considerable time after closely connected. From this moment we may date his entrance upon a new career.

The manufacture of cotton cloths was introduced into this country only towards the end of the seventeenth century; although stuffs, improperly called Manchester cottons, had been fabricated nearly three centuries before, which, however, were made entirely of wool. It is generally thought that the first attempt at the manufacture of cotton goods in Europe did not take place till the end of the fifteenth century, when the art was introduced into Italy. Before this, the only cottons known had been imported from the East Indies.

The English cottons, for many years after the introduction of the manufacture, had only the web of

cotton : the warp, or longitudinal threads of the cloth, being of linen. It was conceived to be impracticable to spin the cotton with a sufficiently hard twist to make it serviceable for this latter purpose. Although occasionally exported too in small quantities, the manufactured goods were chiefly consumed at home. It was not till about the year 1706 that any considerable demand for them arose abroad.

But about this time the exportation of cottons, both to the continent and to America, began to be carried on on a larger scale, and the manufacture of course received a corresponding impulse. The thread had hitherto been spun entirely, as it still continues to be in India, by the tedious process of the distaff and spindle, the spinner drawing out only a single thread at a time. But as the demand for the manufactured article continued to increase, a greater and greater scarcity of weft was experienced, till, at last, although there were 50,000 spindles constantly at work in Lancashire alone, each occupying an individual spinner, they were found quite insufficient to supply the quantity of thread required. The weavers generally, in those days, had the weft they used spun for them by the females of their family ; and now "those weavers," says Mr. Guest, in his *History of the Cotton Manufacture*, "whose families could not furnish the necessary supply of weft, had their spinning done by their neighbours, and were obliged to pay more for the spinning than the price allowed by their masters ; and even with this disadvantage, very few could procure weft enough to keep themselves constantly employed. It was no uncommon thing for a weaver to walk three or four miles in a morning and call on five or six spinners, before he could collect weft to serve him for the remainder of the day ; and when he wished to weave a piece in a shorter time

than usual, a new ribbon, or gown, was necessary to quicken the exertions of the spinner."

It was natural, in this state of things, that attempts should be made to contrive some method of spinning more effective than that which had hitherto been in use; and, in fact, several ingenious individuals seemed to have turned their attention to the subject. Long before this time, indeed, spinning by machinery had been thought of by more than one speculator. A Mr. Wyatt, of Lichfield, is stated to have actually invented an apparatus for that purpose so early as the year 1733, and to have had factories built and filled with his machines, both at Birmingham and Northampton. These undertakings, however, not being successful, the machines were allowed to perish, and no model or description of them was preserved.* There was also a Mr. Laurence Earnshaw, of Mottram, in Cheshire, of whom "it is recorded" says Mr. Baines, in his *History of Lancashire*,† "that in the year 1753, he invented a machine to spin and reel cotton at one operation, which he showed to his neighbours, and then destroyed it, through the generous apprehension that he might deprive the poor of bread"—a mistake, but a benevolent one.

It was in the year 1767, as we have mentioned, that Arkwright became acquainted with Kay. In 1768 the two friends appeared together at Preston, and immediately began to occupy themselves busily in the erection of a machine for the spinning of cotton-thread, of which they had brought a model with them. They had prevailed upon a Mr. Smalley, who is described to have been a liquor merchant and painter

* See *Essay on the Cotton Trade*, by Mr. Kennedy, *Manchester Memoirs*, second series, vol. iii.

† Vol. i. p. 115.

of that place, to join them in their speculation; and the room in which the machine was fixed was the parlour of the dwelling-house attached to the free grammar-school, the use of which Smalley had obtained from his friend, the schoolmaster. At this time Arkwright was so poor that, an election contest having taken place in the town, of which he was a burgess, it is asserted that his friends, or party, were obliged to subscribe to get him a decent suit of clothes before they could bring him into the poll-room.* As soon as the election was over, he and Kay left Preston, and, carrying with them their model, betook themselves to Nottingham, the apprehension of the hostility of the people of Lancashire to the attempt he was making to introduce spinning by machinery, having, as Arkwright himself afterwards stated,† induced him to take this step. On arriving at Nottingham, he first made arrangements with Messrs. Wrights, the bankers, for obtaining the necessary supply of capital; but they, after a short time, having declined to continue their advances, he took his model to Messrs. Need and Strutt, stocking-weavers of that place, the latter of whom was a particularly ingenious man, and well qualified, from his scientific acquirements, of which he had possessed himself under many disadvantages, to judge of the adaptation of the new machinery to its proposed object. An inspection of it perfectly satisfied him of its great value; and he and Mr. Need immediately agreed to enter into partnership with Arkwright, who accordingly in 1769, took out a patent for the machine as its inventor. A spinning-mill, driven by horse power, was at the same time erected, and filled with the frames; being, unless we include those erected

* Baines's History of Lancashire, vol. ii. p. 484.

† See his "Case," 1781.

many years before by Mr. Wyatt, the first work of the kind that had been known in this country. In 1771 Arkwright and his partners established another mill at Cromford, in the parish of Worksworth, in Derbyshire, the machinery in which was set in motion by a water-wheel; and in 1775 he took out a second patent, including some additions which he had made to his original apparatus.

In what we have hitherto related, we have carefully confined ourselves to facts which are universally acknowledged; but there are other points of the story that have been stated in very opposite ways, and have given rise to much doubt and dispute.

The machinery for which Arkwright took out his patents consisted of various parts, his second specification enumerating no fewer than ten different contrivances; but of these, the one that was by far of greatest importance, was a device for drawing out the cotton from a coarse to a finer and harder twisted thread, and so rendering it fit to be used for warp as well as weft.* This was most ingeniously managed by the application of a principle which had not yet been introduced in any other mechanical operation. The cotton was in the first place drawn off from the skewers on which it was fixed by one pair of rollers, which were made to move at a comparatively slow rate, and which formed it into threads of a first and coarser quality;† but at a little distance behind the first was

* This was, in truth, the principal subject of Arkwright's first patent; and, accordingly, on the great trial (afterwards mentioned) which took place in June, 1785, his opponents accused him of endeavouring unfairly to prolong his first patent by means of his second.

† In Arkwright's apparatus, which was a combination of the carding and spinning machinery, this first part of the process was somewhat modified; but the principle of the

placed a second pair of rollers, revolving three, four, or five times as fast, which took it up when it had passed through the others, the effect of which would be to reduce the thread to a degree of fineness so many times greater than that which it originally had. The first pair of rollers might be regarded as the feeders of the second, which could receive no more than the others sent to them; and that, again, could be no more than these others themselves took up from the skewers. As the second pair of rollers, therefore, revolved, we will say, five times for every one revolution of the first pair, or, which is the same thing, required for their consumption in a given time five times the length of thread that the first did, they could obviously only obtain so much length by drawing out the common portion of cotton into thread of five times the original fineness. Nothing could be more beautiful or more effective than this contrivance; which, with an additional provision for giving the proper twist to the thread, constitutes what is called the water-frame or throstle.*

Of this part of his machinery, Arkwright particularly claimed the invention as his own. He admitted, with regard to some of the other machines included in his patent, that he was rather their improver than their inventor; and the original spinning machine for coarse thread, commonly called the spinning-jenny, he frankly attributed in its first conception to a person of the name of Hargrave, who resided at Blackburn, and who, he said, having been driven out of Lancashire in consequence of his

two pairs of rollers, the one revolving faster than the other, which forms the peculiarity of the machine, was employed as here described.

* So called from its having been originally moved by water power.

invention, had taken refuge in Nottingham; but, unable to bear up against a conspiracy formed to ruin him, had been at last obliged to relinquish the farther prosecution of his object, and died in obscurity and distress.

There were, however, other parties as well as Arkwright in these new machines, and who would not allow that any of them were of his invention. As to the principal of them, the water-frame, they alleged that it was in reality the invention of a poor reed-maker, of the name of Hights, or Hayes, and that Arkwright had obtained the knowledge of it from his old associate Kay, who had been employed by Hights to assist him in constructing a model of it a short time before Arkwright had sought his acquaintance. Many cotton-spinners, professing to believe this to be the true state of the case, actually used Arkwright's machinery in their factories, notwithstanding the patent by which he had attempted to protect it; and this invasion of his monopoly was carried to such an extent, that at last he found himself obliged to bring actions against no less than nine different parties.*

* It is asserted, in the article on the cotton manufacture, in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, and repeated in a paper on the same subject in the 91st number of the Edinburgh Review, that a trial took place upon the subject of Arkwright's first patent in the year 1772, on which occasion he obtained a verdict establishing its validity. This statement, however, for which no authority is given, appears to be altogether without foundation. No such trial is alluded to, in the course of the proceedings in the Court of King's Bench in June and November, 1772, although both that of July, 1781, and that of February, 1785, are repeatedly mentioned; nor is it noticed, we believe, in any of the earliest accounts of Arkwright's machinery. Mr. Guest (who has

The first of these, in which a Colonel Mordaunt was defendant, was tried in the Court of King's Bench, in July, 1781. Upon this occasion, however, the question as to the originality of the inventions was not mooted; the defence taken being the insufficiency of the specification on which the patent had been obtained; and upon that ground a verdict was given in favour of the defendant. On this result Arkwright abandoned the other eight actions he had raised; and instead of attempting any longer to maintain his patent in a court of law, published a pamphlet, containing what he called his "Case," with a view of inducing the legislature to interfere for his protection. It is proper we should here mention, that although the first of these actions in 1781, which decided the fate of the others, thus went off without the real merits of the case having been gone into, yet several of the defendants were prepared to dispute the claim of the patentee to the invention of the machines, and that both Highs and Kay had been summoned to give their evidence upon that point, and were actually in court during the trial of the action against Colonel Mordaunt, the former having been brought over from Ireland, where he was then residing, expressly for the occasion.

Arkwright submitted to the verdict that had been given against him for nearly four years; but at last, in February, 1785, he commenced a second action upon the subject, which was tried in the Court of Common Pleas; and, having brought forward several artists who declared that they could make the machines

written a history of the cotton manufacture, which is marked by a somewhat strong dislike to Arkwright) searched the records of the courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, for the year 1772, without finding any trace of it.

from the descriptions which he had given in his specification, he obtained a verdict which reinstated him in the enjoyment of his monopoly. Upon this, as on the former occasion, the only question submitted to the jury was that regarding the sufficiency of the specification ; although it soon appeared that several of the parties interested were determined not to rest satisfied with a decision of the matter upon that ground alone.

Accordingly, in the month of June, in the same year, a *scire-facias*, an action which is nominally at the suit of the King, was brought against Arkwright in the Court of King's Bench to repeal the patent, in the trial of which the whole of the question was at last gone into. The principal evidence on which it was attempted to be shown that the water-frame was not invented by Arkwright, was that of Highs, of Kay, and of Kay's wife, the substance of which was, that the double rollers had been originally contrived by Highs in the early part of the year 1767, while he was residing in the town of Leigh ; that he had employed his neighbour and acquaintance Kay to make a model of a machine for him upon that principle ; and that Kay, upon meeting with Arkwright a short time after, at Warrington, had been persuaded by him to communicate to him the secret of Highs's invention, on the understanding, as it would appear, that the two should make what they could of it, and share the advantages between them. The evidence of each of the witnesses corroborated, so far as the case admitted, that of the others ; Highs stated that he had been first informed of the manner in which Arkwright had got possession of his invention by Kay's wife, who, on her part, swore that she recollected her husband making models, first for Highs, and afterwards for Arkwright, although she could not speak with any

distinctness to the nature of the machine ; while Kay himself acknowledged the treachery of which he had been guilty, and gave a particular account of the manner in which he said that Arkwright had contrived to obtain from him the secret of Highs's invention. Highs also stated that, upon meeting with Arkwright in Manchester, some years after he had taken out his patent, he charged him with the source from which he had derived the machine ; to which Arkwright said nothing at first, but afterwards remarked that, if any person, having made a discovery, declined to prosecute it, he conceived any other had a right, after a certain time, to take it up and obtain a patent for it, if he chose.

This famous trial lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till half-past twelve at night, and excited the greatest interest, both among those more immediately concerned, and among the public generally. Among the witnesses examined were Mr. Cumming, the well-known watchmaker, Mr. Harrison, the son of the inventor of the marine chronometer, Dr. Darwin, and the since celebrated James Watt. The result was a verdict again invalidating the patent ; which, on a motion being made for a new trial, the court refused to disturb. Arkwright after this never took any further steps to vindicate his patent rights. On this account some writers have been disposed to maintain that he really had obtained the inventions in the manner that Highs and Kay alleged. It is, however, to be remembered that it has been a common fate with those who have been fortunate enough to enrich themselves by their happy inventions to have attempts made to take from them the honour of those discoveries, of the profits of which it is found impossible to deprive them—and that it has seldom, in such cases, been difficult to find some hitherto unheard-of

genius to set up his claim to the prior discovery of what, nevertheless, it would appear he scarcely knew the value of, after he had discovered it. In this particular case the other party had a strong interest in setting aside Arkwright's pretensions if they could, and the circumstance of Kay having been connected with Highs before he was employed by him, afforded them a tempting foundation on which to erect what they, no doubt, considered a very convenient theory. Then again, as for so much of their allegation as rested upon the evidence of this Kay, it was not entitled to command much attention, since it appeared both that he had some time before quarrelled with Arkwright, and that he must, even by his own account, have acted so perfidious a part in regard to his first friend Highs, as to deprive him of all claim to be believed in anything he might now choose to assert. Highs's own evidence is undoubtedly what seems to bear strongest against Arkwright; but he, from very natural causes, might have been mistaken as to various points. He appears to have told his story in a very confused and ineffective way—much as if he either did not feel his ground to be very sure, or was not at all aware of the importance of the facts to which he was brought to speak. It is not impossible that, if he actually did invent the machine in question, Arkwright may have also hit upon the same idea about the same time; or may at least have been led to it merely by some vague rumour that had got abroad as to what Highs was about—not an unnatural supposition, when we reflect that his operations seem to have been a good deal talked of in the neighbourhood, and that the slightest hint of the principle of the water-frame would have sufficed to have put an ingenious man like Arkwright in possession of the whole machine. And this after all gives us, perhaps,

the most natural explanation of his conversation with Highs at Manchester. If he knew that he had really stolen his invention from that person in the manner stated in Kay's evidence, it is not likely that he would have been much disposed to meet him at all ; whereas the interview appears to have been arranged by the intervention of a mutual acquaintance, who had in all probability obtained the consent of both parties to his bringing them together. His silence, when Highs charged him with having got possession of his invention, or rather merely noticed the circumstance (for the whole seems to have passed in quite an amicable manner), will depend for its interpretation very much upon the exact words used by Highs, which it is very possible he did not recollect perfectly when he gave his evidence in the Court of King's Bench twelve or thirteen years afterwards. Perhaps he said nothing about Kay at all ; but merely remarked in general terms that he had been beforehand with Mr. Arkwright in thinking of the two pairs of rollers which formed so valuable a part of his patent machinery. This was an averment which for anything that Arkwright knew might be true, and which if incorrect he had at any rate no means of refuting ;—so that nothing could be more natural than his remaining silent—although he would scarcely, one should think, have taken the thing quite so passively if he had been flatly charged with the base conduct afterwards imputed to him. The observation, again, he is said to have made a little while after, is perfectly consistent with this view of the case. He waives the question as to which of the two might have been first in possession of the idea ; and contents himself with simply remarking that, however that might be, he conceived any one who had made a discovery which he thought might be turned to advantage was

quite entitled to take it up and prosecute it by himself, even though another might also be in possession of it, if that other showed no intention of stirring in the business. And to this remark Highs, by his own account, quietly assented, although it certainly would have been natural enough for him to have hinted, if he really had previously advanced the charge which on the trial he said he had done, that whatever a man might do with regard to an invention that was really his own, he could hardly have a right in any circumstances to steal those of other people, and take out a patent for them.

Whatever conclusion may be come to on the subject of Arkwright's claim to the invention of the machinery introduced by him into his spinning factories, it is incontestable that to him alone belongs the merit both of having combined its different parts with admirable ingenuity and judgment, and of having by his unwearied and invincible perseverance first brought it into actual use on anything like an extensive scale, and demonstrated its power and value. The several inventions which his patent embraced, whether they were his own or not, would probably but for him have perished with their authors; none of whom except himself had the determination and courage to face the multiplied fatigues and dangers that lay in the way of achieving a practical exemplification of what they had conceived in their minds, or to encounter any part of that opposition, incredulity, ridicule, of those disappointments, repulses, losses, and other discouragements, over all of which he at last so completely triumphed. When he set out on this career he was poor, friendless, and utterly unknown. We have already stated that, on his coming with Kay to Preston, he was almost in rags; and it may be added that when he and Kay made application immediately

before this to a Mr. Atherton for some pecuniary assistance to enable them to prosecute their plans, Arkwright's appearance alone was enough to determine that gentleman to have nothing to do with the adventure. Can we have a more exciting example, then, of what a resolute heart may do in apparently the most hopeless circumstances?—of what ingenuity and perseverance together may overcome in the pursuit of what they are determined to attain? And this is the grand lesson which the history of Arkwright is fitted to teach us—to give ourselves wholly to one object, and never to despair of reaching it. Even after he had succeeded in forming his partnership with Messrs. Need and Strutt, his success was far from being secured. For a long time the speculation was a hazardous and unprofitable one; and no little outlay of capital was required to carry it on. He tells us himself in his "Case," that it did not begin to pay till it had been persevered in for five years, and had swallowed up a capital of more than twelve thousand pounds. We cannot doubt that it required all Arkwright's dexterity and firmness to induce his partners to persevere with the experiment under this large expenditure and protracted disappointment. But it was the character of the man to devote his whole heart and faculties to whatever he engaged in. Even to the close of his life the management of his different factories was his only occupation, and even amusement. Although he had been from early life afflicted with severe asthma, he took scarcely any recreation—employing all his time either in superintending the daily concerns of these establishments—which were regulated upon a plan that itself indicated in its contriver no little ingenuity and reach of mind; * or in

* "The originality and comprehension of Sir Richard Arkwright's mind," says the writer of the article on the

adding such improvements to his machinery from time to time, as his experience and observation suggested. And thus it was, that from a poor barber he raised himself to what he eventually became—not merely to rank and great affluence—but to be the founder of a new branch of national industry, destined in a wonderfully short space of time to assume the very first place among the manufactures of his country.

Here, we regret to state, our guide deserts us. Having accomplished his purpose, and displayed the claims of Arkwright to the merit of an inventor, he forbears to depict him in the character of a wealthy man, increasing in honours as in years. But, in fact, the increase of the cotton trade was the increase of Arkwright's prosperity; he saw and heard the sources of his riches on every side of his growing mansion, and having once tasted the pleasure of growing wealthy, adhered to it with commendable constancy. By pursuing his fortune, he acquired the praise which many purchase by the sacrifice of fortune, time, and ease—that of a public benefactor, and a friend to the poor. It has been said, that his frugality bordered on parsimony; but we should not hastily conclude that he was discredibly penurious, or would have begrudged to spend when human kindness or Christian

cotton manufacture, in the Supplement to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' "were perhaps marked by nothing more strongly than the judgment with which, although new to business, he conducted the great concerns his discoveries gave rise to, and the systematic order and arrangement which he introduced into every department of his extensive works. His plans of management, which must have been entirely his own, since no establishment of a similar nature then existed, were universally adopted by others; and after long experience they have not yet in any material point been altered or improved."

duty bade him loose his purse-strings. Seeing him possessed of the revenues of a prince, the world expected him at least to adopt the style of a gentleman; but the world is an unreasonable personage, and by no means so charitable in its judgments of the rich, as devout in its adoration of riches. For a man accustomed from infancy till middle age to a homely method of living, to adopt the sumptuous elegances of artificial society, is to make himself thoroughly miserable. The expense is the least part of the annoyance. His bed, his meals, his garments, every piece of furniture in his mansion torments him, his servants agonise him, but his wife and daughters are worse than all. To say nothing of elegances or luxuries, the most essential comforts of genteel existence are nuisances to those who have grown up without them, *e. g.* frequent changes of linen, daily shaving, &c. Arkwright had no pretensions to the philosophic mind of Watt, or the tasteful genius and magnificent soul of Wedgwood; he did not value his discovery for the scientific power it displayed, nor did he make it subservient to the revival of the forms of antique beauty. He saw its utility, and that was enough.

In politics he does not seem to have taken an active part, at least he never aspired to a seat in parliament, which he might easily have commanded; but perhaps he thought it throwing money away. Yet on occasion of presenting an address, in the year 1786, he was knighted by the hand of George the Third. This is an expensive honour, which has been made rather too common; but it had the effect of giving the barber's wife precedence over all the untitled ladies in the county.

Sir Richard Arkwright died at his seat at Cromford, Derbyshire, August 3rd, 1792. He left the

bulk of his fortune between his son and daughter, his only surviving issue, but settled 500*l.* a year on his widow, and remembered all his nieces and nephews in his will. He was buried at Matlock, but gave directions that his body should be removed to the chapel he had himself begun to build at Cromford as soon as it should be finished; and appointed, in his last testament, that his son should complete the structure, and settle 50*l.* a year on the chaplain. This bequest proves that prosperity had not produced the same ungodly changes on Arkwright as on Pope's Sir Balaam. It could not be said of him,—

What once he called a *blessing* now was *wit*,
And God's good providence a *lucky hit*.

But why was not the fifty pounds made three hundred? The times are past when a country parson could be "passing rich with forty pounds a year," if indeed they ever existed, save when "every rood of ground maintained its man:" or to refer to a period somewhat nearer to historic existence, since forty pounds were equivalent to three hundred. Under the present aristocratic constitution of the Church, three hundred a year is requisite to keep a married clergyman on a level with his brethren. These are not the days of "wonderful Robert Walker." A clergyman could not now marry a domestic without *losing caste*, nor could he employ his daughters in spinning, or his sons in the labours of the field, without staining his cloth in the public estimation. This, we apprehend, is no new state of things. The few clergymen who have eked out a small income by the labour of their families, and yet commanded the respect of their parishioners, have lived out of the world's eye, in remote mountain dales, where simple manners and christian equality

having once grown, have long continued, like morning dew at noon in the centre of a forest. But clergymen, living in general society, were always obligated to be gentlemen, and though the expense of gentility has varied at different times, yet it has generally been so much as to be inconvenient to a poor parson with a large family (and poor parsons have generally large families), and less than three hundred a year. Less than this no beneficed clergyman ought to have, as long as any have more than five.

Wherever exorbitant wealth exists, whether in a church, a profession, a regiment, or a nation, there will be keenly-felt and discontented poverty, which will assume its most fearful form of lawless and infuriate want, if the customary circulation of wealth be impeded, or the number of the poor exceed the demands of the rich.

And here the question occurs, are Arkwright, and others such as he, who, by multiplying the powers of production, have so greatly increased the public and private wealth of Britain, to be considered as benefactors or not? Or, to state the question more strongly and more truly, was it in wrath or in mercy that mankind were led to the modern improvements in machinery? Should we merely take a survey of the present state of the country, especially as regards the labouring classes, we should be apt to denominate these inventions the self-inflicted scourge of avarice. They have indeed increased wealth, but they have tremendously increased poverty; not that willing poverty which weans the soul from earth, and fixes the desires on high; not that poverty which was heretofore to be found in mountain villages, in solitary dwellings midway up the bleak fell side, where one green speck, one garden plot, a hive of bees, and a few sheep, would keep a family content; not that poverty which

is the nurse of temperance and thoughtful piety ;— but squalid ever-murmuring poverty, cooped in mephitic dens and sunless alleys ; hopeless, purposeless, wasteful in the midst of want ; a poverty which dwarfs and defeatures body and soul, makes the capacities and even the acquirements of intellect useless and pernicious, and multiplies a race of men without the virtues which beasts oft-times display,— without fidelity, gratitude, or natural affection.

The moral degradation of this caste may not be greater in England than elsewhere, but their physical sufferings are more constant than in the southern climates, and their tendency to increase much stronger than in the northern latitudes. But has machinery occasioned the existence or growth of this class ? Certainly not,—for it has always existed since society assumed its present shape, and is to be found in countries like Spain and Naples, where pride and indolence are too powerful even for the desire of wealth to overcome.

But the artificial wealth which manufactures have assisted to generate, has generated or aggregated a factitious population, dependent for employment and subsistence on a state of things exceedingly and incalculably precarious, and seldom able to practise more than one department of a trade, in which labour is minutely divided ; a population naturally improvident in prosperity and impatient in distress, whom the first interruption of trade converts to paupers, and whom a continuance of bad times is sure to fix in that permanent pauperism, from which there is no redemption. Times may mend, but man, once prostrate, never recovers his upright posture. Once a vagabond and always a vagabond. Once accustomed to eat the bread of idleness, the operative seldom takes pains to procure employment, and having been

paid something for doing nothing, thinks ever after that he is paid too little for toil, and seizes every pretext to throw up his work again. Character has little influence on a man whom the world considers, and teaches to consider himself but as a portion of a mass. To be sensible of character Man must feel himself a responsible individual, and to individualise the human being, not only must the reflective powers be evoked and disciplined by education, but there must be property, or profession, or political privilege, or something equivalent, a certain sphere of free-agency, to make the man "revere himself as man," and respect the opinions of his fellow men. Now it is the tendency of wealth to increase the number of those who have no property but the strength or skill which they must sell to the highest bidder: who either by labour, or without labour, must live upon the property of others, and who, having no permanent mooring, are liable by every wind of circumstance to slip their cables and drift away with the idle sea-weed and the rotting wrecks of long-past tempests. Thus, to vary the metaphor, the sediment of the commonwealth is augmented with continual fresh depositions, till the stream of society is nigh choked up, and our gallant vessels stranded on the flats and shallows,—without metaphor, so many of the people drop into the mob, that the mob is like to be too many for the people, and wealth itself to be swallowed up by the poverty itself has begotten.

But these evils do not rise directly from the machinery which expedites labour, but from the blind desire of accumulation, the passion for sudden wealth, which that machinery has helped to pamper, and which first the ambition and then the necessities of the state have fostered and flattered. The right use of machinery is to enable men to produce what is

necessary and comfortable for the body, at the least possible expense of time, labour, care, thought, and capital, and so far to free every man of every nation from the worky-day business of the world, that the poorest, while he looks forward with assurance to his morrow's meal, may have some leisure for rational enjoyment, mental cultivation, meditation, and devotion; that whatever ranks, orders, honours, or dignities may subsist, and however the political functions of the commonweal may be distributed, there may be none who toil merely to eat, and eat to toil. Then, and not till then, will Freedom be more than a name.

The Earth has lent
Her waters, Air her breezes; and the sail
Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse,
Glistening along the low and woody dale;
Or, in its progress, on the lofty side
Of some bare hill, with wonder kenned from far.
Meanwhile, at social Industry's command,
How quick, how vast an increase! From the germ
Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced,
Here a large town, continuous and compact,
Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and there,
Where not a habitation stood before,
Abodes of men irregularly massed
Like trees in forests—spread through spacious tracts,
O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires
Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths
Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.
And, wheresoe'er the traveller turns his steps,
He sees the barren wilderness erased,
Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims
How much the mild Directress of the plough
Owes to alliance with these new-born arts!
—Hence is the wide sea peopled,—and the shores
Of Britain are resorted to by ships
Freighted from every climate of the world

With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum
 Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
 Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays ;
 That animating spectacle of sails
 That through her inland regions, to and fro
 Pass with the respirations of the tide,
 Perpetual, multitudinous ! Finally,
 Hence a dread arm of floating power, a voice
 Of thunder, daunting those who would approach
 With hostile purposes the blessed Isle,
 Truth's consecrated residence, the seat
 Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.

* * * * *

Yet do I exult,

Casting reserve away, exult to see
 An intellectual mastery exercised
 O'er the blind Elements ; a purpose given,
 A perseverance fed ; almost a soul
 Imparted—to brute matter. I rejoice,
 Measuring the force of those gigantic powers,
 That, by the thinking mind, have been compelled
 To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.
 For with the sense of admiration blends
 The animating hope that time may come
 When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by the might
 Of this dominion over nature gained,
 Men of all lands shall exercise the same
 In due proportion to their Country's need ;
 Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,
 All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
 Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes ;
 Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves,
 Palmyra, central in the desert, fell ;
 And the Arts died by which they had been raised.
 —Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
 Upon the plain of vanished Syracuse,
 And feelingly the Sage shall make report
 How insecure, how baseless in itself,
 Is that Philosophy whose sway depends

On mere material instruments ;—how weak
Those arts, and high inventions, if unpropped
By virtue.—He, sighing with pensive grief,
Amid his calm abstractions, would admit
That not the slender privilege is theirs
To save themselves from blank forgetfulness !

WORDSWORTH'S EXCURSION.

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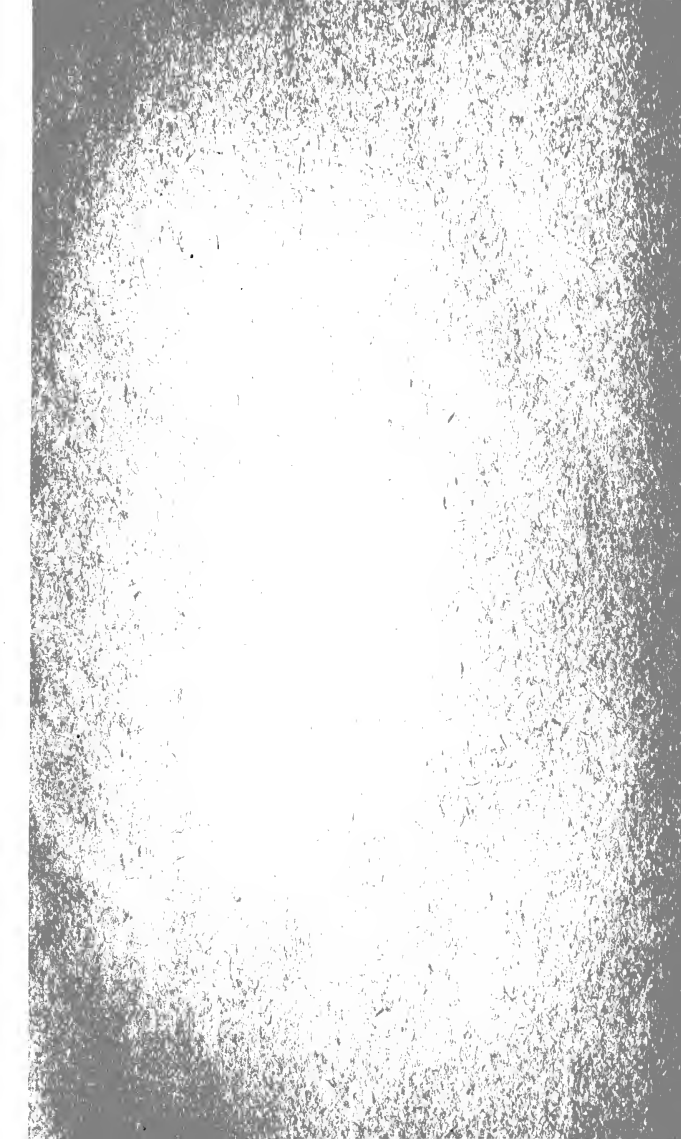
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